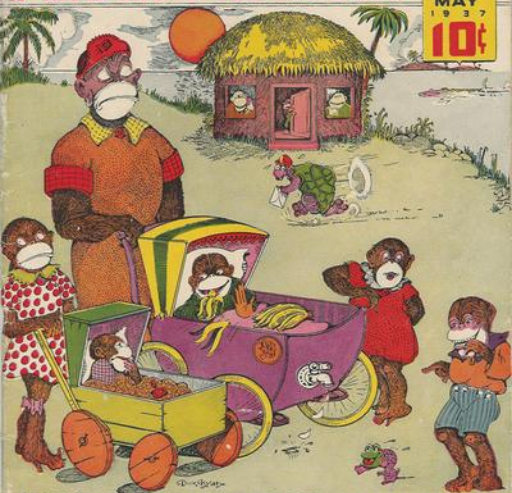


★ STAR ★ COMICS

A RAPID VIEW OF FUN THAT'S NEW

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
MAY
1937
10¢



LAUGHS FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Jest for fun

ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY

NO BLANKS—NO DUDS

The month of April always starts off with a BANG and usually catches us napping on its very first day. It's the day when we find that we cannot trust even our very best friend, for behind each word is apt to be hidden a meaning that figuratively will bring the world down on our heads.

We begin the day with the finest possible determination "not to get caught this year" and all goes well for the first fifteen minutes, until LI'L WILLIE looks at us innocently and says, "Oh, look! How'd you cut your finger?"

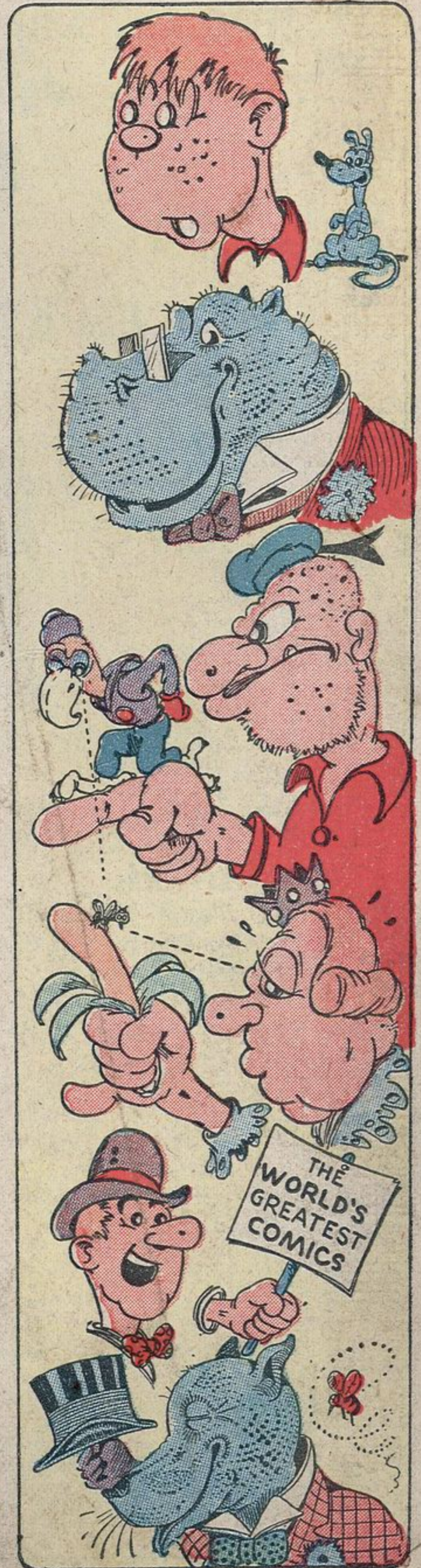
Well, afterwards we can't see how we ever let ourselves in for anything so perfectly obvious, but we pass it by with the excuse that we just had been opening a can of tomato juice and we really MIGHT have cut ourselves. We decide that WE'LL fool LI'L WILLIE this time, but before we've had a chance to think up just what we will say and how we'll make it seem natural in order to keep anyone from thinking we're trying to put something over, another member of the family spies the FIRST ROBIN out in the back yard! And though the ground may be covered with snow, we bite again . . .

The APRIL FOOL'S DAY custom is so old that no one knows just where, when or how it started. From Time immemorial, India has greeted spring with the festival of Huli, ending March 31. In this celebration tricks and pranks play a large part:

Thus, in what better month than APRIL could we sally forth with the biggest and best issue of STAR COMICS thus far produced? We've had TWO issues in which to build up our ideas and our organization. We've made changes based on what we think you'll like best in the WORLD'S FINEST COMIC MAGAZINE and on what you've told us that you like most. So here in this issue you find RIGGIN' BILL spinning his tallest tales, KING KOLE promoting his greatest governmental fantasy, DAN HASTINGS contacting the world's most dangerous enemies and every other feature rising to its own superlative degree of FUN AND EXCITEMENT.

We've done our utmost to make STAR COMICS something more than "just another comic magazine," for we know that if YOU are satisfied we never worry about the future. Every single page in STAR COMICS has been PLANNED for your pleasure, so that when you have spent your time with us, you'll lay down the magazine, satisfied, feeling that throughout the issue you have drawn NO BLANKS—NO DUDS.

AND INCIDENTALLY, WE KNOW YOU'LL ENJOY "STAR RANGER," A PICTORIAL COMPANION OF "STAR COMICS," ON SALE THE 10TH OF EVERY MONTH.



STAR COMICS

HARRY "A" CHESLER

Editor & Publisher

George Nagle, Managing Editor

NO. 3

MAY, 1937



10c

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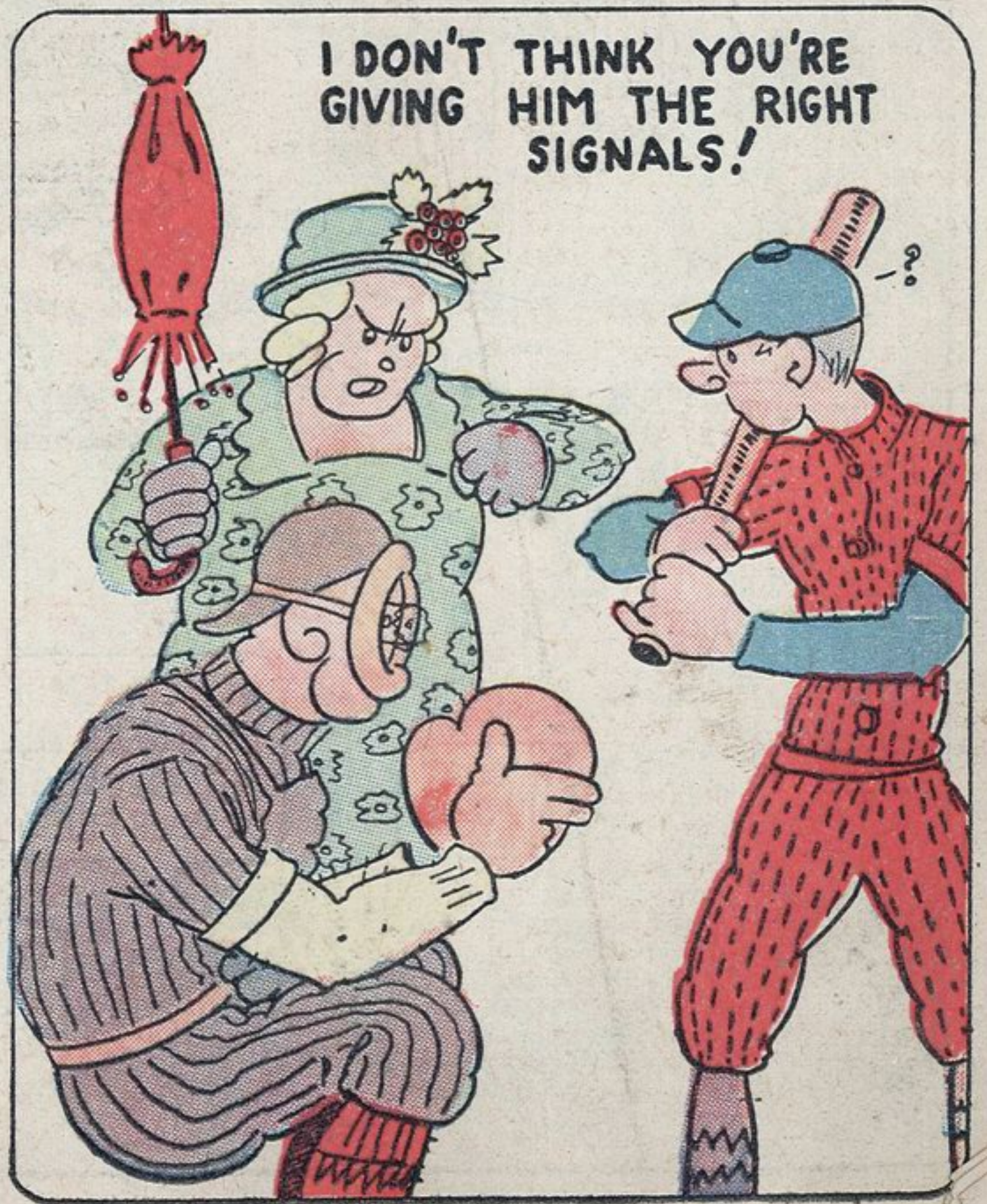
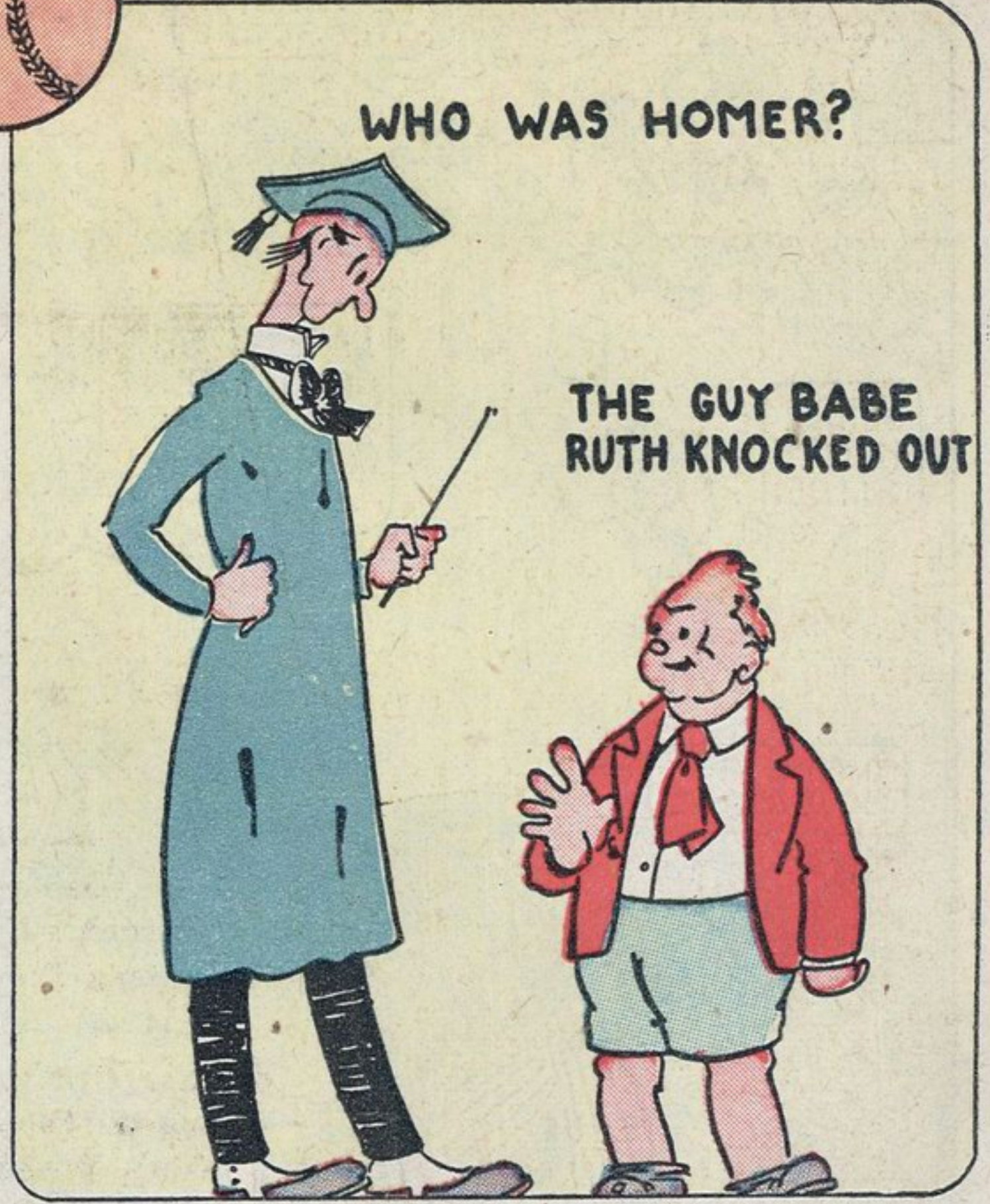
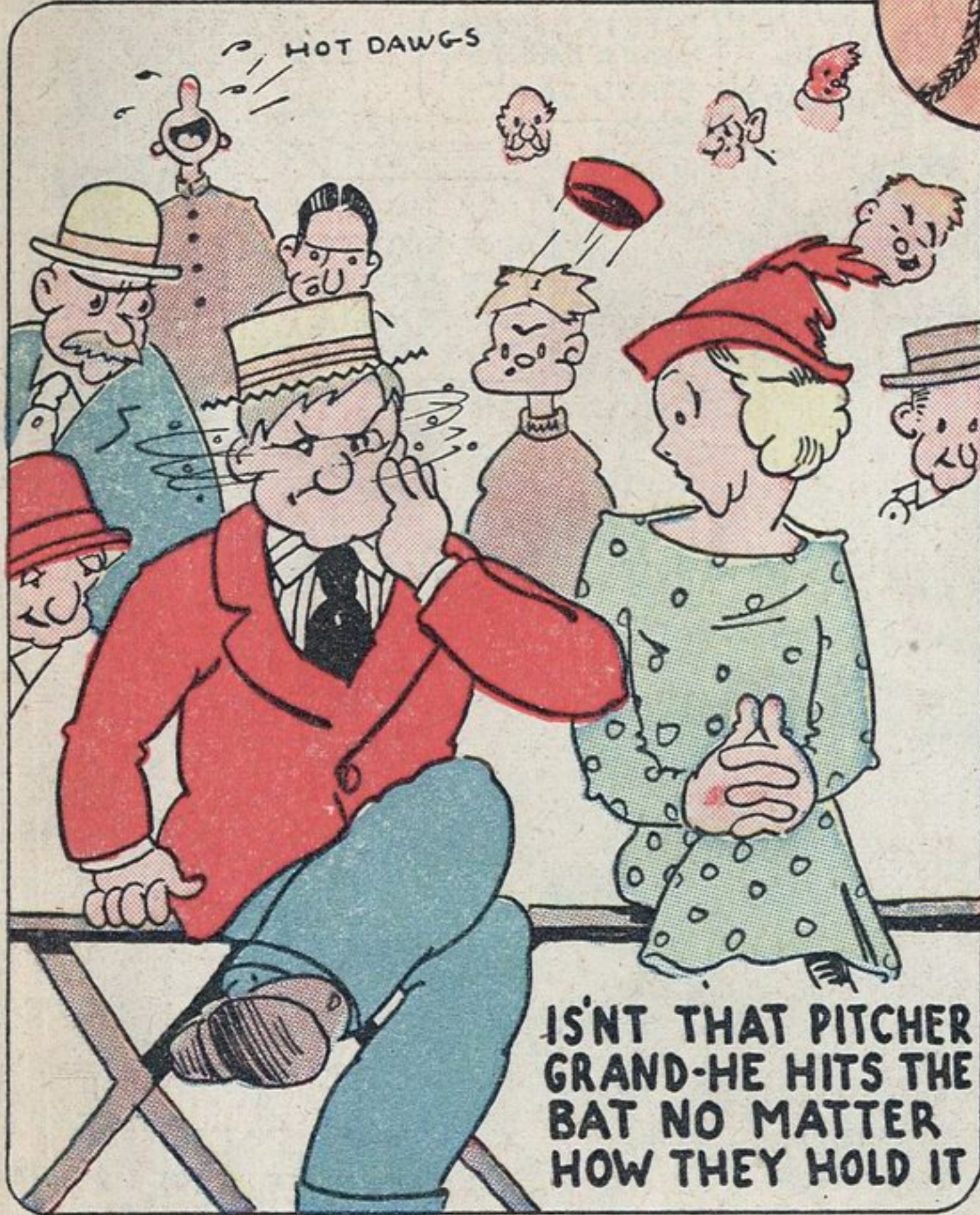
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all Star Comics

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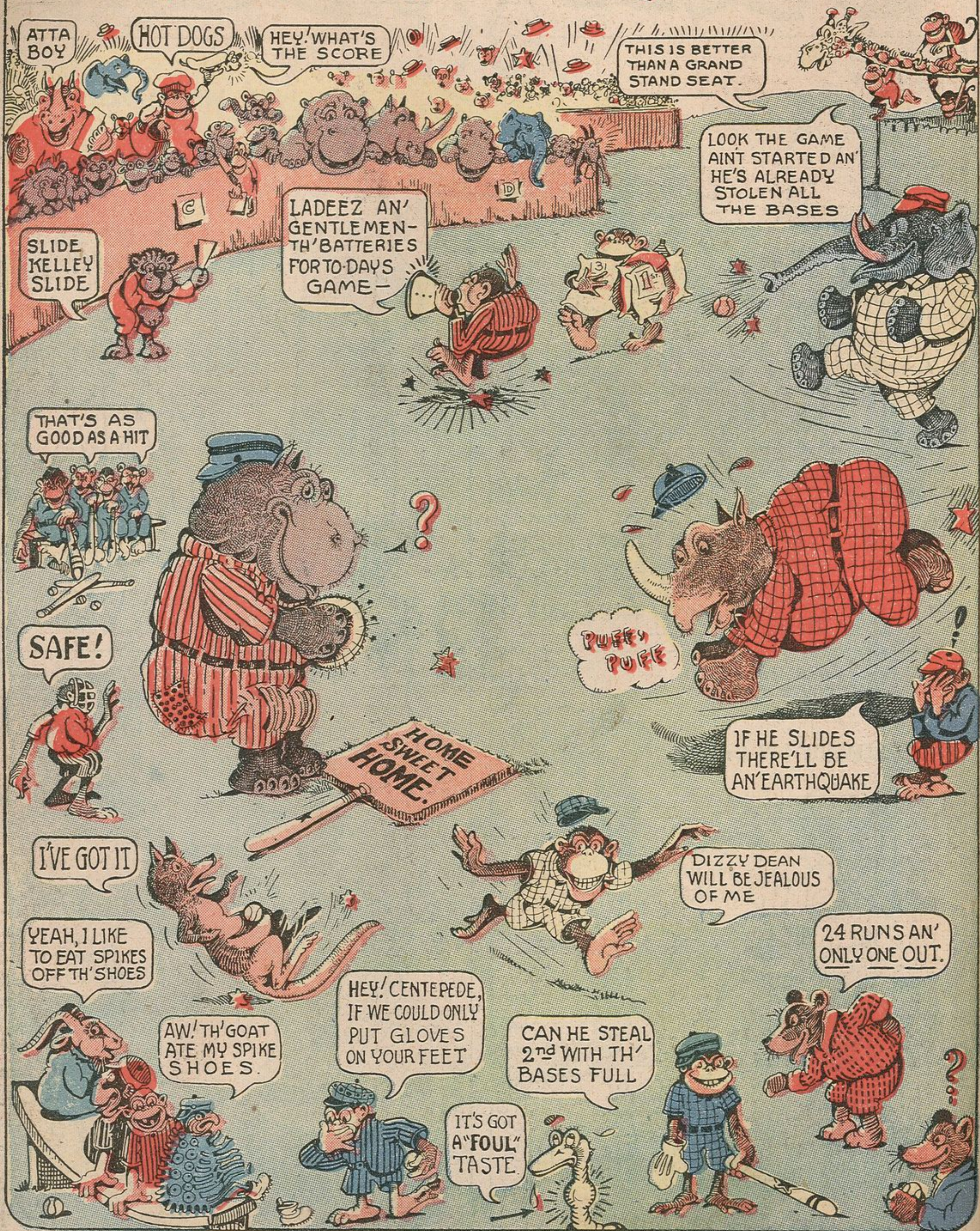
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BELLY-LAUGHS

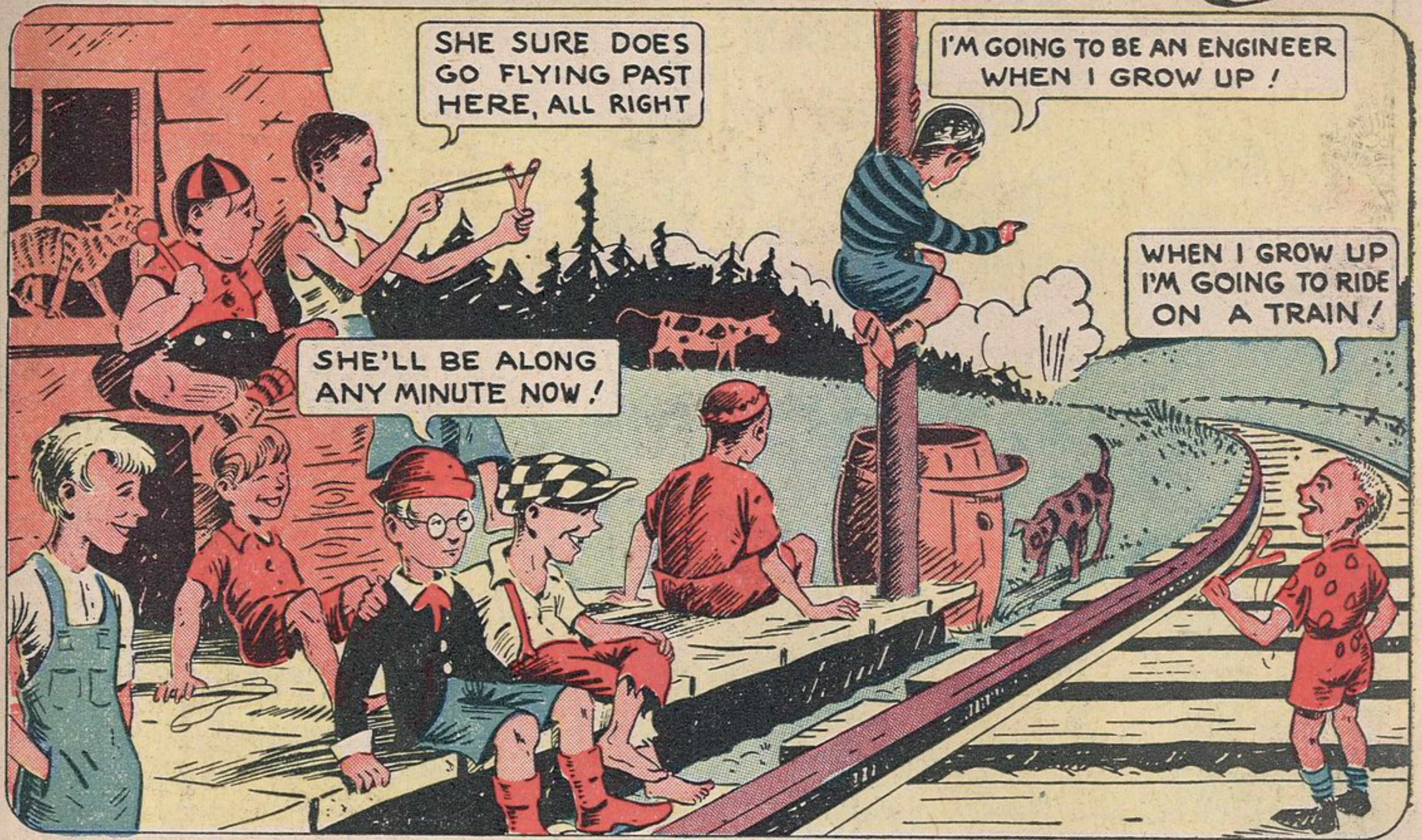


SHWAVIGANS

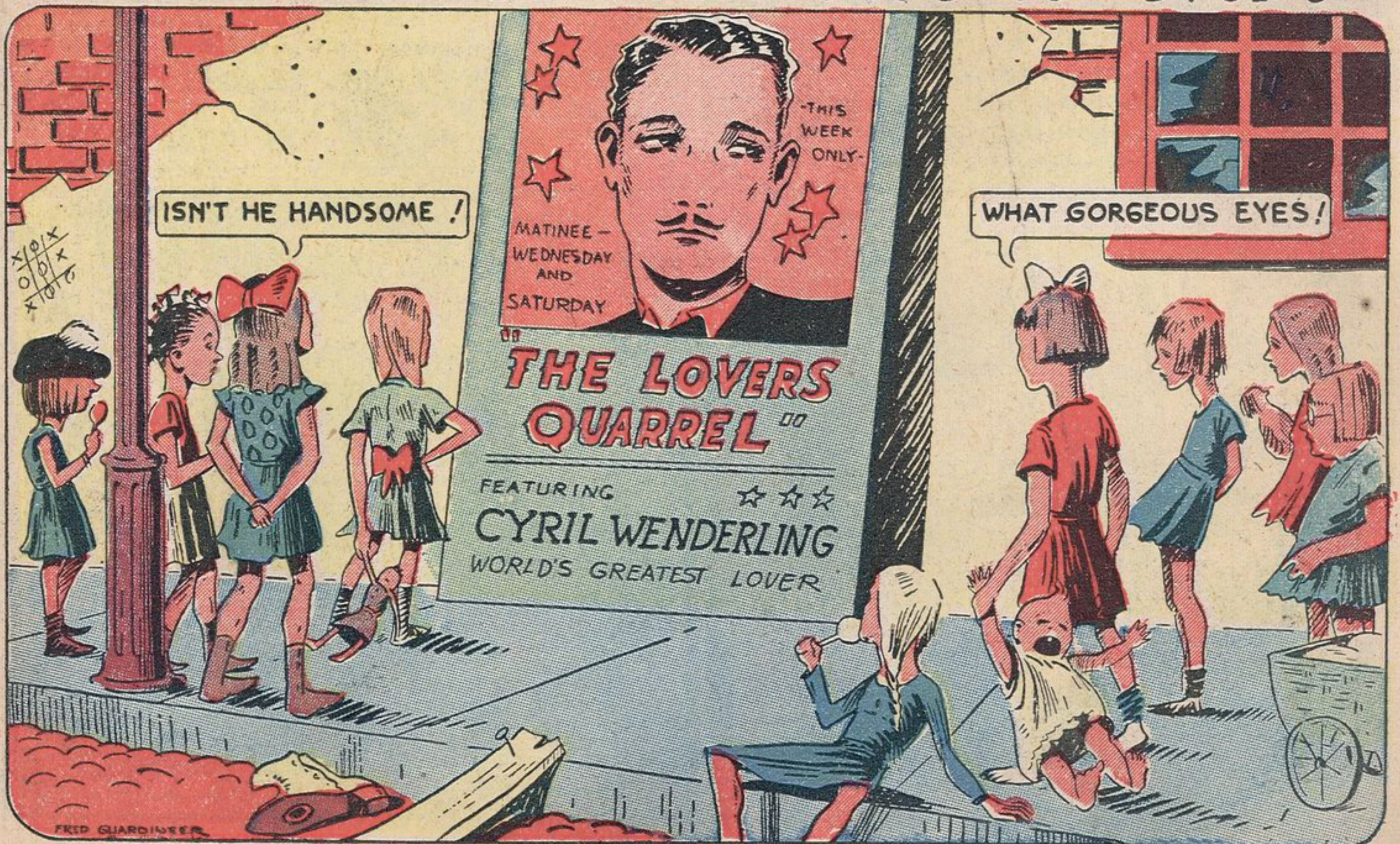
FOUL
BALLS



When Father was a Boy-



When Mother was a Girl-

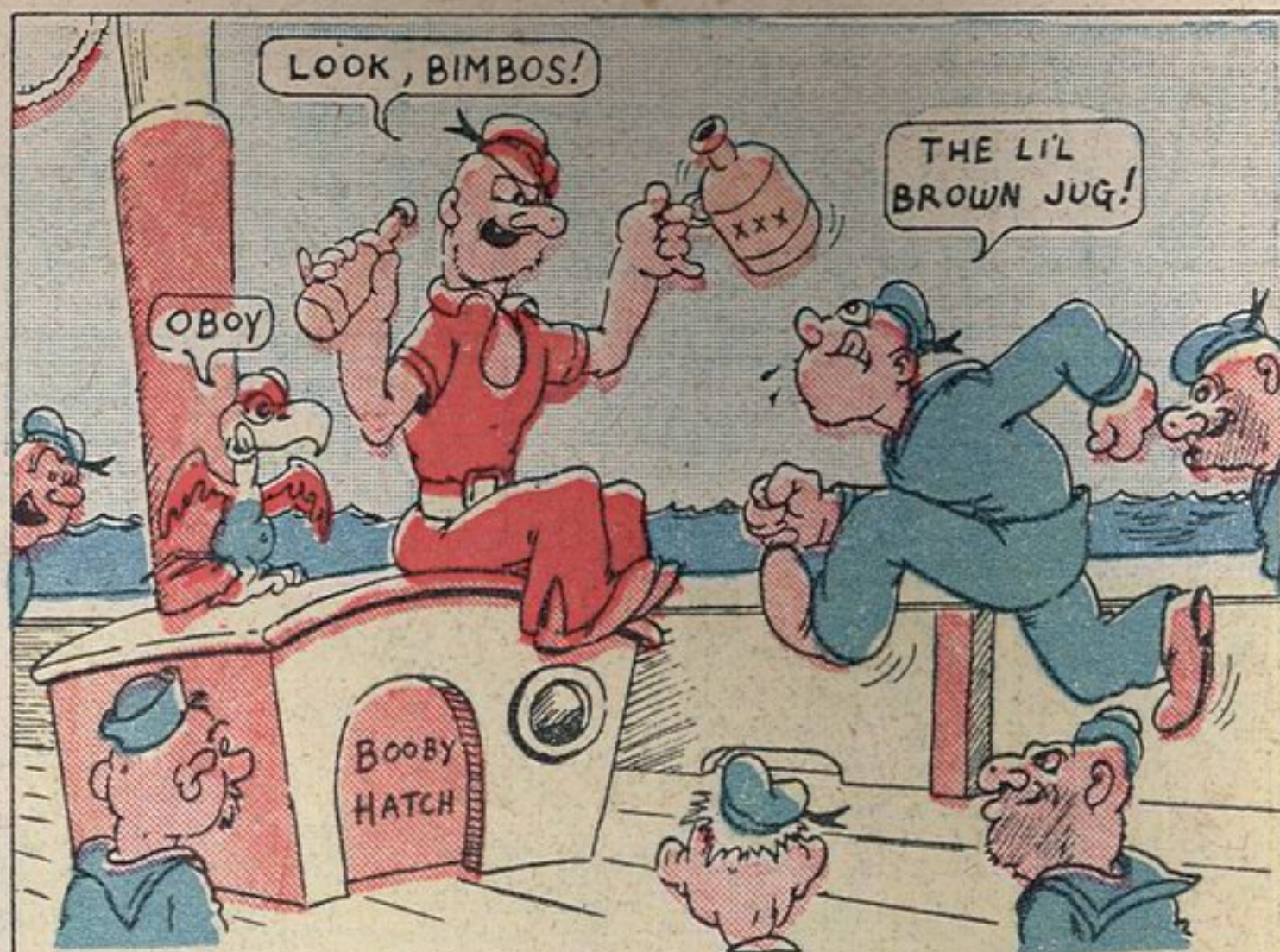


Riggin' Bill

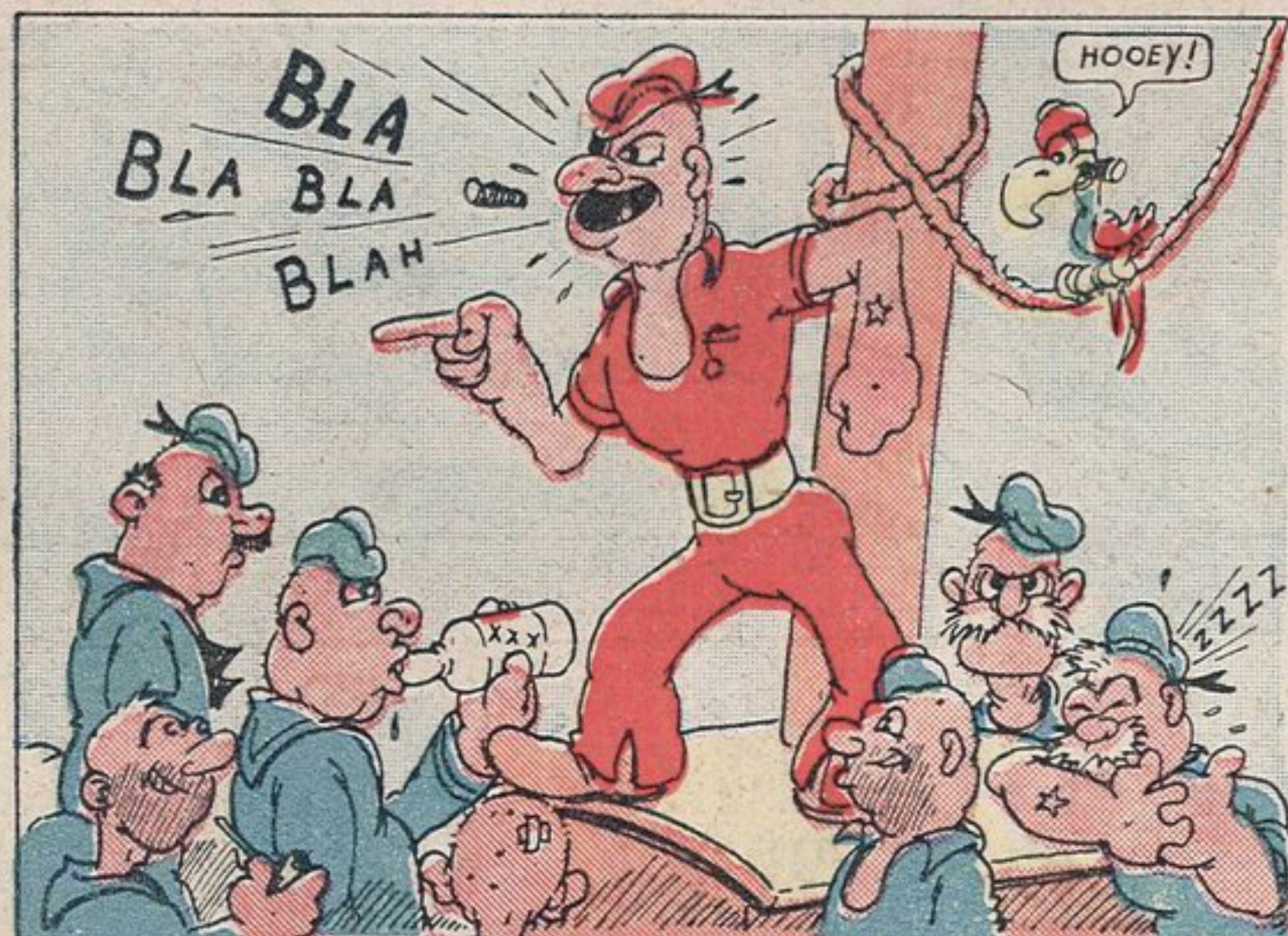
THAT LYIN' SAILOR MAN



"GATHER ROUND ME BOYS," SAID BILL
"COME LISTEN HERE TO ME!
I'LL TELL WHEN I WAS SHIPWRECKED
IN AN ANGRY SOUTHERN SEA!"



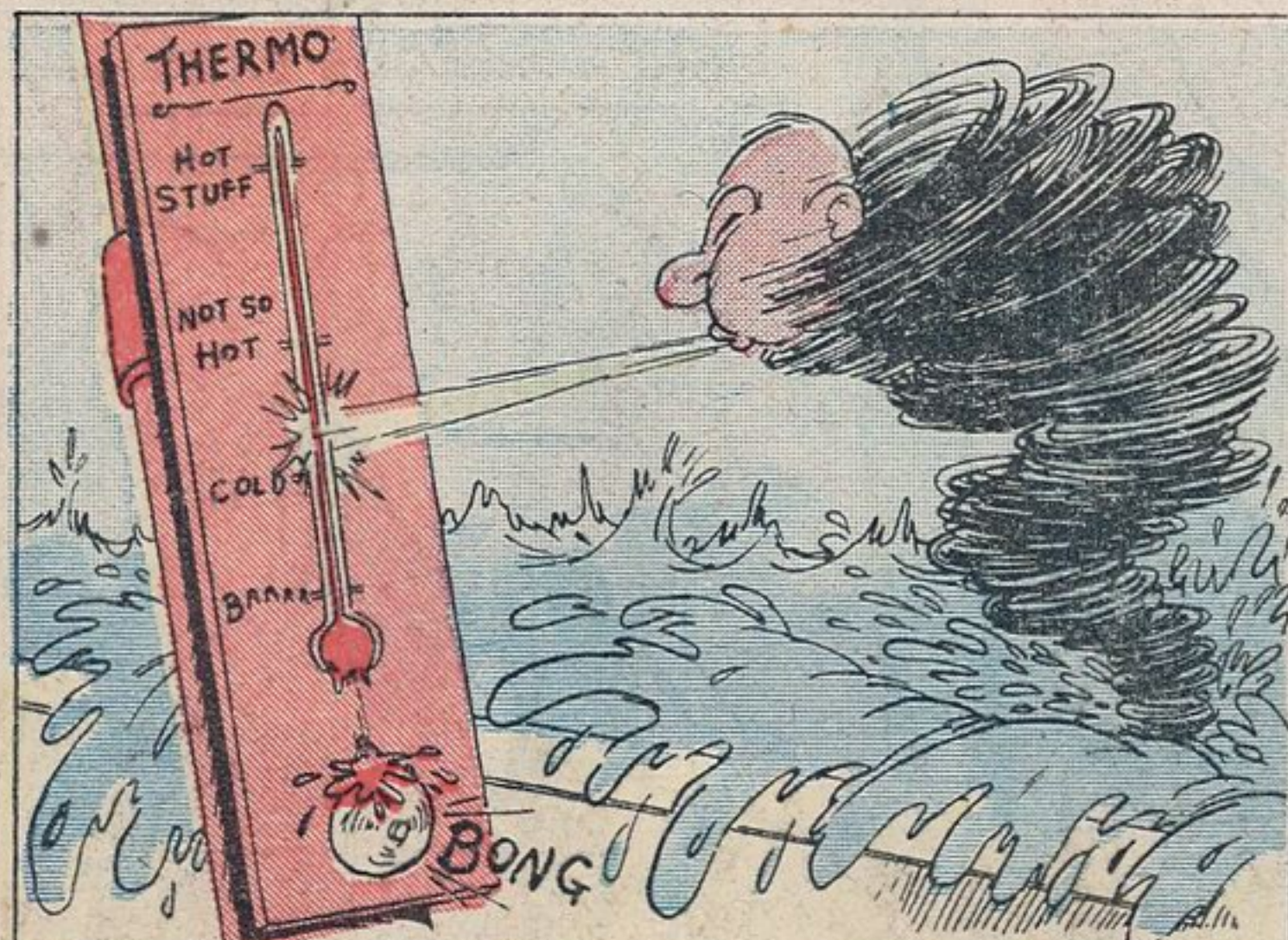
LET ME HAVE YOUR GLASSES—
DRINK YOUR VERY FILL!
HEAR HOW THE CREW ABOARD WAS SAVED,
THANKS TO RIGGIN' BILL!"



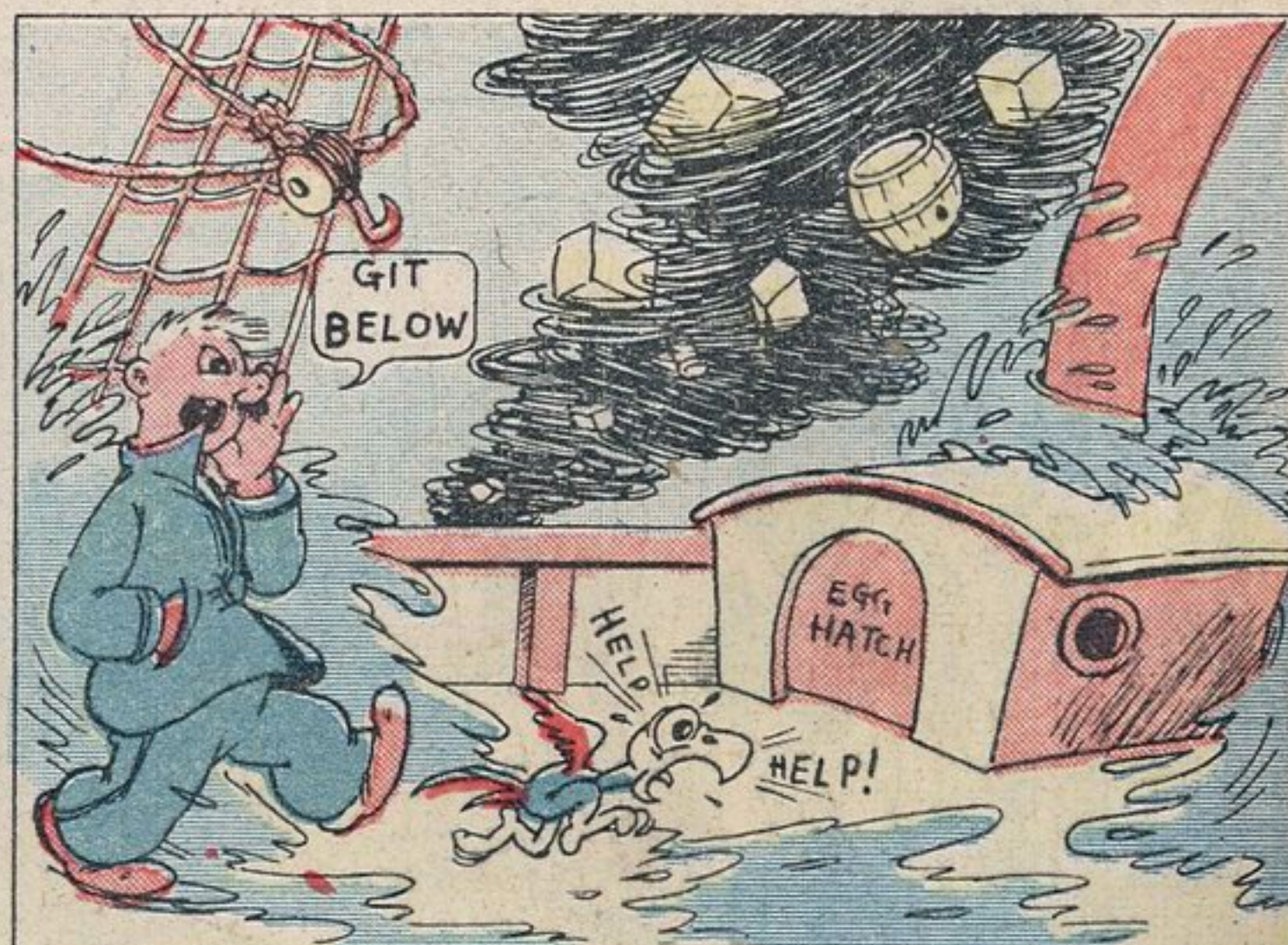
RAISING GLASSES IN A TOAST,
THEY CHEERED THE HUSKY TAR.
THEY LOVED TO HEAR HIM TELL OF HIS
ADVENTURES NEAR AND FAR.



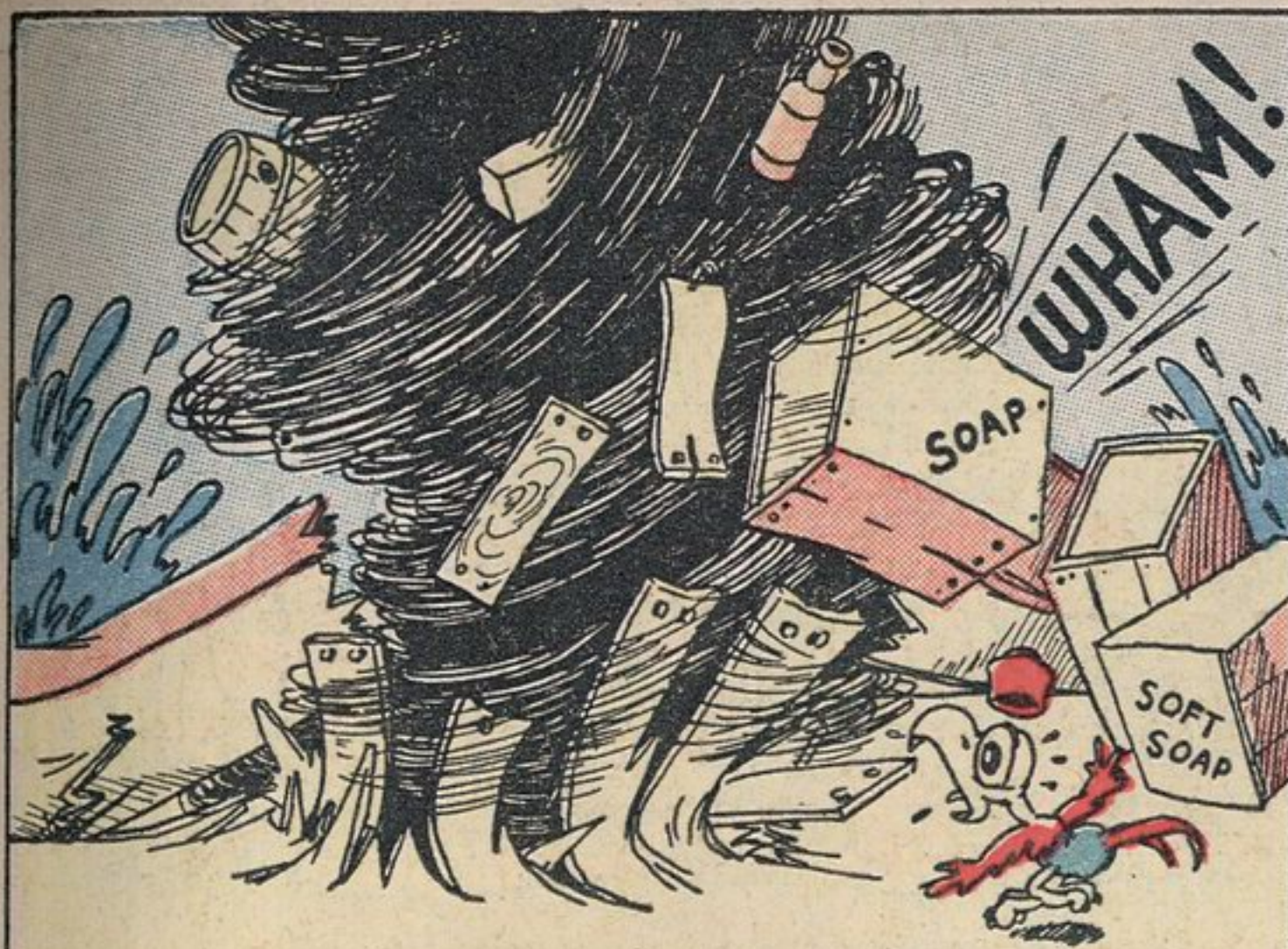
"WE SAILED AWAY FROM SINGAPORE,
LOADED DOWN WITH SOAP
HEADED FOR MANILA BAY
TO TRADE IT OFF FOR ROPE!"



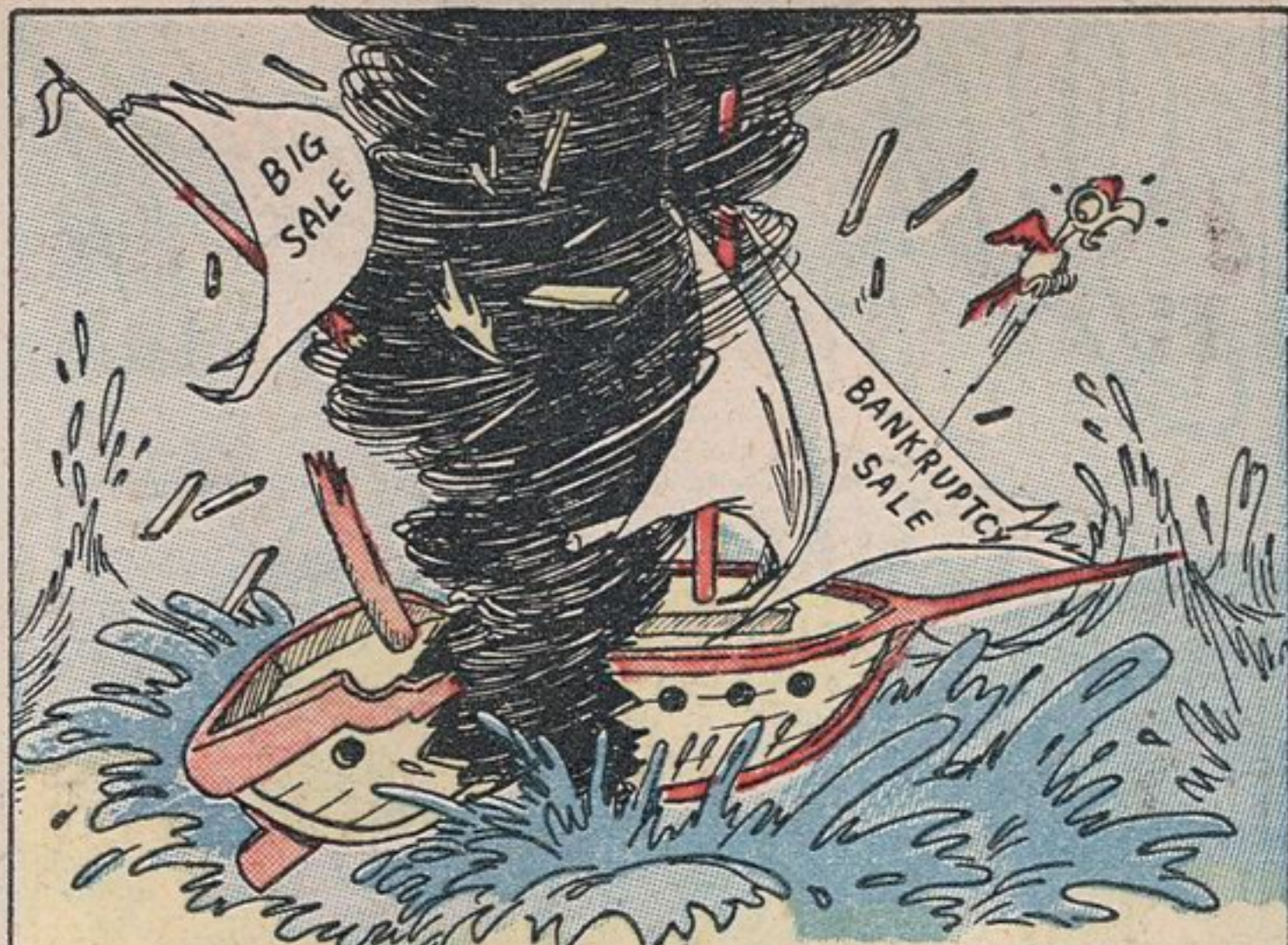
THREE DAYS OUT A RAGING STORM,
WITH NO WARNING HAD ARRIVED!
WHY, IF I HADN'T KEPT MY HEAD—
WELL, THAT'S WHY WE ALL SURVIVED!



"A TYPHOON!" YELLED THE CAPTAIN.
HIS FACE WAS DRAWN AND SAD,
FOR A TYPHOON IS A HURRICANE,
BUT SEVEN TIMES AS BAD!



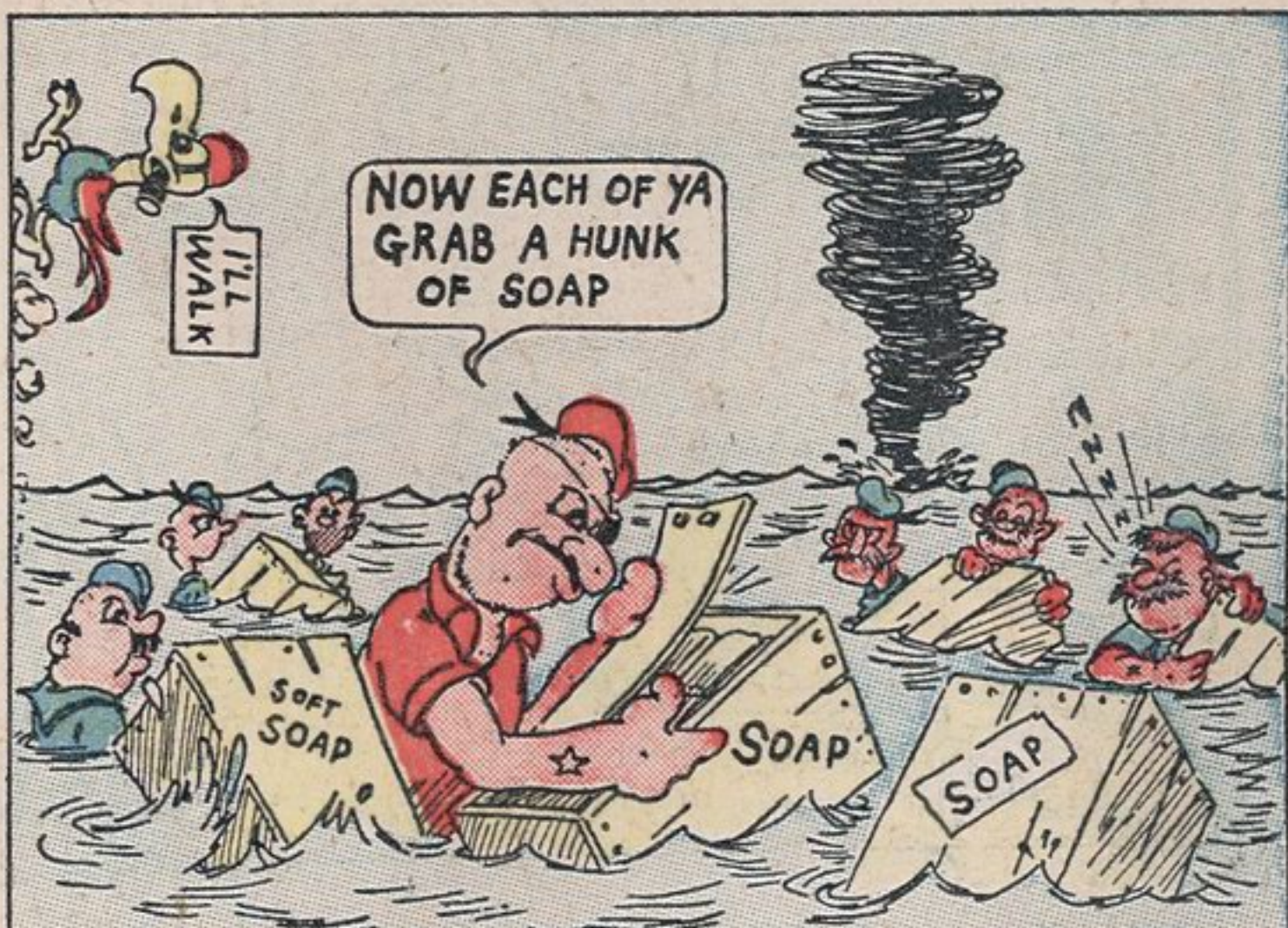
"STRIKING WITH AN AWFUL FORCE -
IT RATTLED ALL OUR BONES!
THE CREW PREPARED TO CALL UPON
MISTER DAVY JONES.



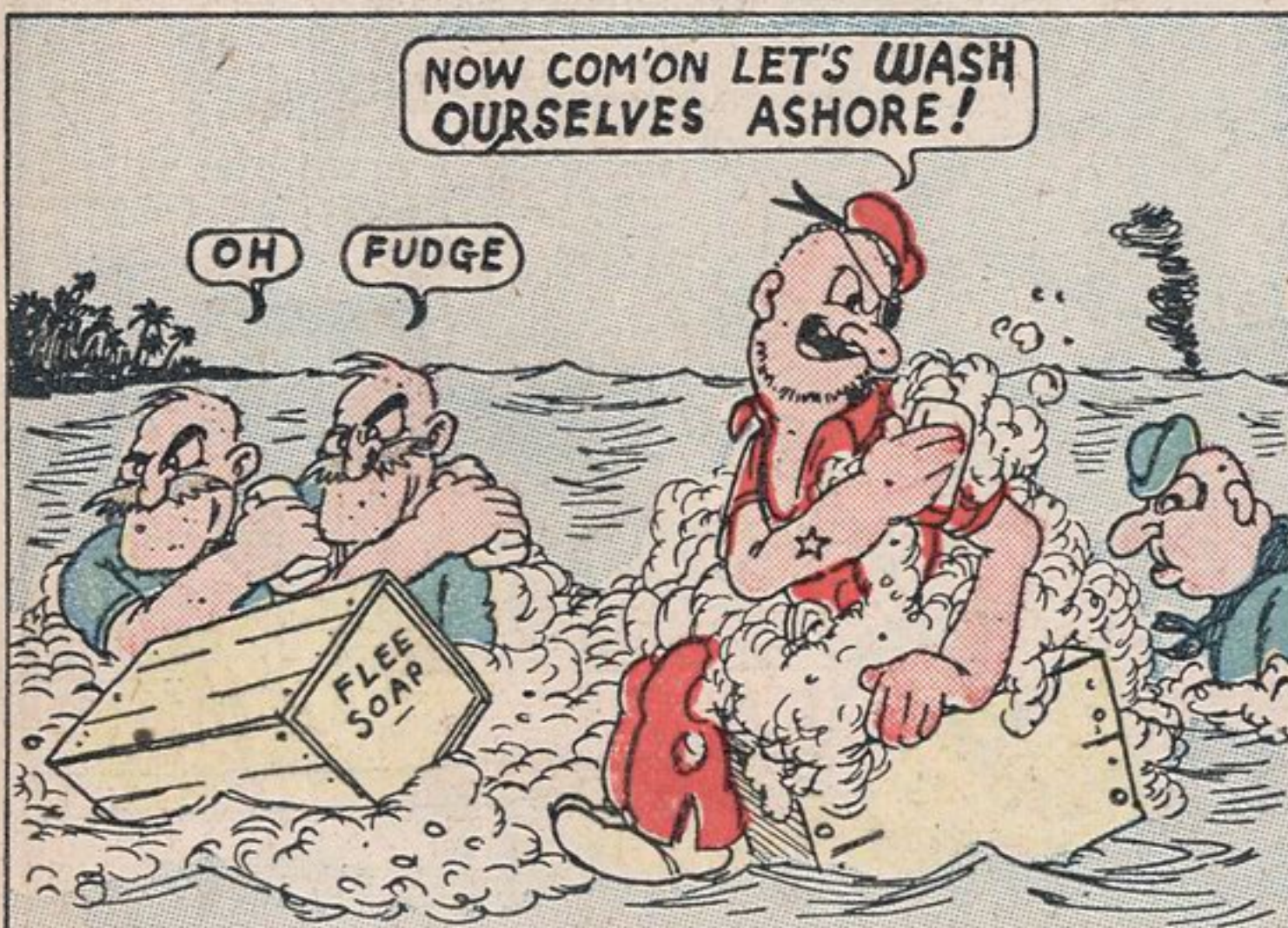
THE TYPHOON CUT US RIGHT IN TWO -
THE SHIP WAS HALF AN' HALF!
ALL HANDS WERE TOSSED INTO THE SEA.
IT WAS NO TIME TO LAUGH!



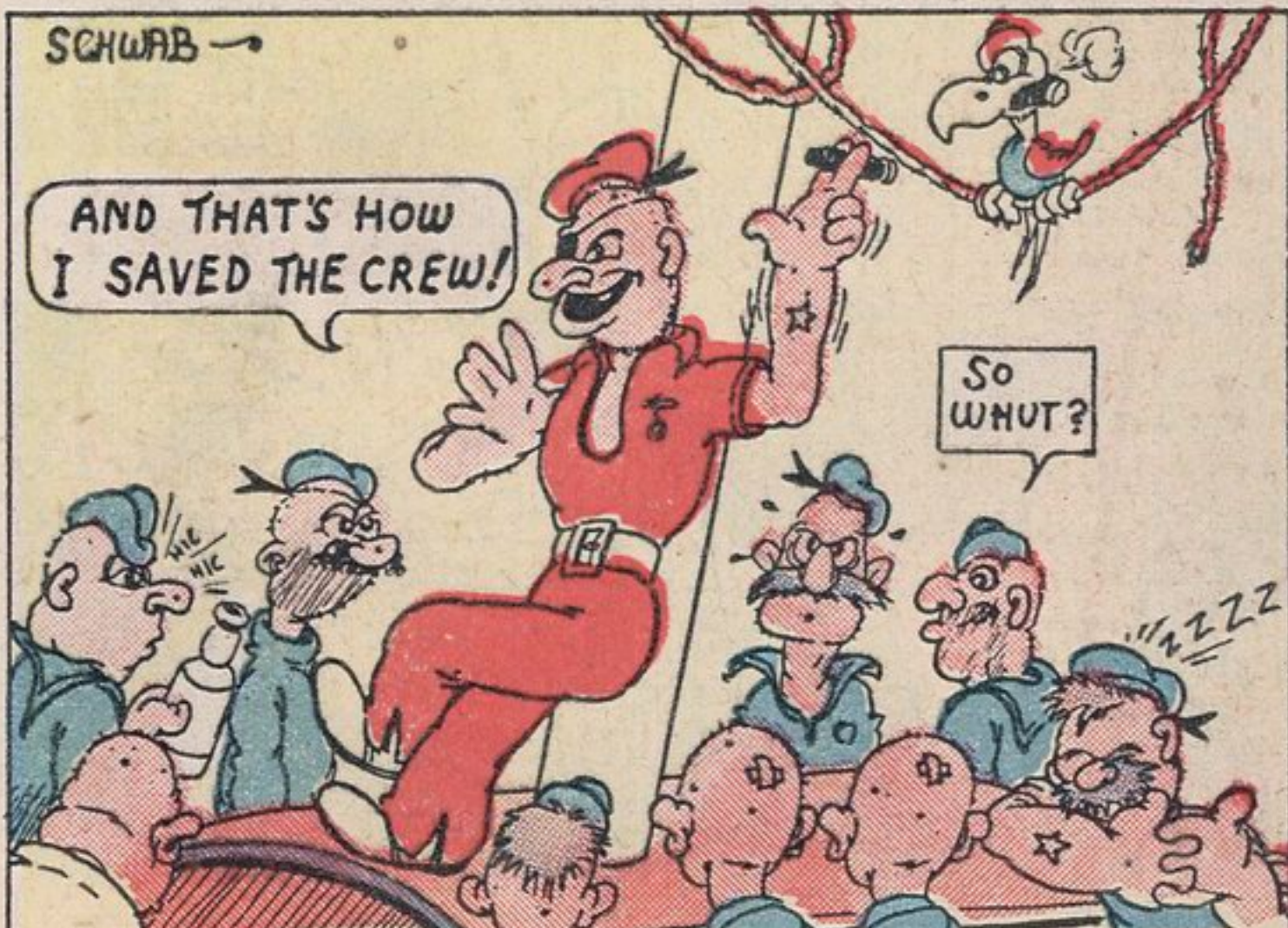
SURELY NOW THE END HAD COME!
THE CREW BEGUN TO GRIEVE.
BUT DON'T FORGET THAT RIGGIN' BILL
HAD TRICKS HID UP HIS SLEEVE.



REMEMBER HOW I TOLD YOU
OUR CARGO WAS ALL SOAP!
I THOUGHT OF THIS AS EVERYONE
HAD GIVEN UP ALL HOPE.

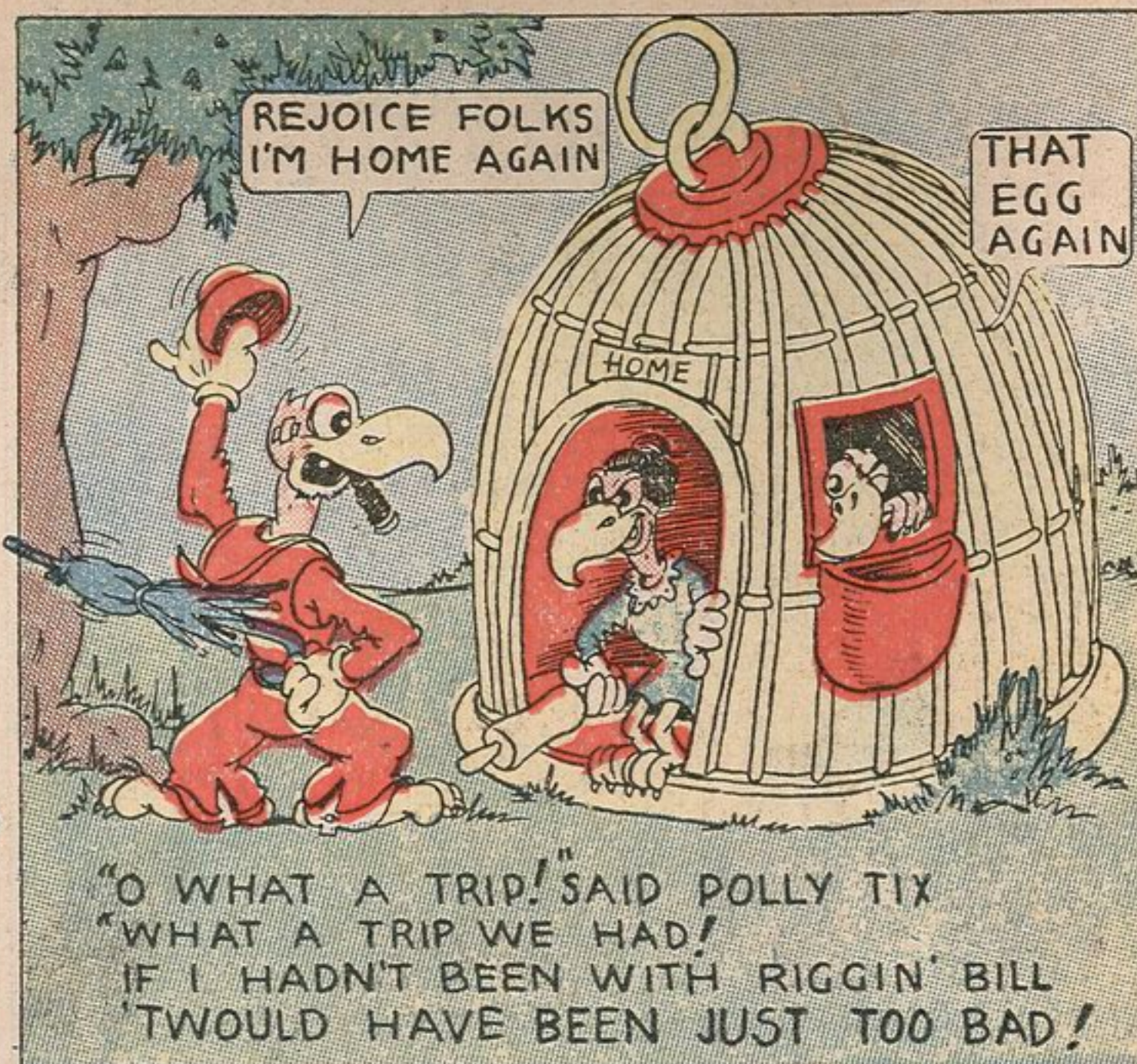
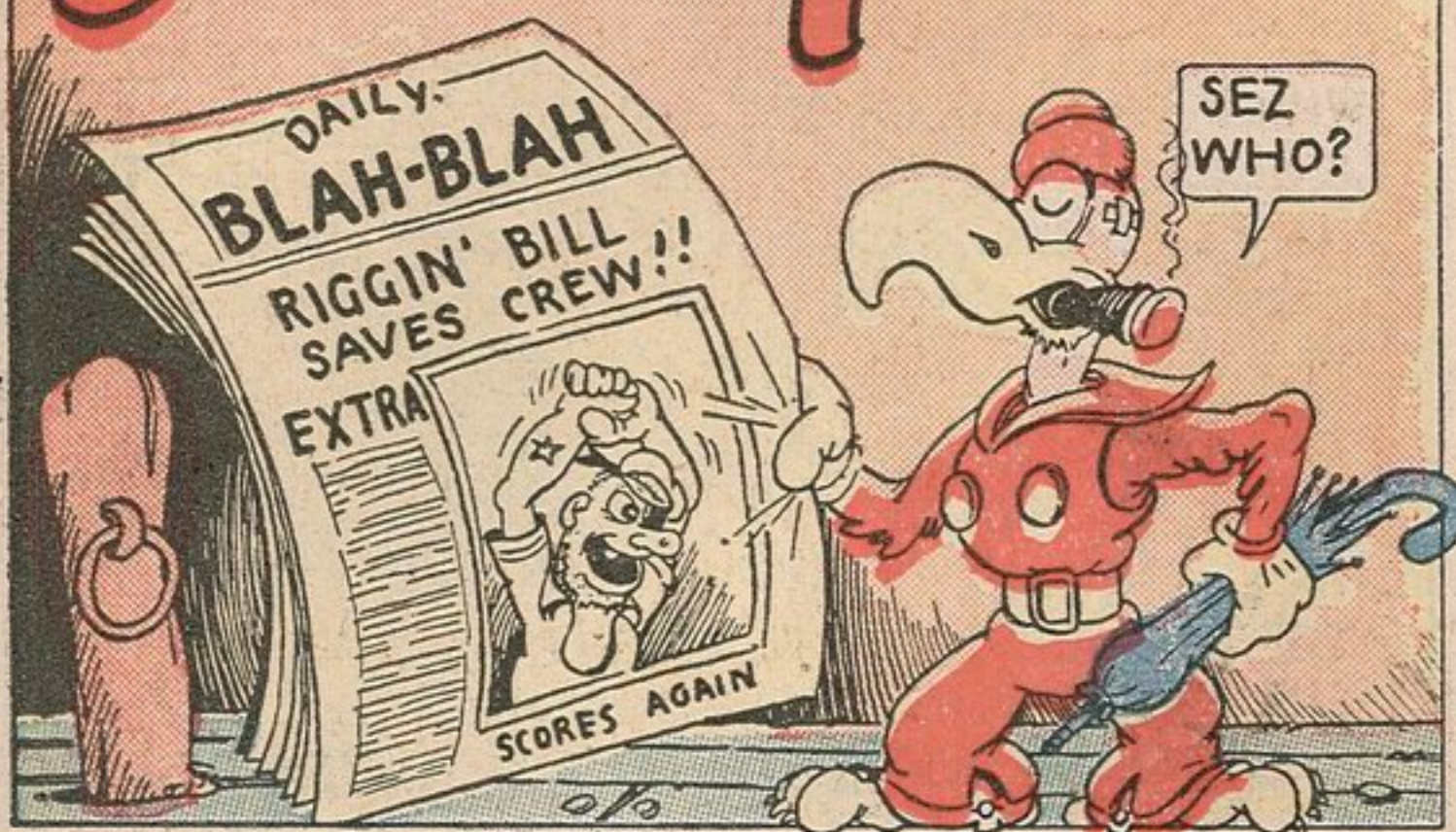


I QUICKLY GRABBED A CASE OR TWO,
OR MAYBE IT WAS THREE!
RIPPED IT OPEN, TOSSED THE BARS
AND SAID, "BOYS, FOLLOW ME!"

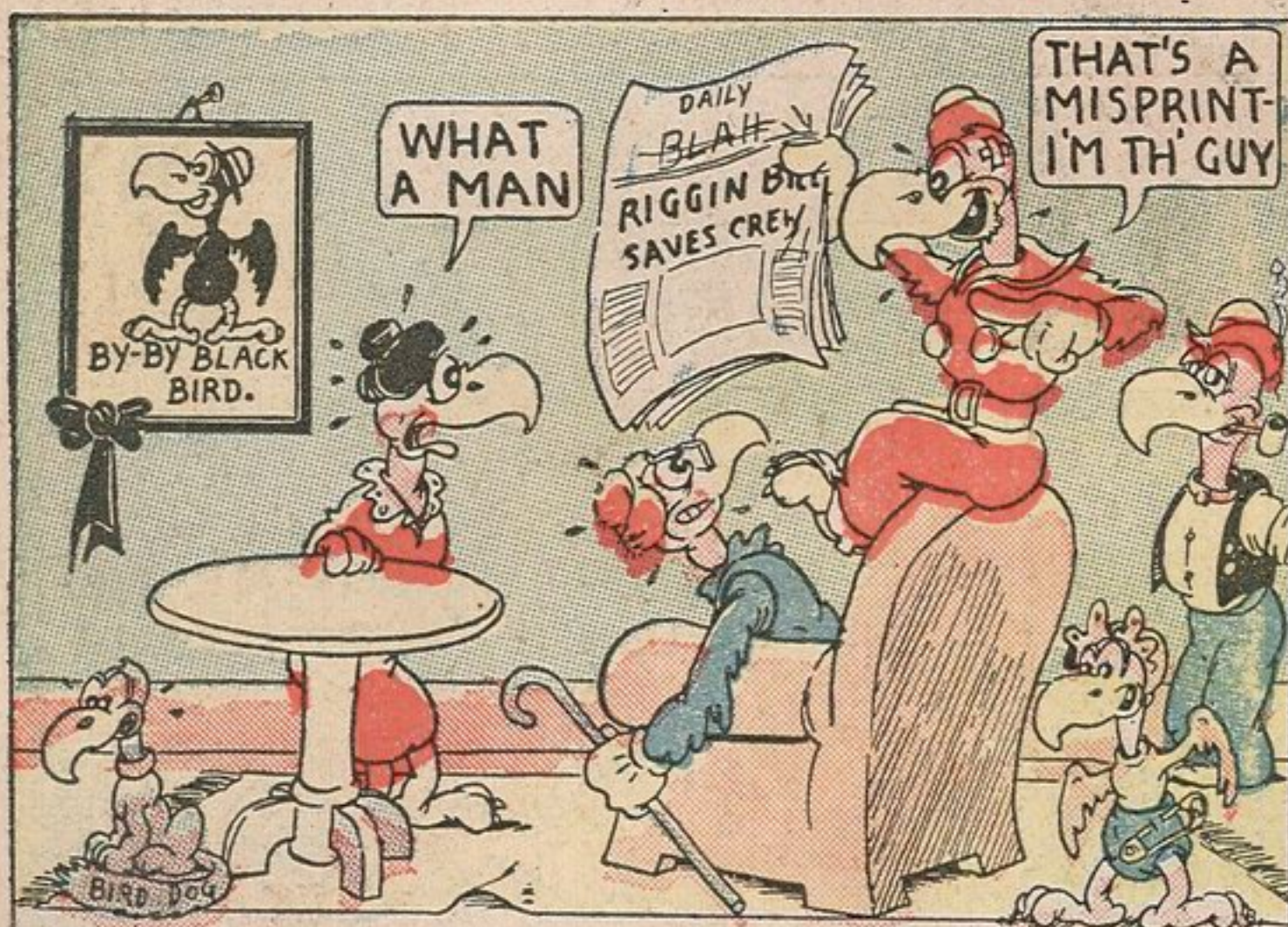


THEY HEARD MY VOICE AND ACTED.
THEY DIDN'T NEED NO MORE!
FOR WITH THE SOAP SAFE IN OUR HANDS,
WE WASHED OURSELVES ASHORE!

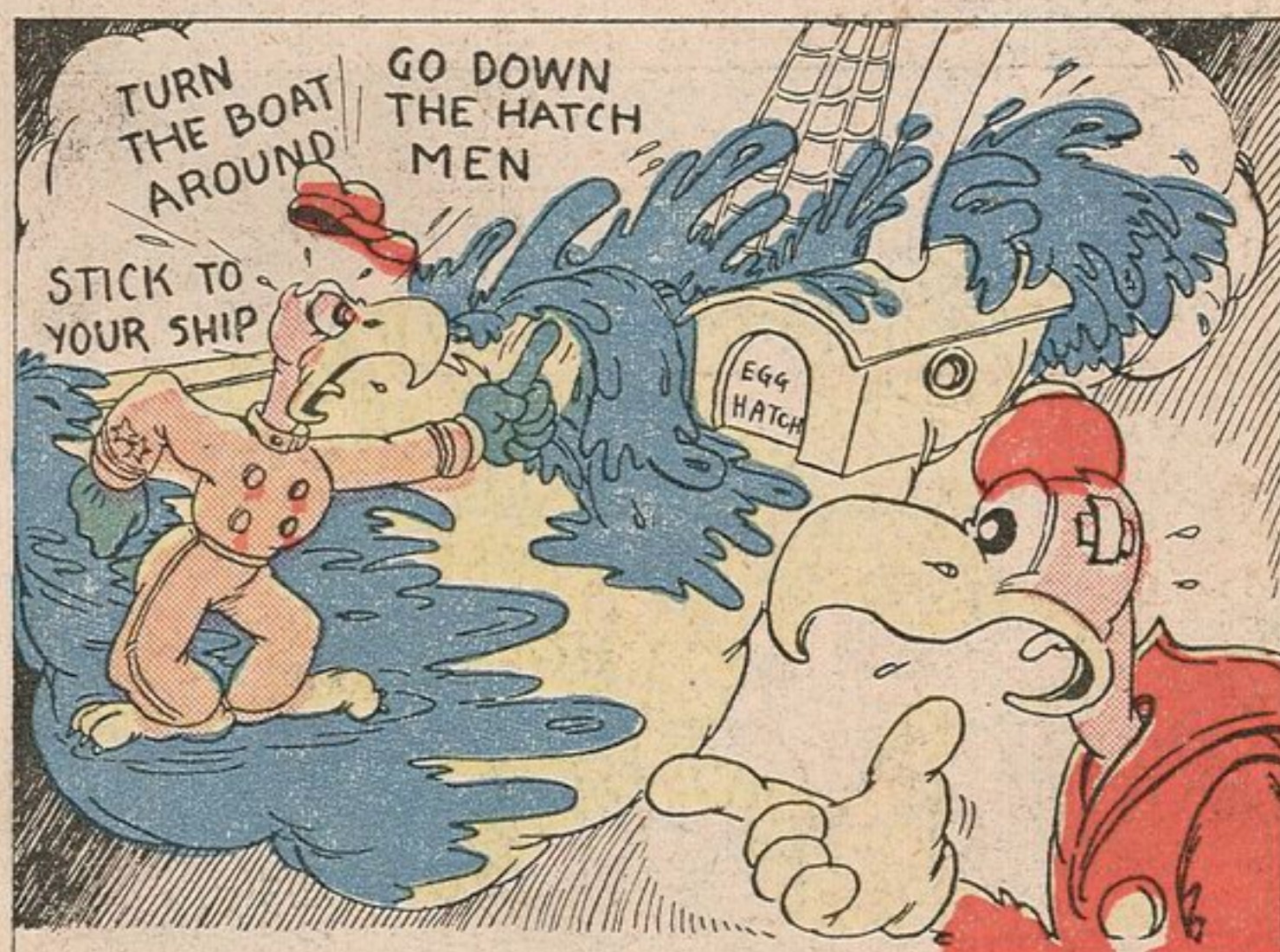
I'm THE Guy



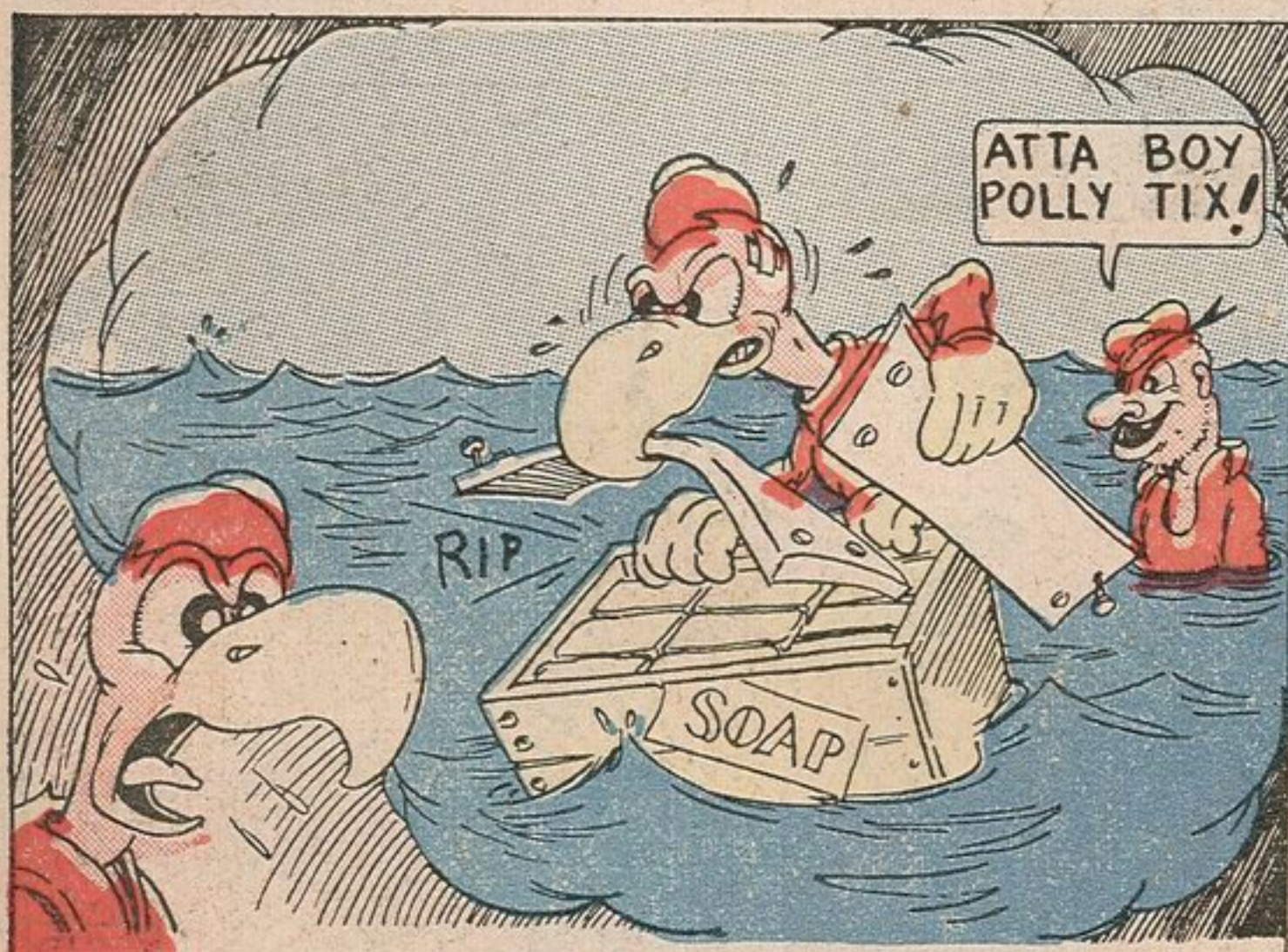
"O WHAT A TRIP!" SAID POLLY TIX
"WHAT A TRIP WE HAD!"
"IF I HADN'T BEEN WITH RIGGIN' BILL
'TWOULD HAVE BEEN JUST TOO BAD!"



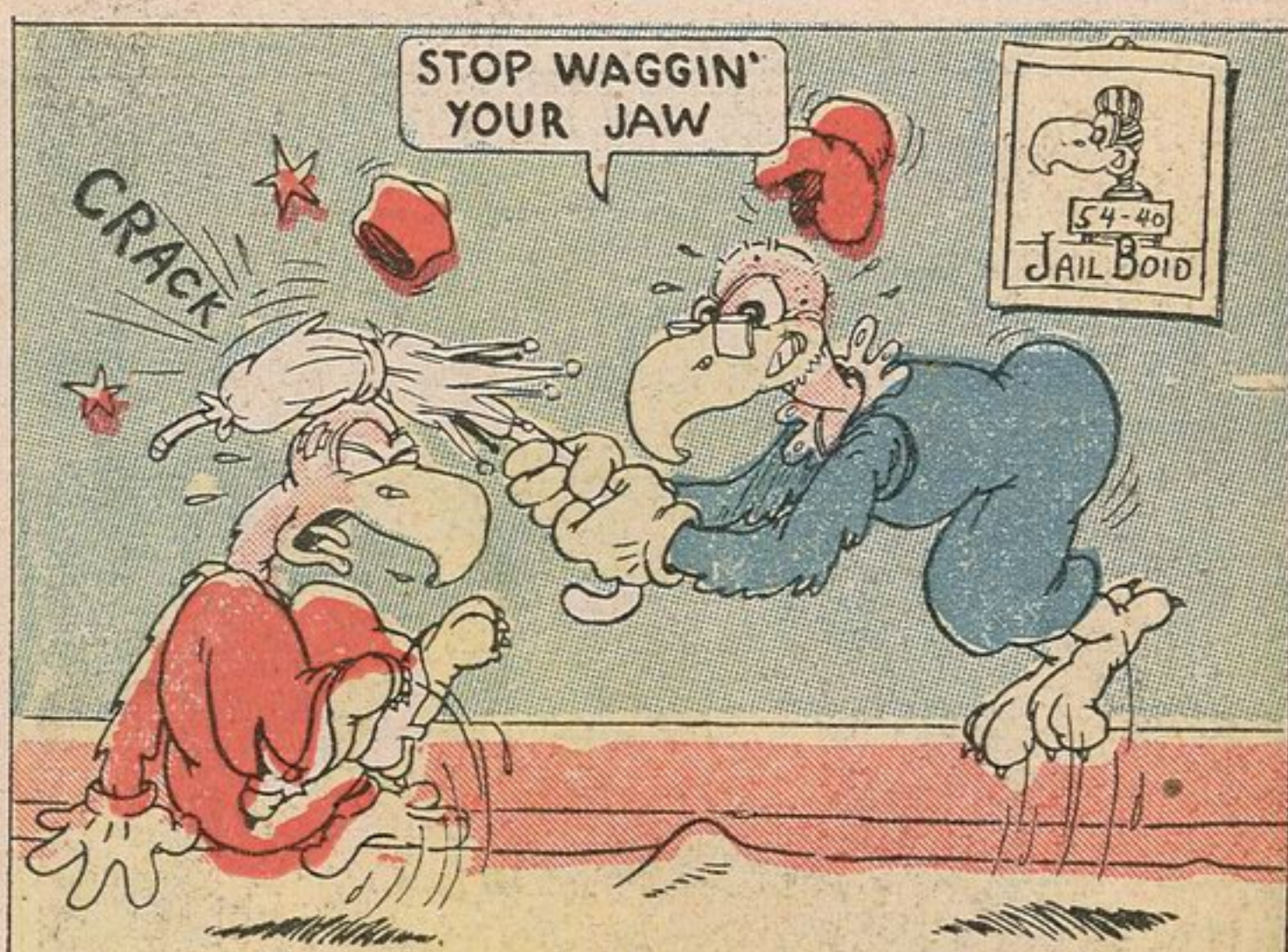
WHAT A STORM AND WHAT A GALE
STARTED IN TO BLOW!
'T WAS A GOOD THING I REMEMBERED
TO SEND THE BOYS BELOW!



WHILE I ALONE STOOD ON THE DECK,
AND TOLD BILL WHAT TO DO.
I YELLED AND YELLED INSTRUCTIONS,
TILL MY FACE WAS BLACK AND BLUE.



WHO RIPPED THOSE BOXES OPEN
WHEN THE BOAT BROKE RIGHT IN HALF?
I DONE IT WITH MY TRUSTY BEAK!—
I'M HANDING OUT NO GAFF!"



"O.K.," SAID GRANDMA POLLY TIX.
"YOU SAVED THE SHIP AND CREW,—
BUT YOU'LL ADMIT THERE'S NONE HERE NOW
TO DO THE SAME FOR YOU!"

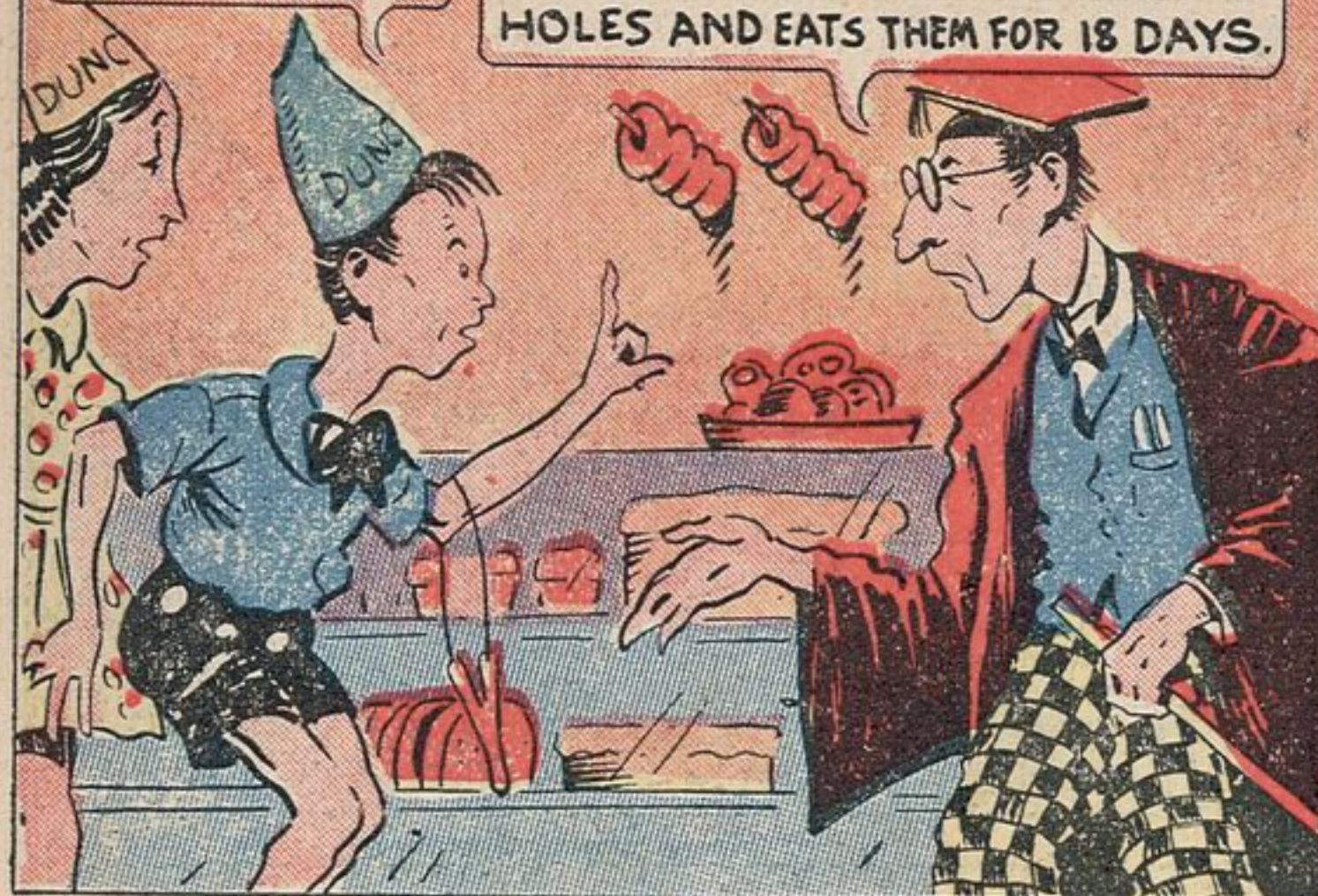
Professor **McScrewy**

PRESENTING HIS EDUCATIONAL CLASS

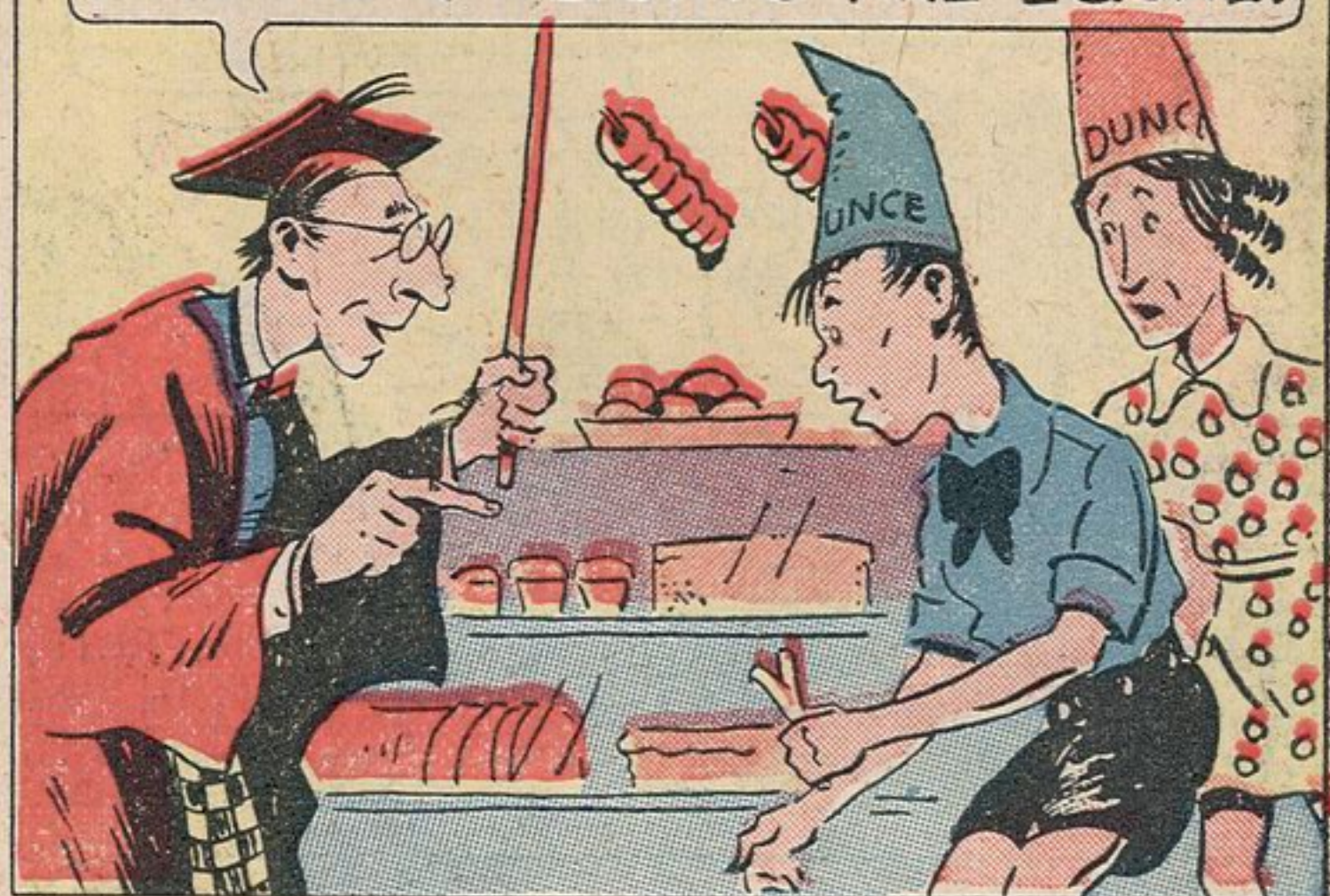
WELL BREAD

WHY DOES A DOUGHNUT HAVE HOLES?

TO MAKE THEM DOUBLY VALUABLE. IF MRS. MISMATE IS OVERWEIGHT, SHE SPRINKLES SALT ON THE HOLES AND EATS THEM FOR 18 DAYS.

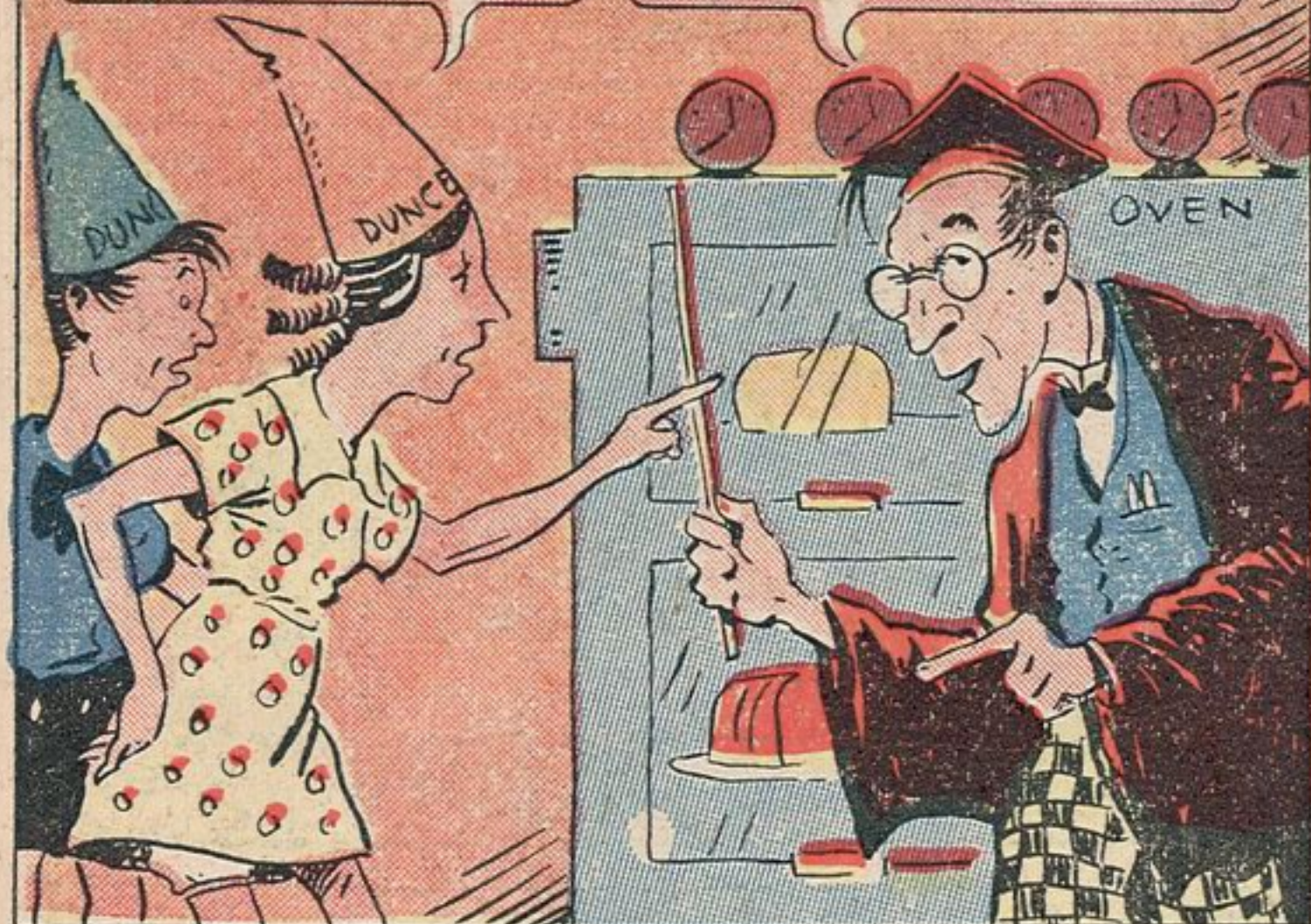


WHILE THIN MR. MISMATE EATS THE EDGES AND GAINS WEIGHT. AT THE END OF 18 DAYS THEIR WEIGHTS ARE EQUAL.



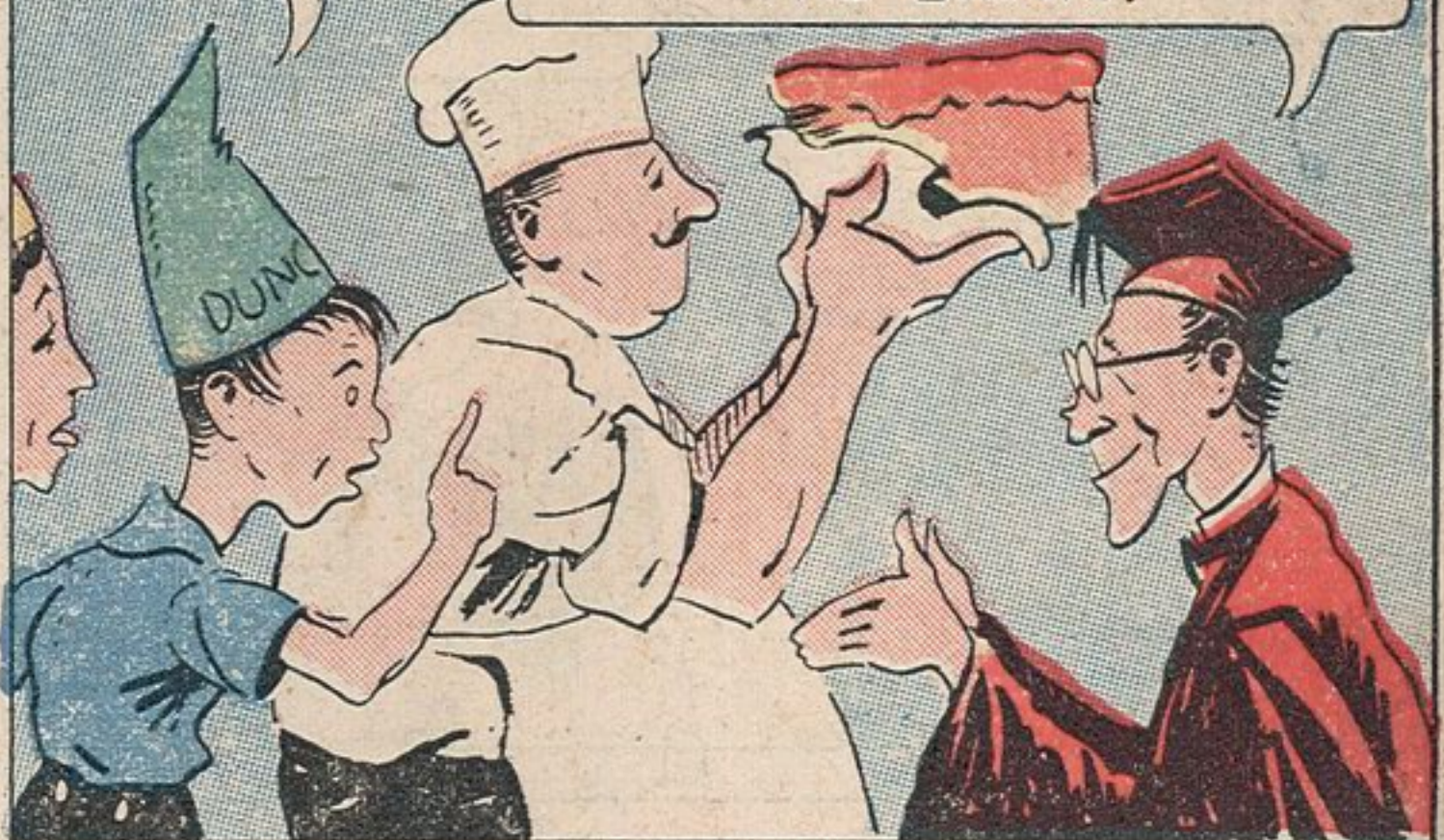
WHAT ARE THOSE ALARM CLOCKS FOR?

TO MAKE THE BREAD RISE ON TIME.



IS THE BAKER A COLLEGE-BREAD MAN LIKE ME?

YES, HE "LOAFs" MOST OF THE TIME, DANCES THE "CAKE-WALK", "ROLLS" OUT OF BED LATE, AND HAS PLENTY OF "DOUGH" IN THE BANK.



WHY DO THEY CALL THEM SPONGE CAKES?

BECAUSE THEY'RE OF "ABSORBING" INTEREST TO A HUNGRY PERSON.

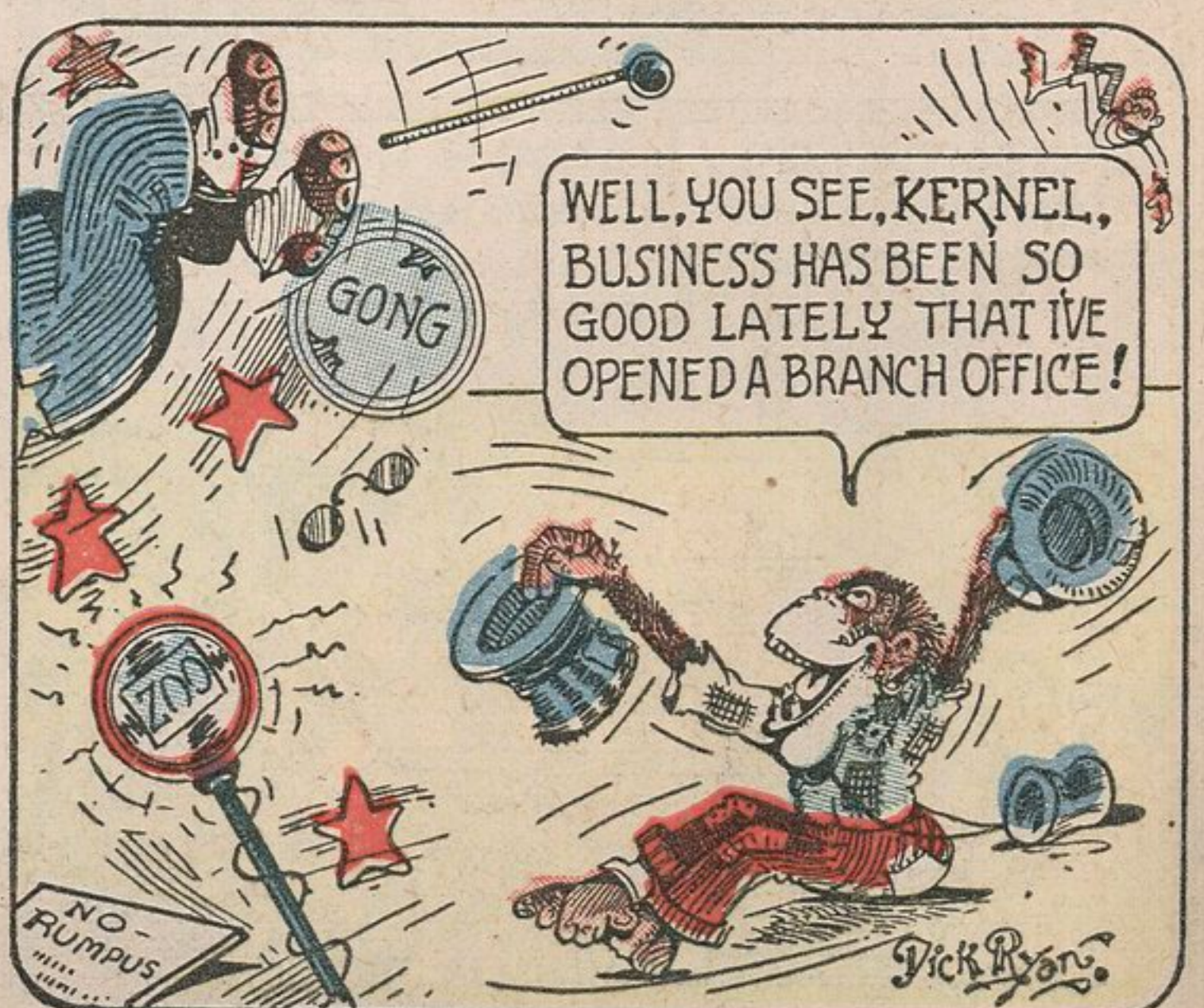
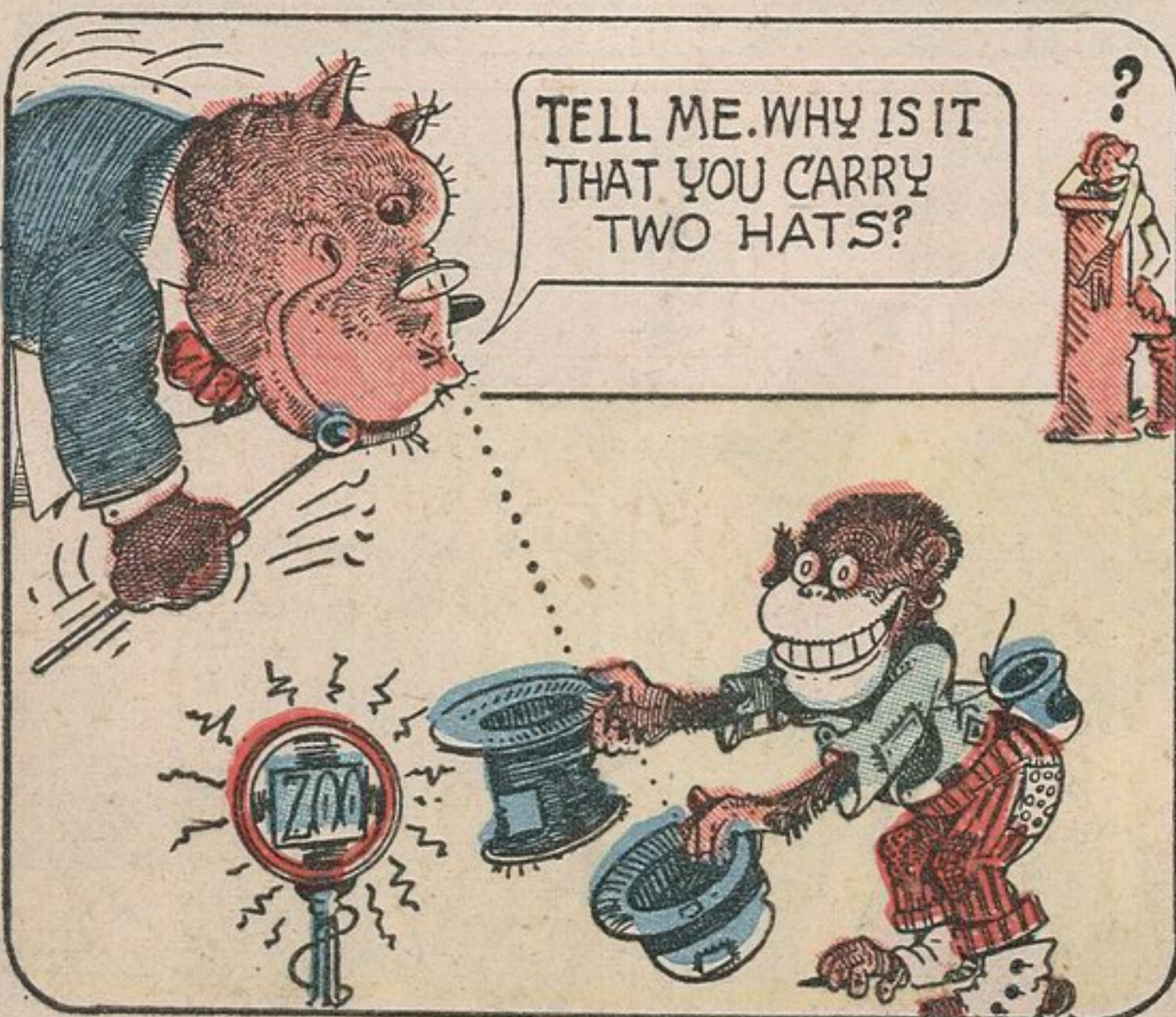
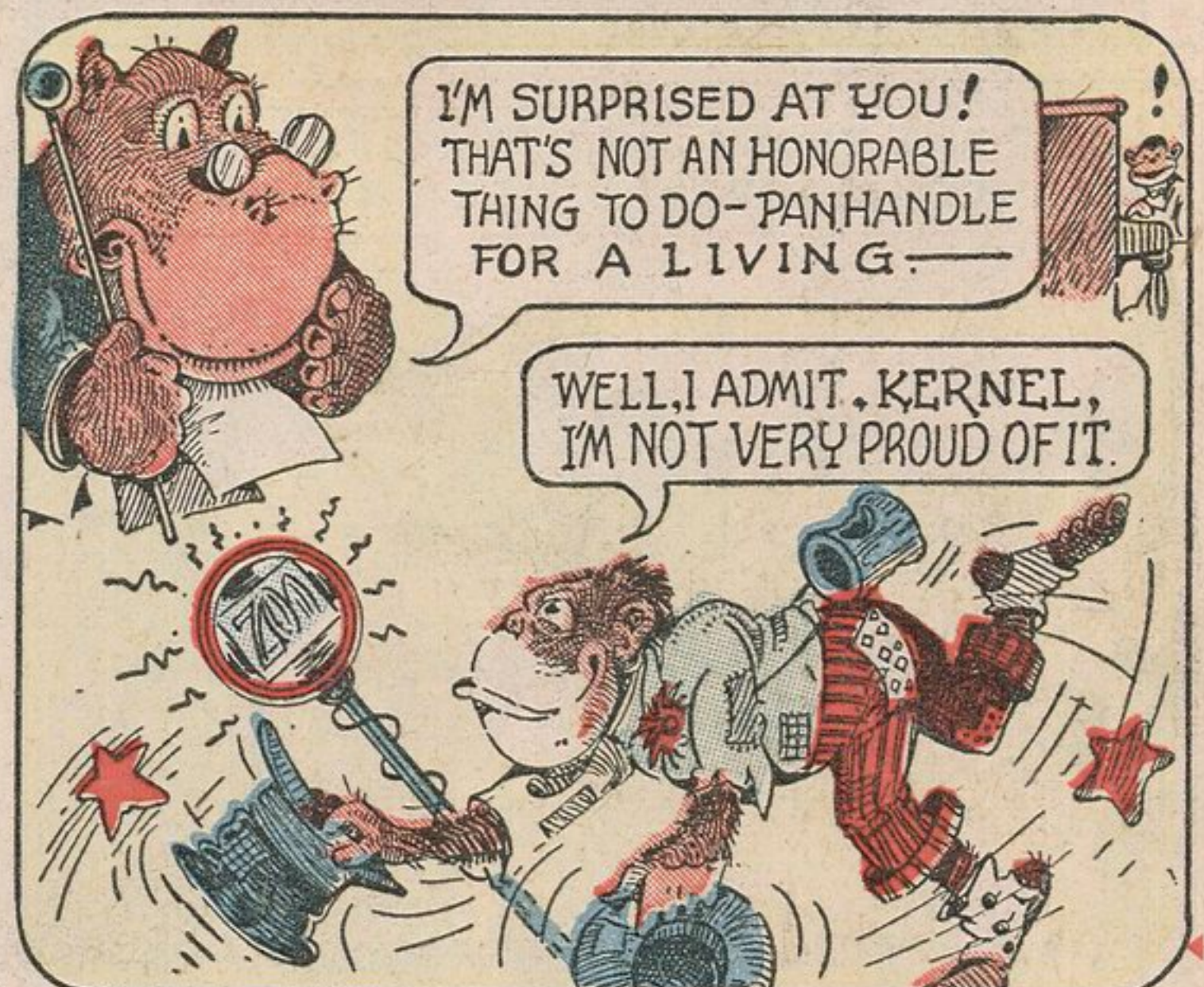
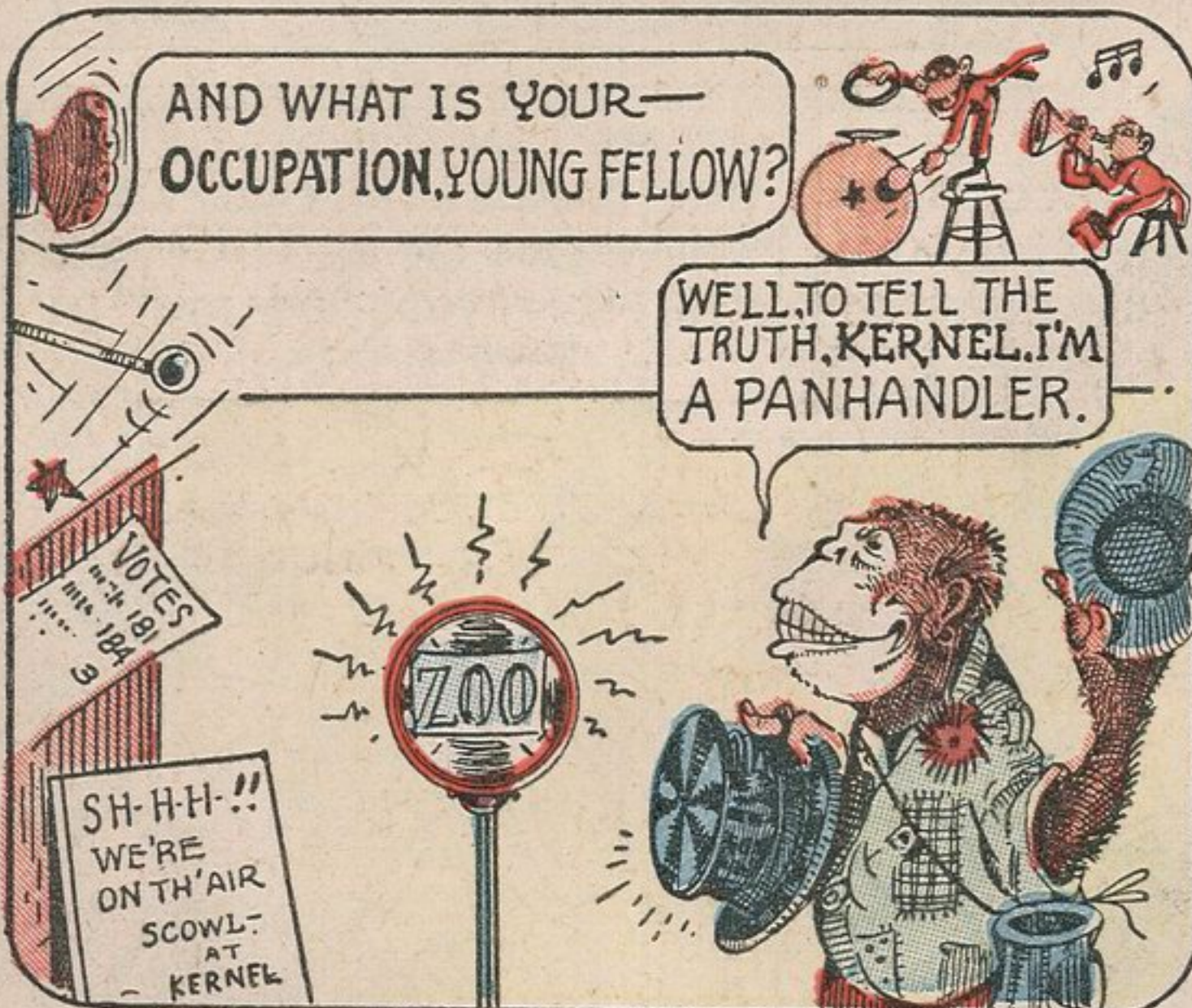
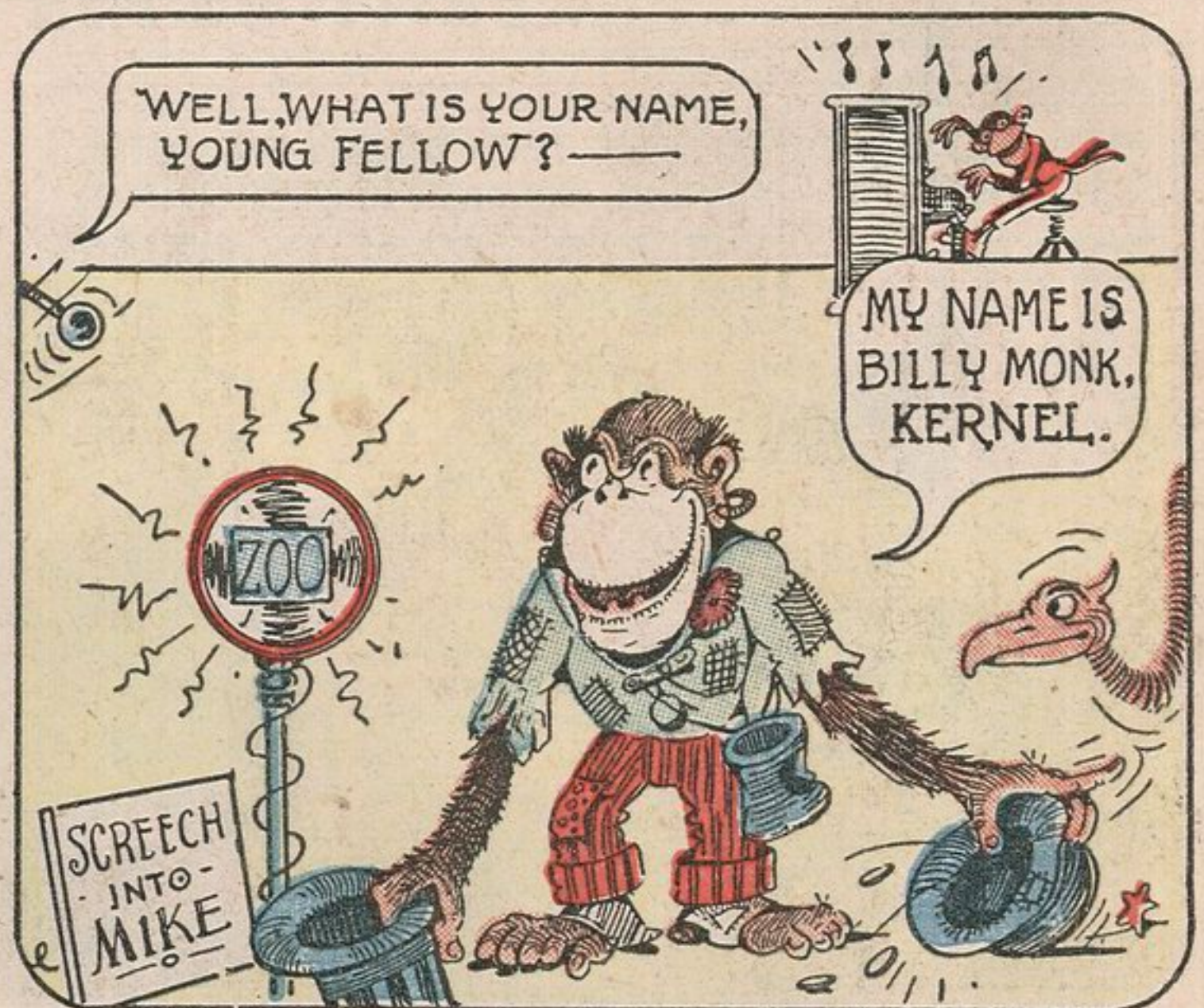


CAN WE HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT?

INDEED YOU CAN. YOU'VE EARNED A DOZEN DOUGHNUT HOLES EACH AND FOR DESERT YOU CAN HAVE A ROASTED VACUUM, SUNNYSIDE UP.



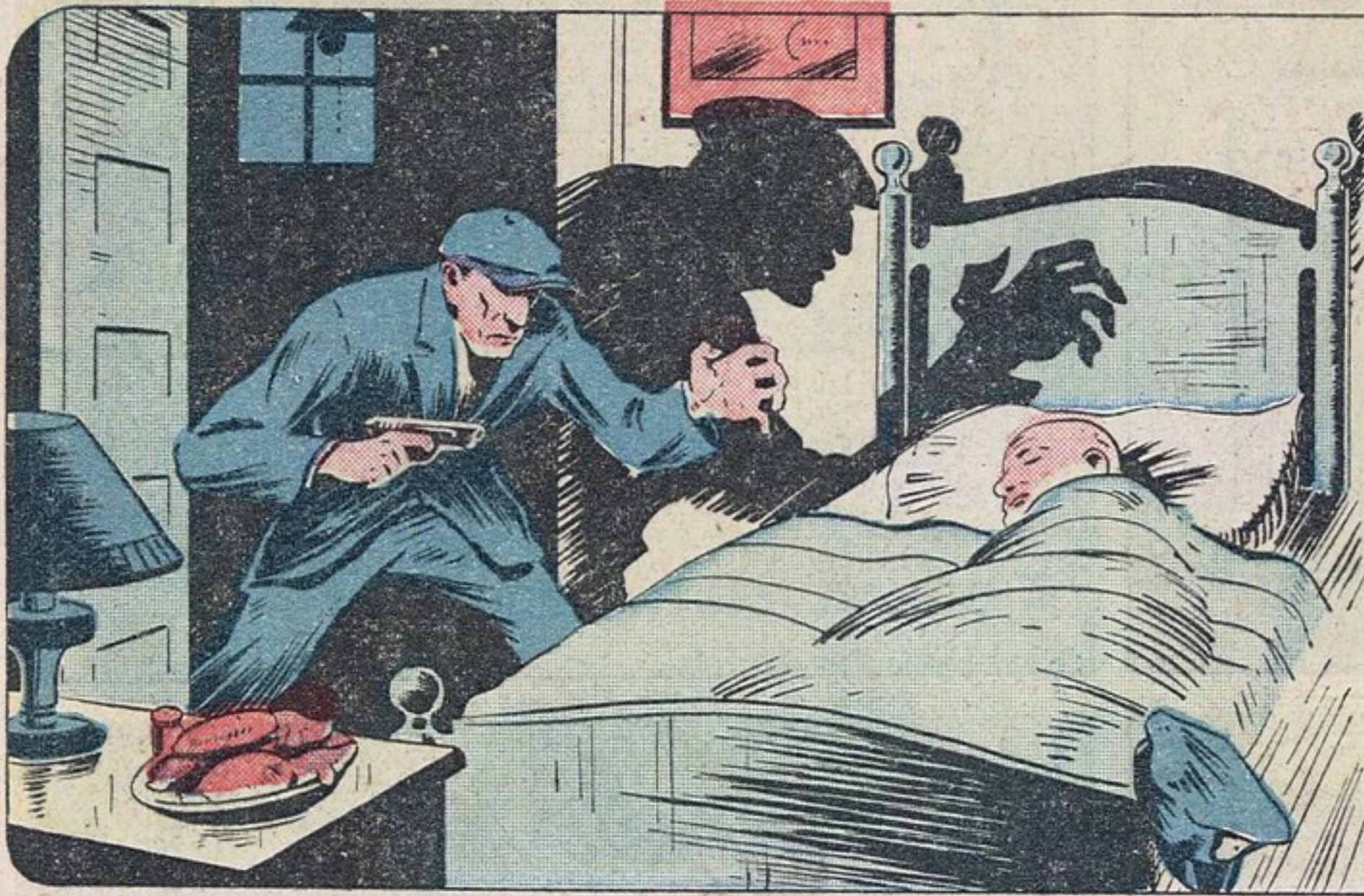
'BOWS AN' ARROWS'



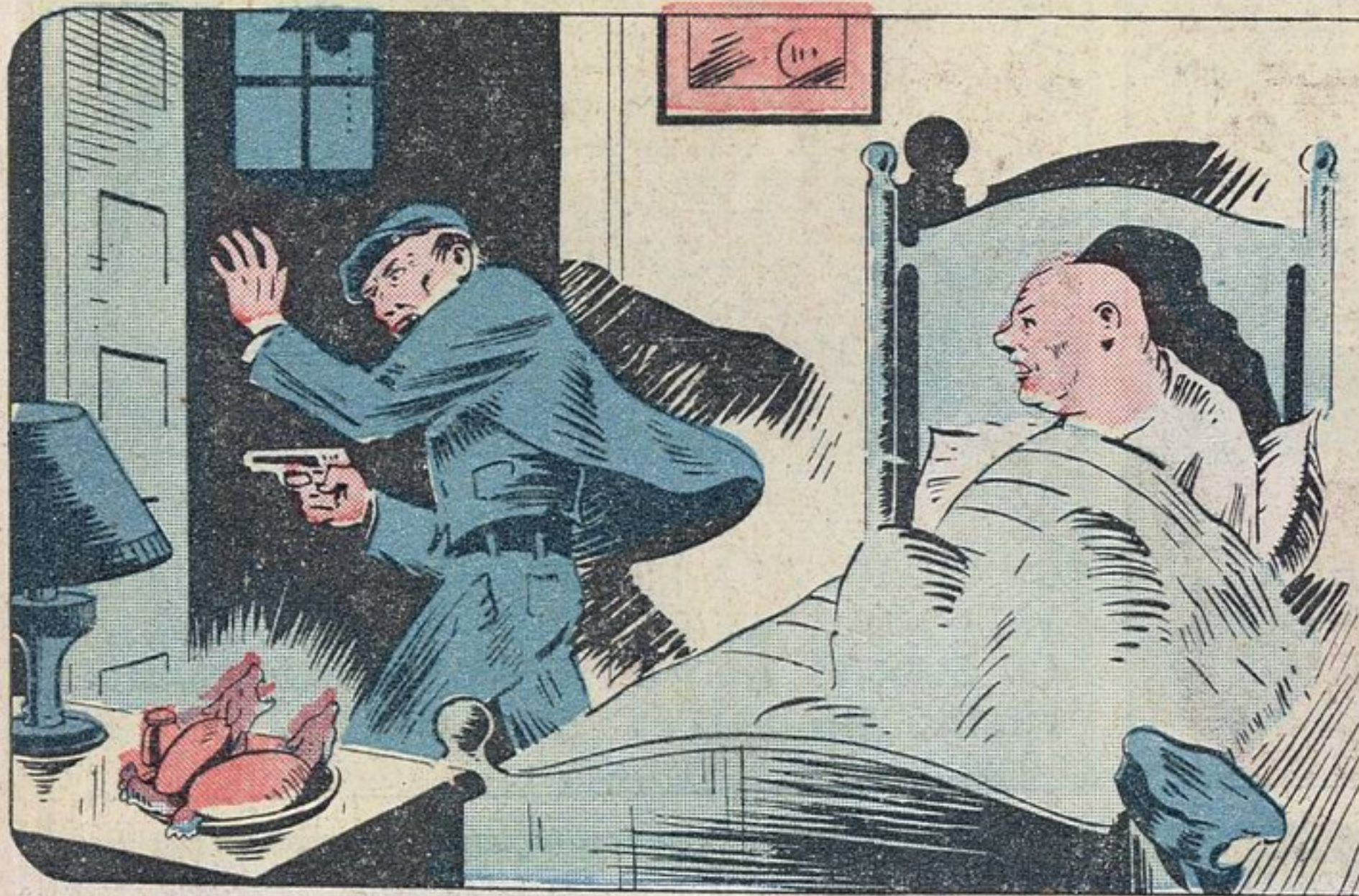


NOW I'LL TELL ONE

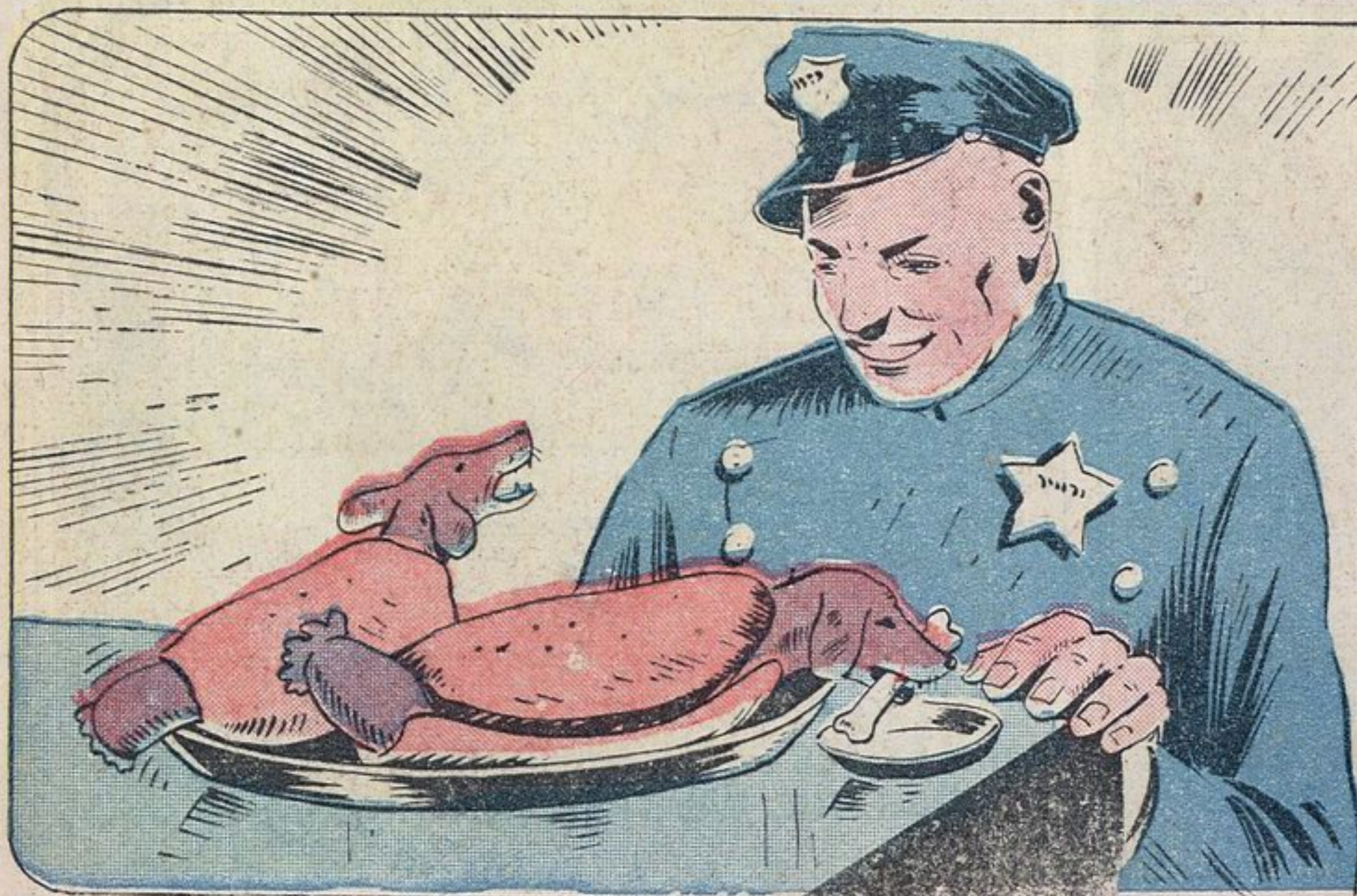
BY
*Officer
Clancy*



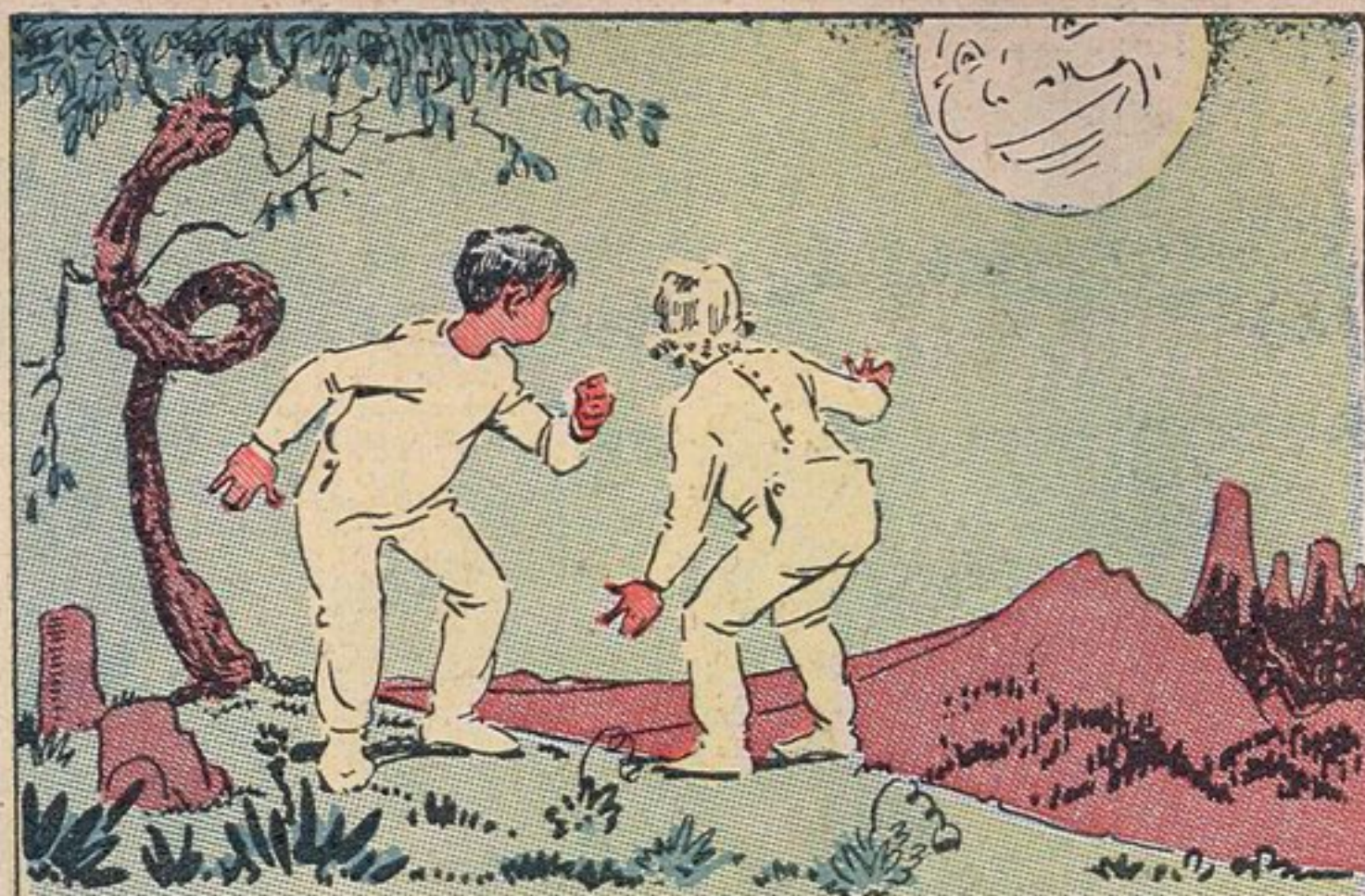
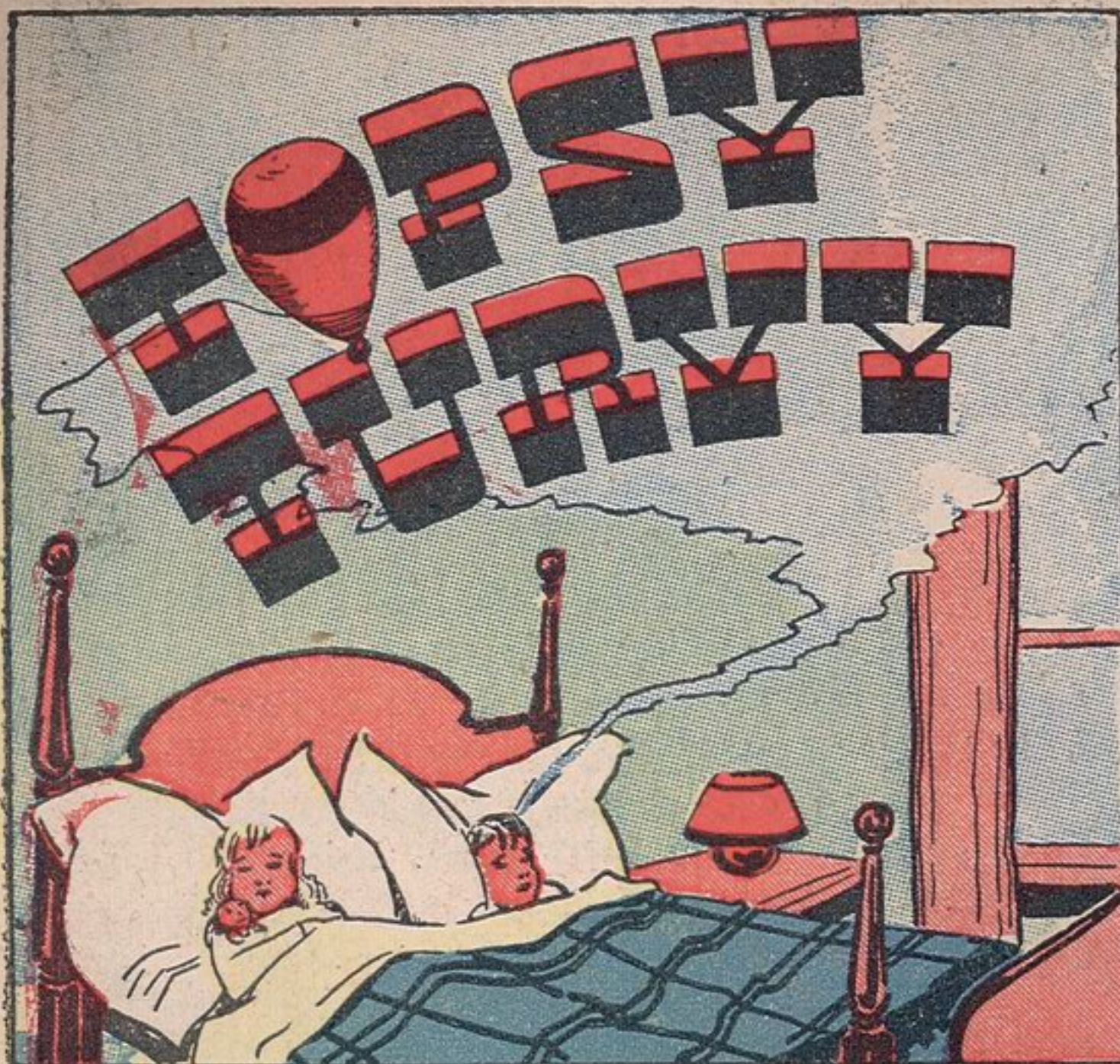
I WAS SOUND ASLEEP WHEN SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENED AND A BURGLAR CAME IN, INTENDING TO ROB ME OF MY LIFE SAVINGS. I SLUMBERED ON, NOT KNOWING WHAT WAS IN STORE FOR ME.



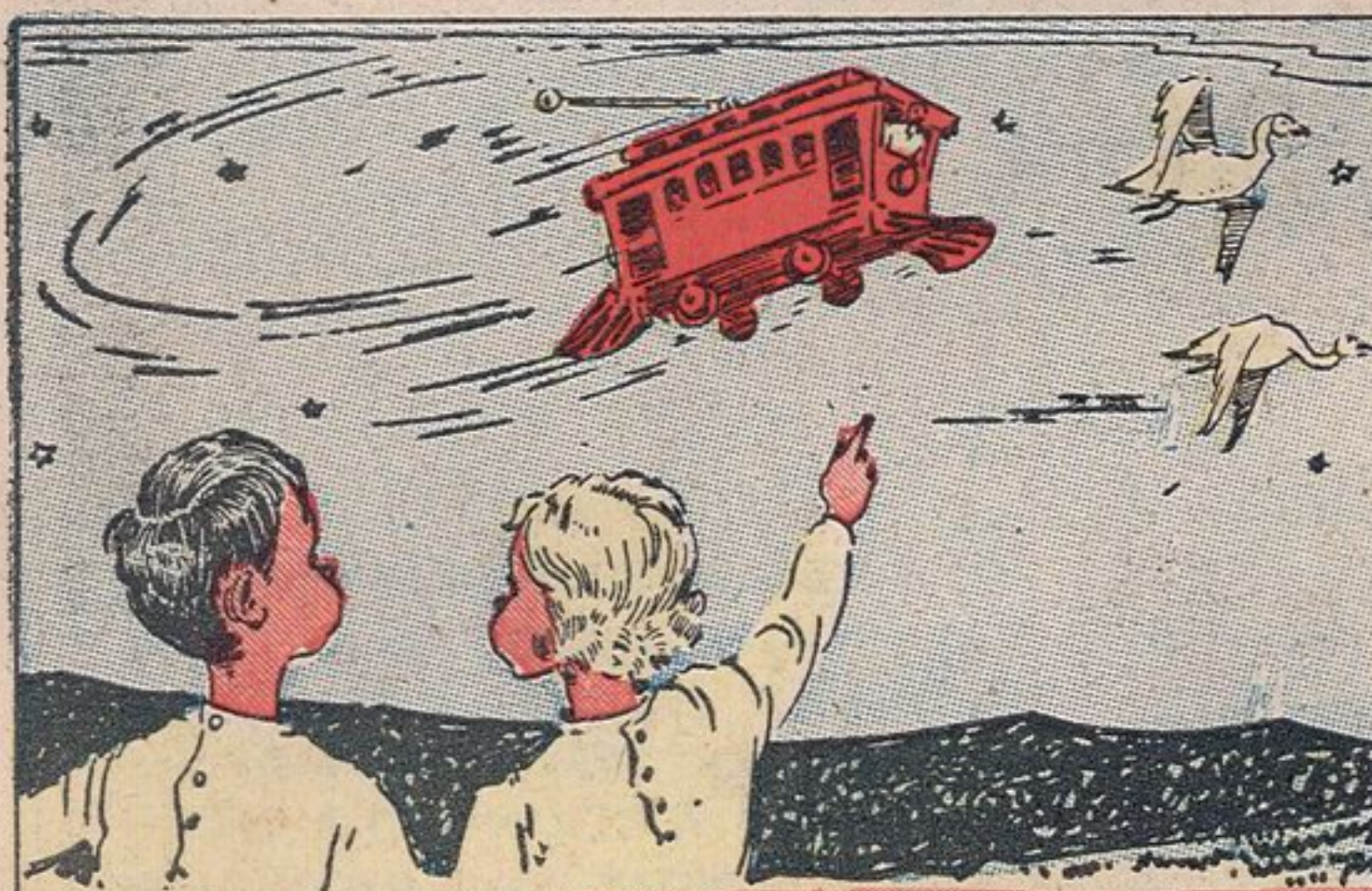
I WAS AWAKENED BY THE LOUD BARKING OF DOGS AND THE BURGLAR, HEARING IT ALSO, BECAME PANIC STRICKEN AND FLED. I LOOKED AROUND TO DISCOVER WHERE THE ANIMALS CAME FROM AND MUCH TO MY SURPRISE,



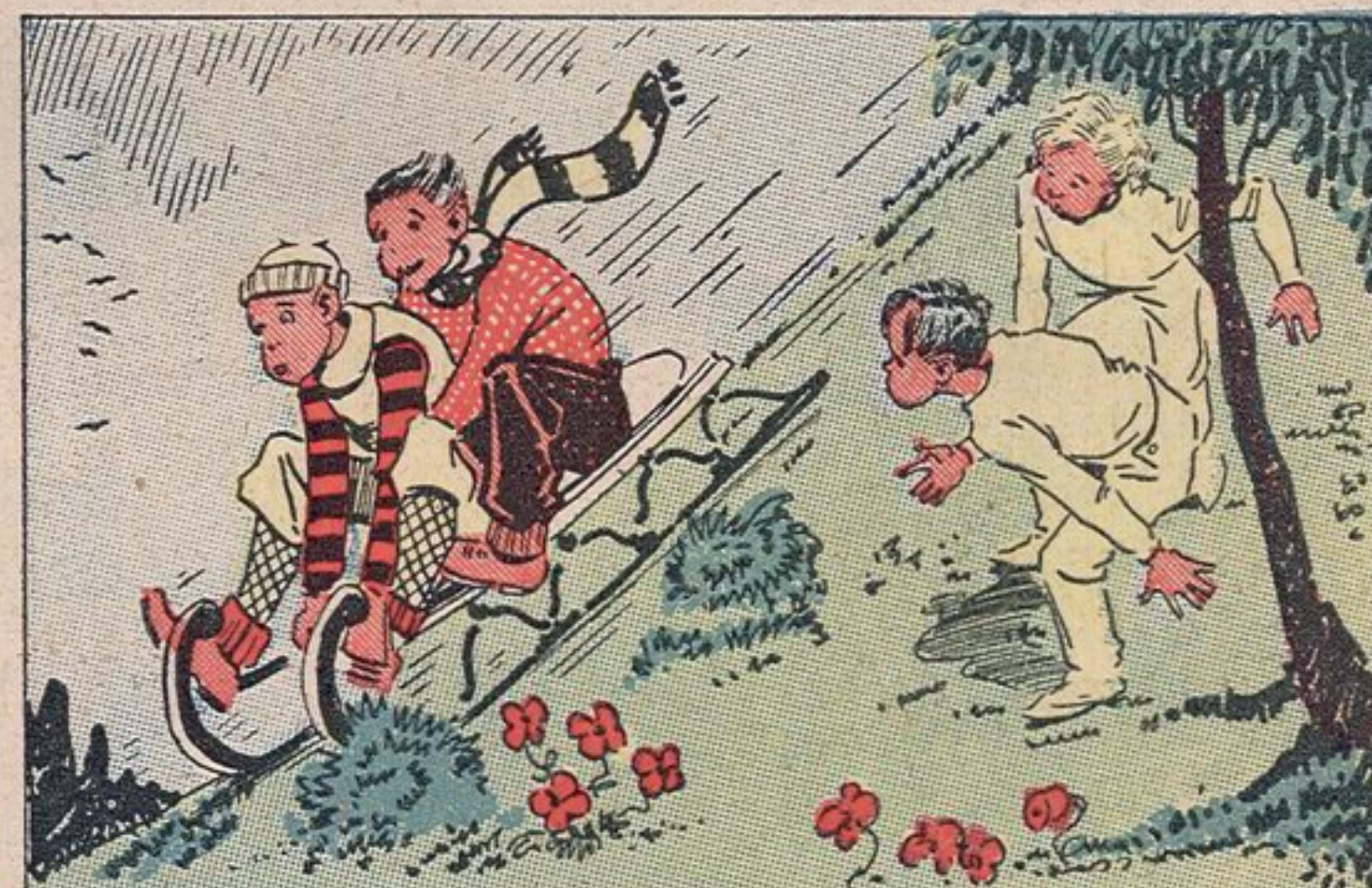
I FOUND THEM TO BE THE TWO HOT DOGS I HAD PLACED ON THE TABLE THE NIGHT BEFORE. AS A REWARD I ADOPTED THEM, PUT THEM THROUGH A COURSE OF TRAINING AND TO-DAY THEY ARE THE BEST TRAINED WATCH-DOGS IN MY DEPARTMENT.



AS THEY GAZED IN THE SKY THEY DISCOVERED
T'WAS BRIGHT AS A RARE DAY IN JUNE
BUT INSTEAD OF THE SUN THERE WAS SHINING
A DELICATE SILVERY MOON.



IN FACT, EVERYTHING ALL ABOUT THEM
WAS TWISTED AND TURNED ALL AROUND.
TROLLEY CARS FLYING WAY UP IN THE AIR
NOT ONE TO BE SEEN ON THE GROUND.



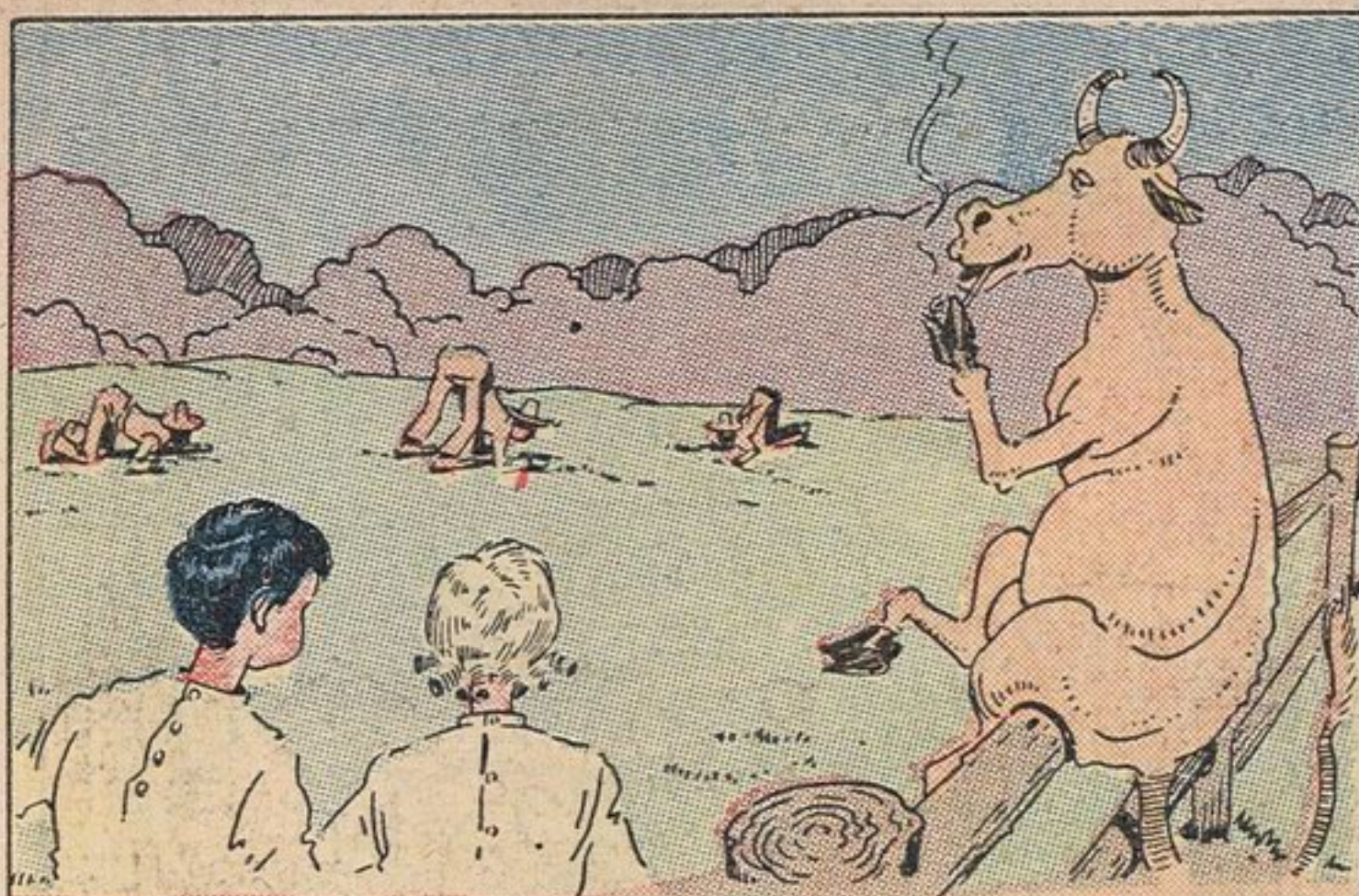
ON THE TOP OF A HILL THERE WERE CHILDREN
WITH MUFFLERS RIGHT UP TO THEIR EARS.
ON SLEIGHS THEY WERE COASTING AND SHOUTING,
FILLING THE VALLEY WITH CHEERS.



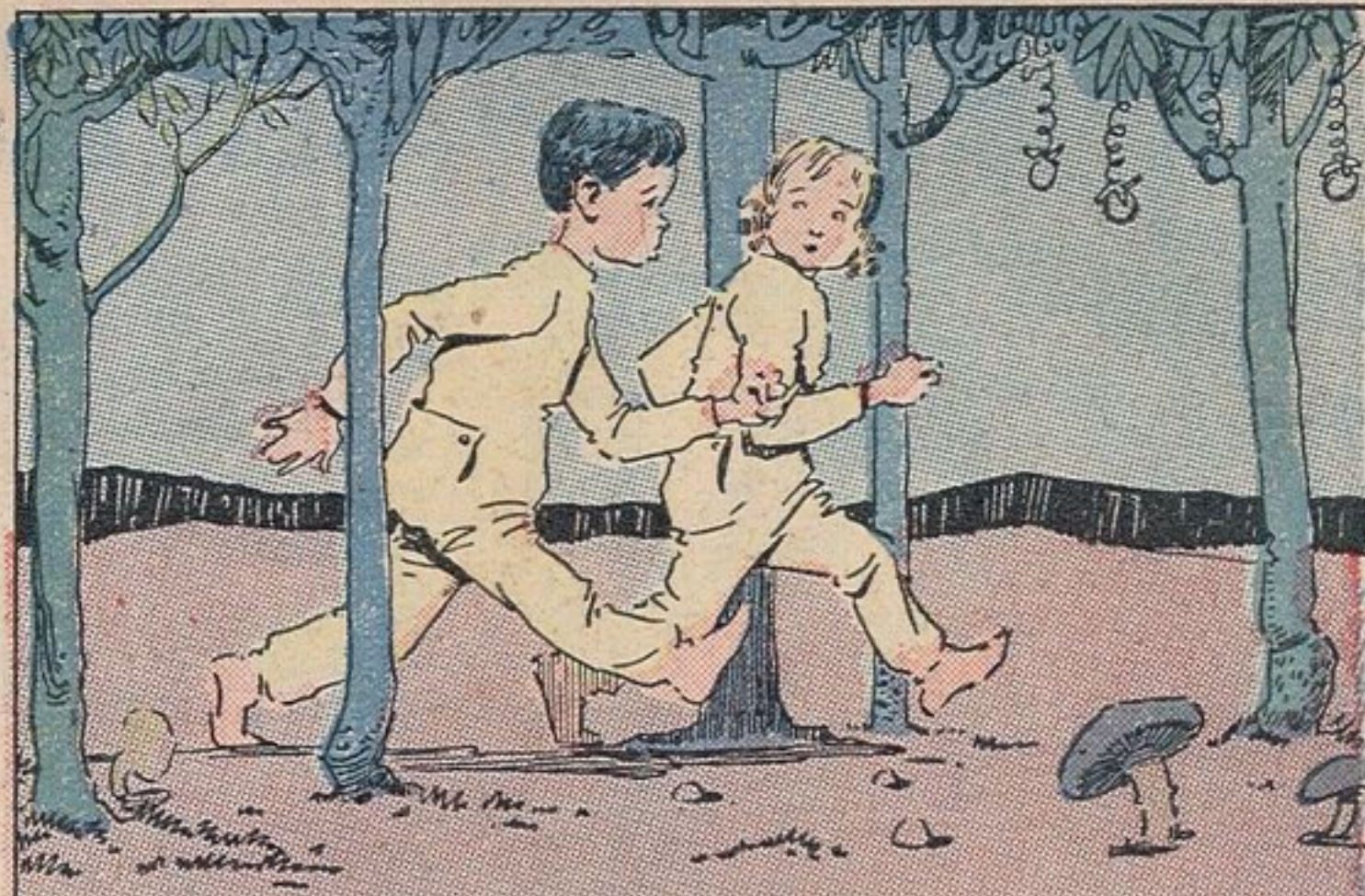
THERE WASN'T A DROP OF SNOW TO BE SEEN
THEY SLID DOWN THE HILL JUST THE SAME.
THE LITTLE TOTS WONDERED JUST WHY IT WAS
THAT THIS WAS A SUMMER-TIME GAME.



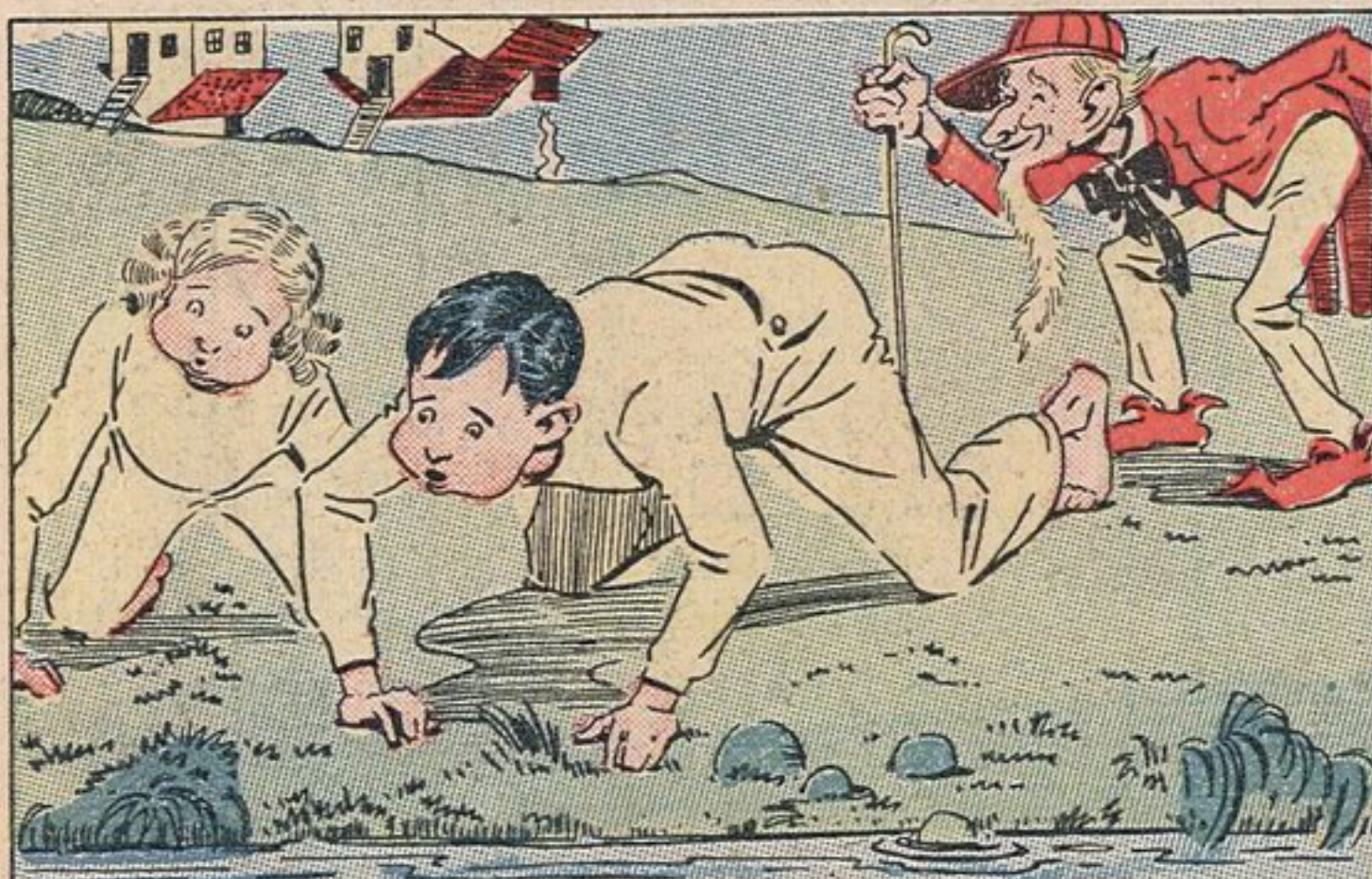
"THIS DOESN'T SEEM RIGHT," THEY SAID TO THEMSELVES
AS A FARMER BOY WENT WHIZZING BY,
WITH SKATES FITTED SNUGLY RIGHT TO HIS FEET
THOUGH THE WEATHER WAS WARM AS JULY.



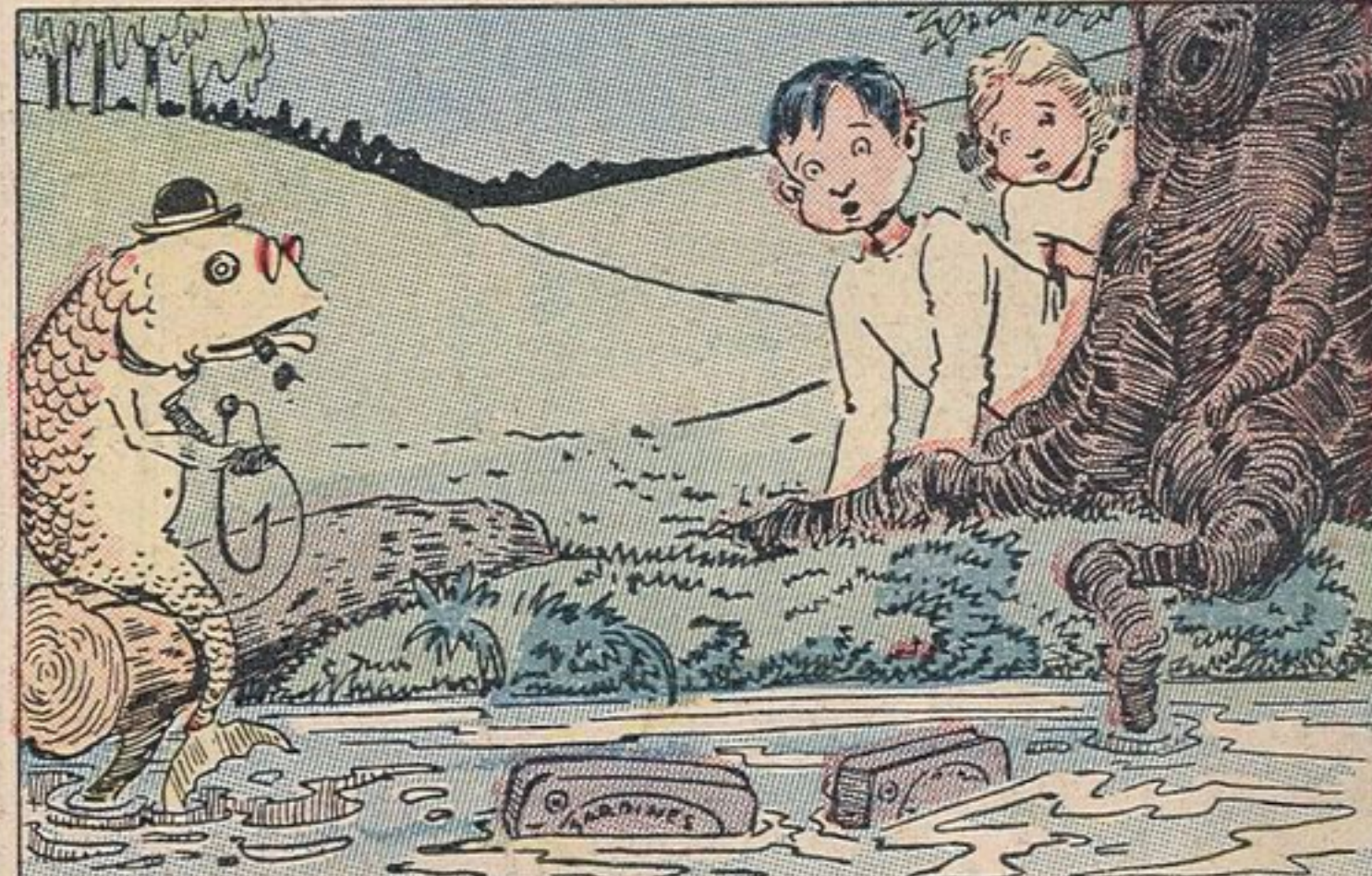
THEY SAW FARMERS GRAZING WAY OUT IN THE FIELDS, WHILE A COW SAT AND WATCHED FROM THE FENCE! A CAREFUL EYE ON HIS CHARGES HE KEPT, THE THING DIDN'T SEEM TO MAKE SENSE!



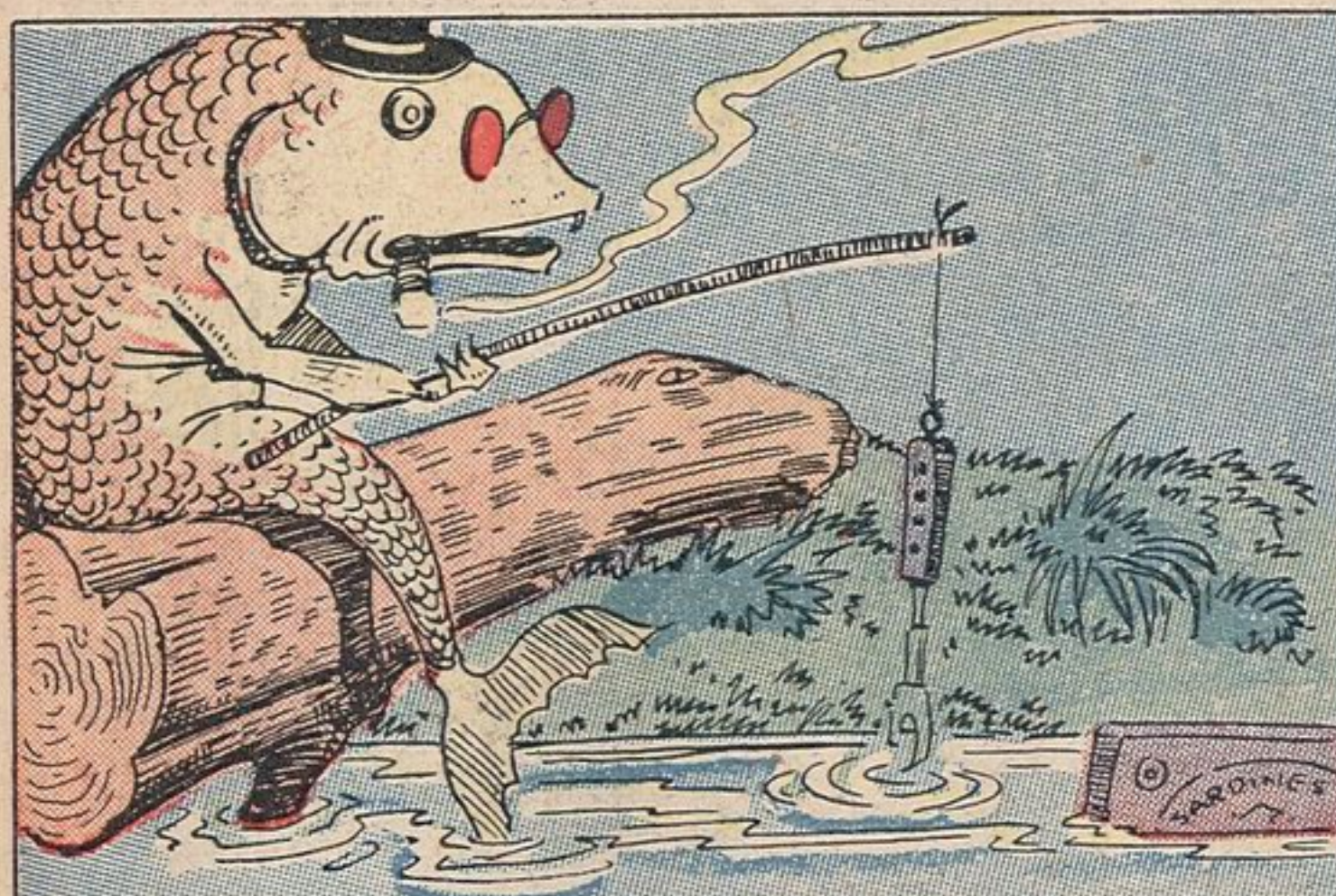
THE GRASS THAT YOU THINK WOULD BE COLORFUL GREEN WAS A DELICATE SORT OF A PINK! WHILE SOME OF THE TREES WERE BLUE AS COULD BE, AND SOME OF THEM YELLOW, I THINK!



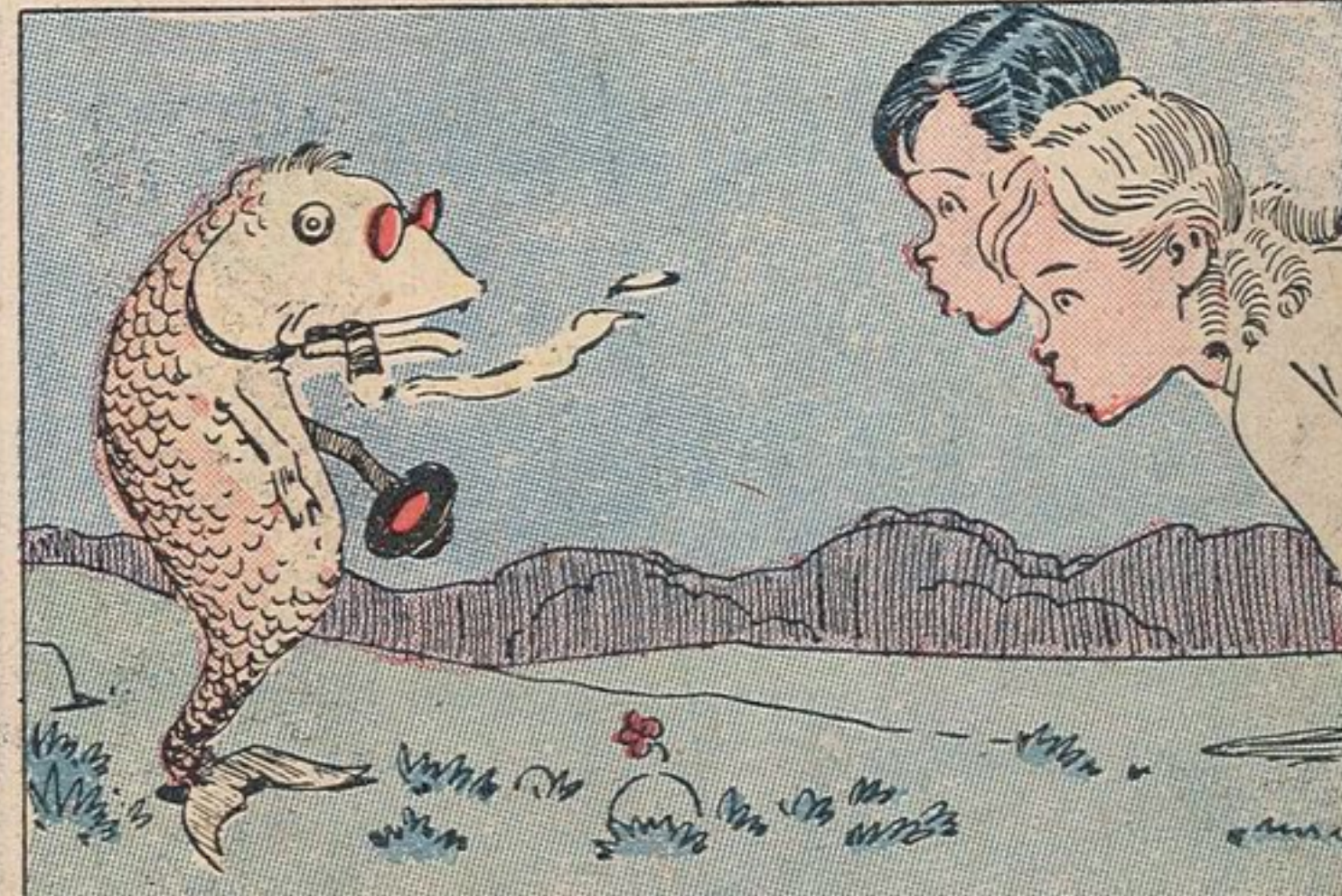
BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD THERE WAS RUNNING A BABBLING SORT OF A BROOK. THE TWO LITTLE TOTS WERE ASTONISHED, WHEN THEY MOVED OVER CLOSER TO LOOK.



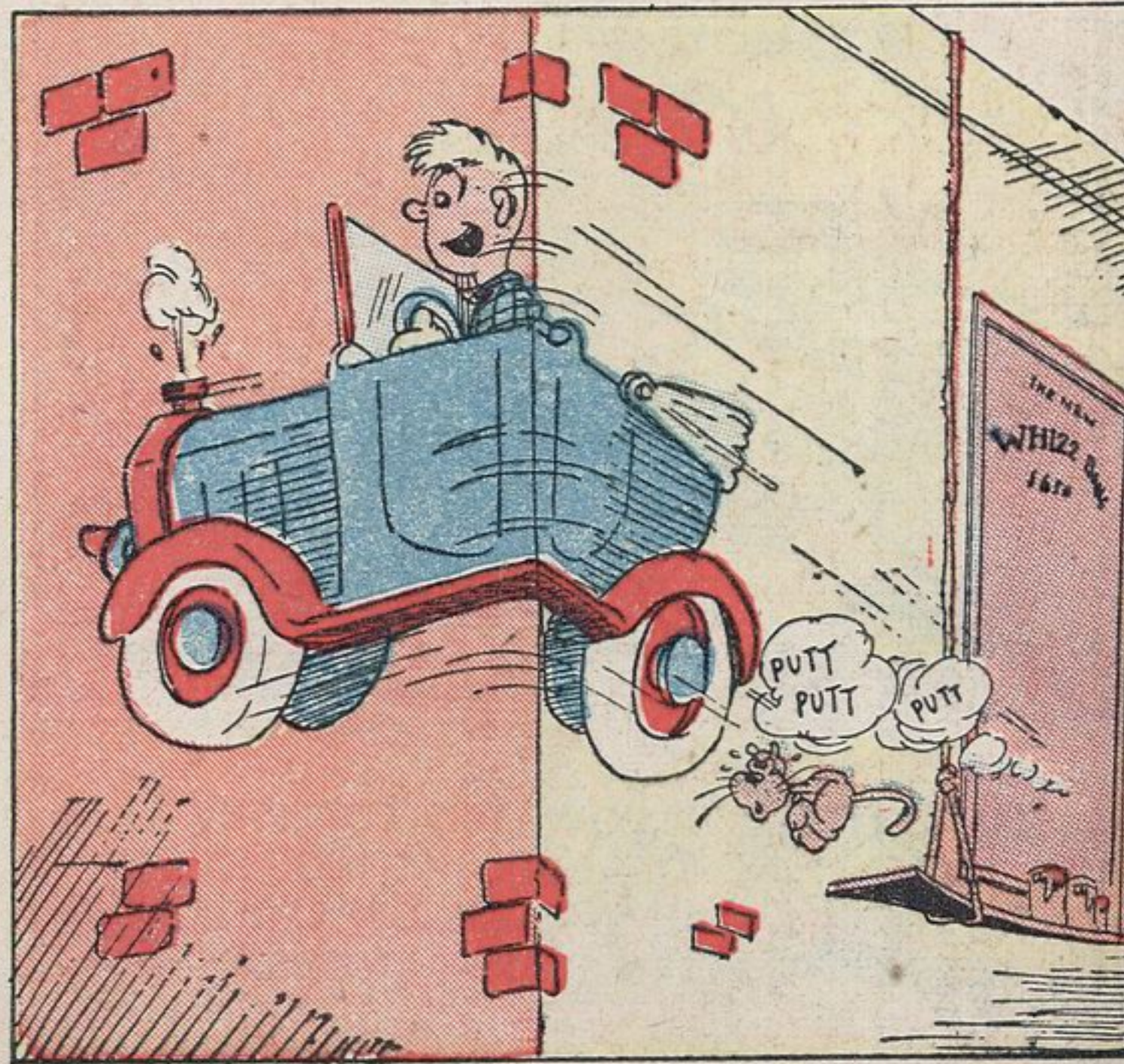
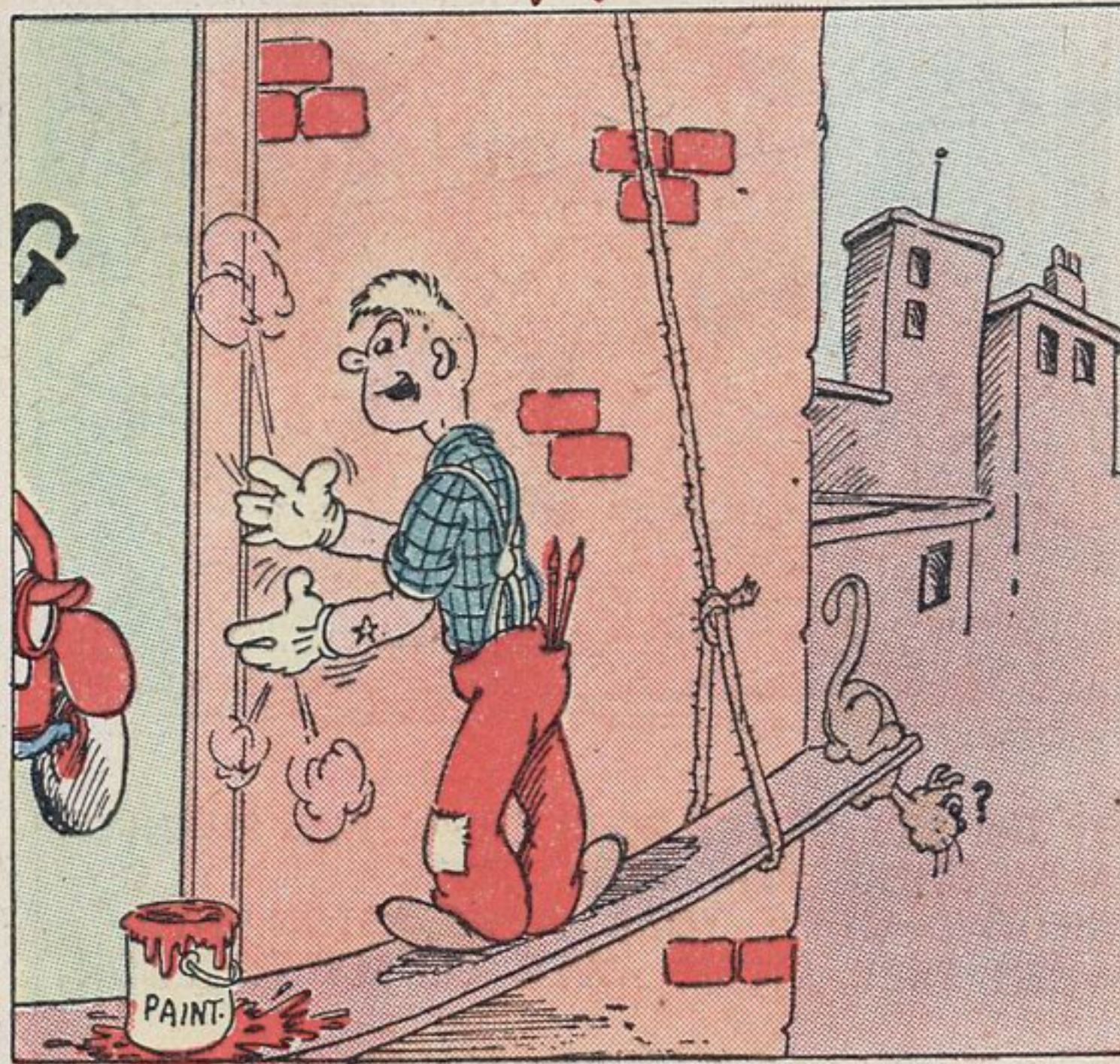
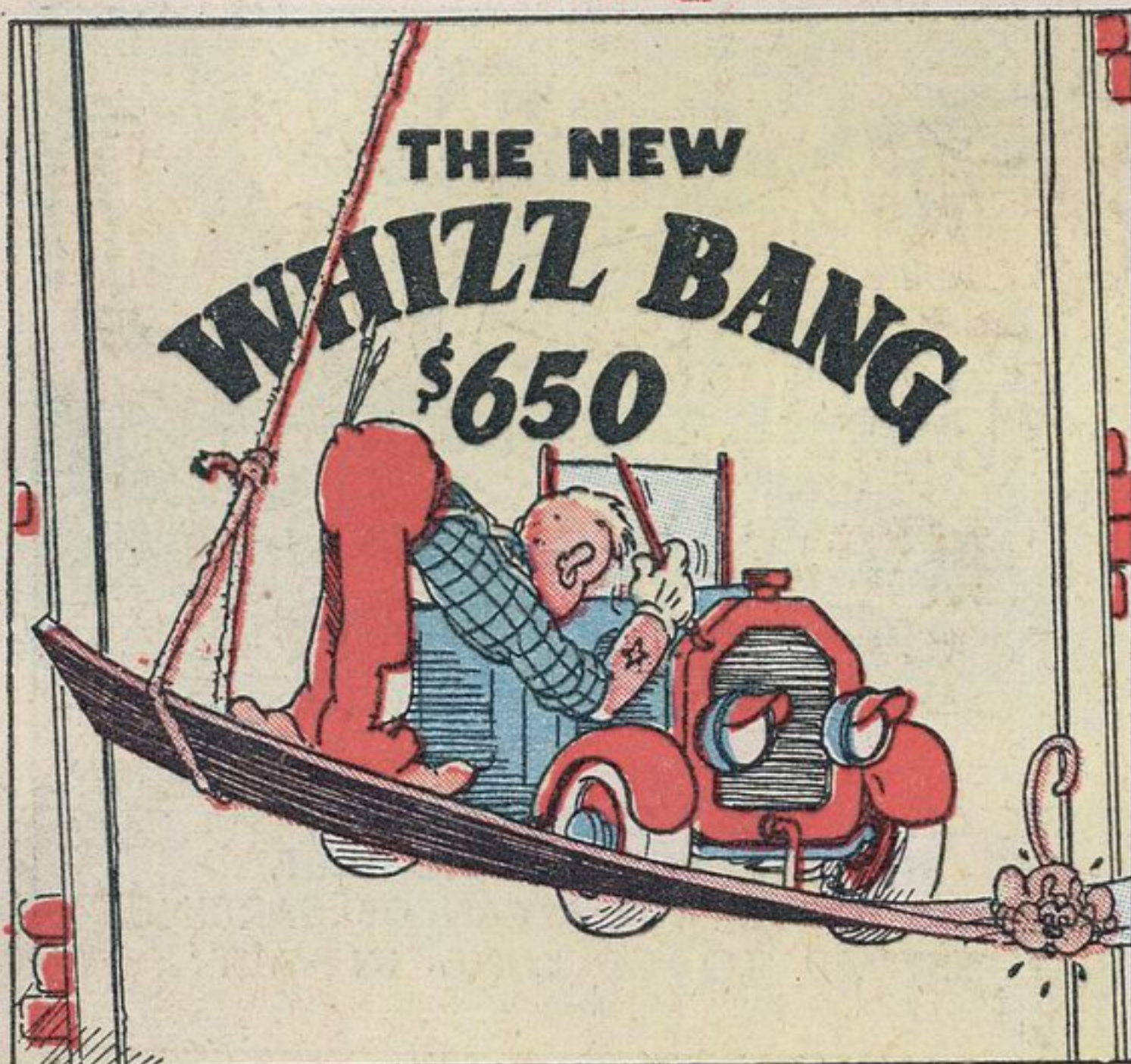
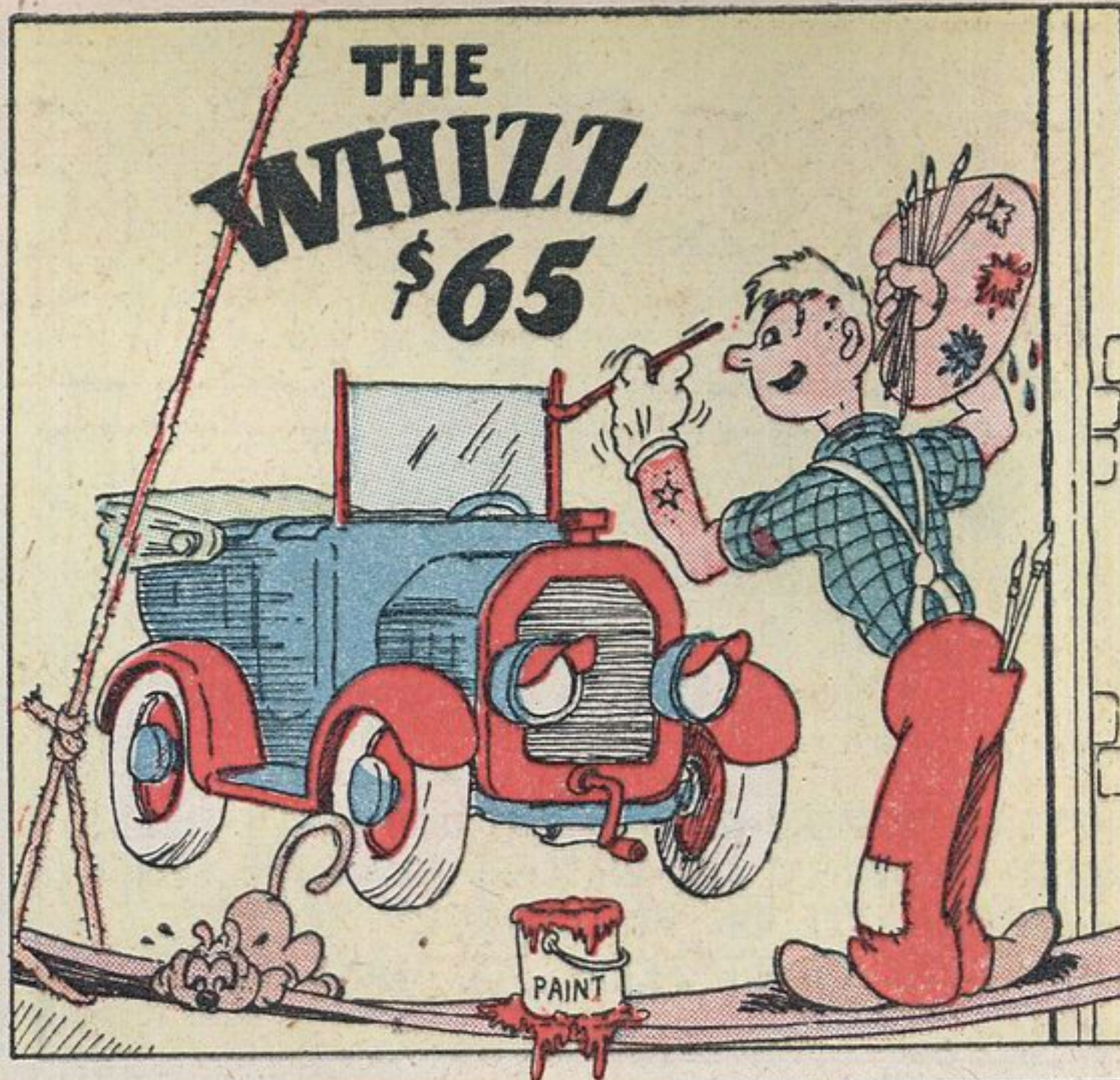
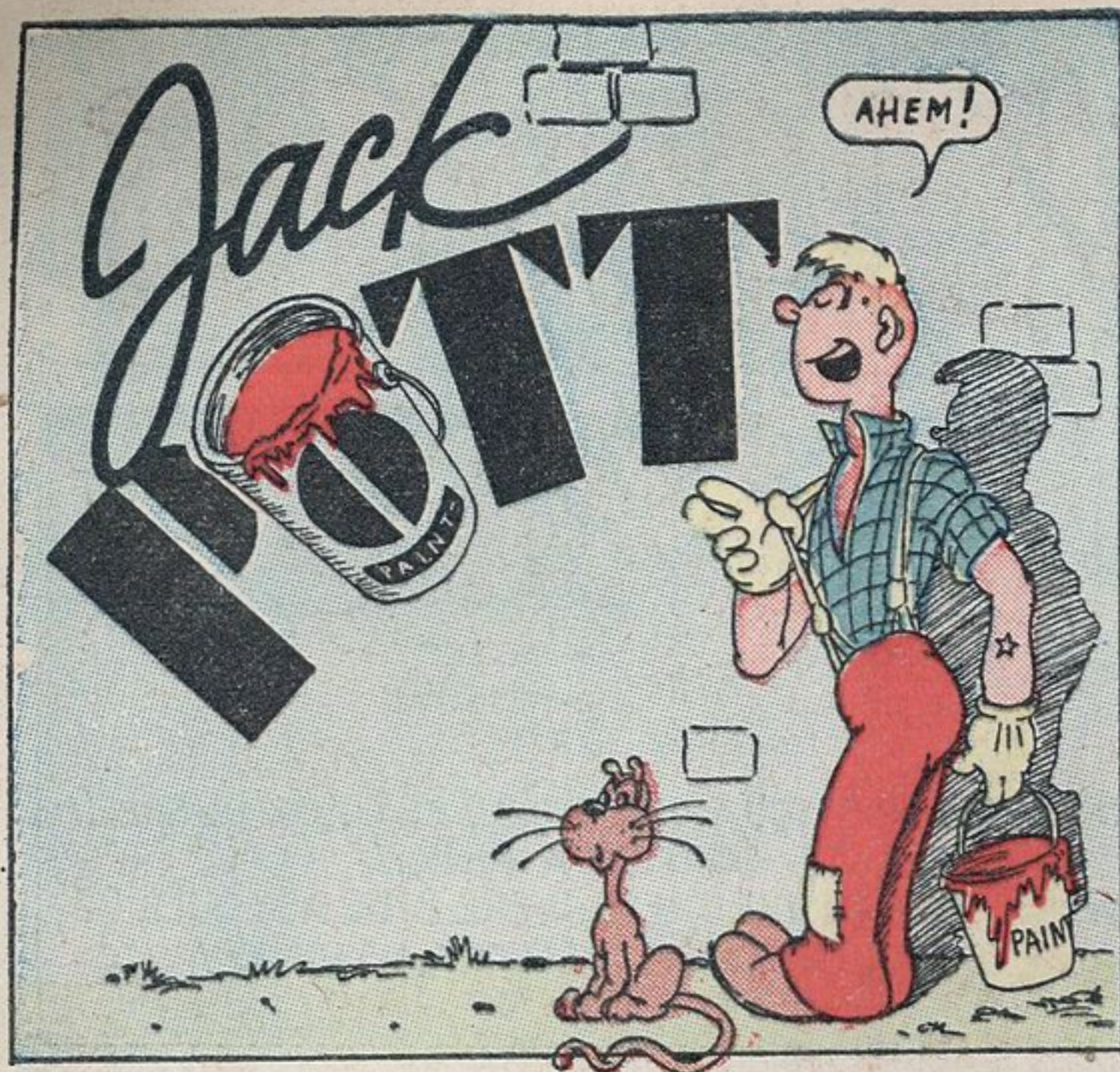
THERE ON A LOG WAS A CODFISH, FIXING HIS LINE WITH SOME BAIT, PREPARING TO FISH FOR A CAN OF SARDINES, THAT SEEMED TO BE LYING IN WAIT!



A SMART LITTLE FELLOW THIS CODFISH! THE RIGHT KIND OF BAIT HE WOULD USE. THERE ON HIS LINE WAS AN OPENER FINE! I'M ASKING YOU, ISN'T THAT NEWS?

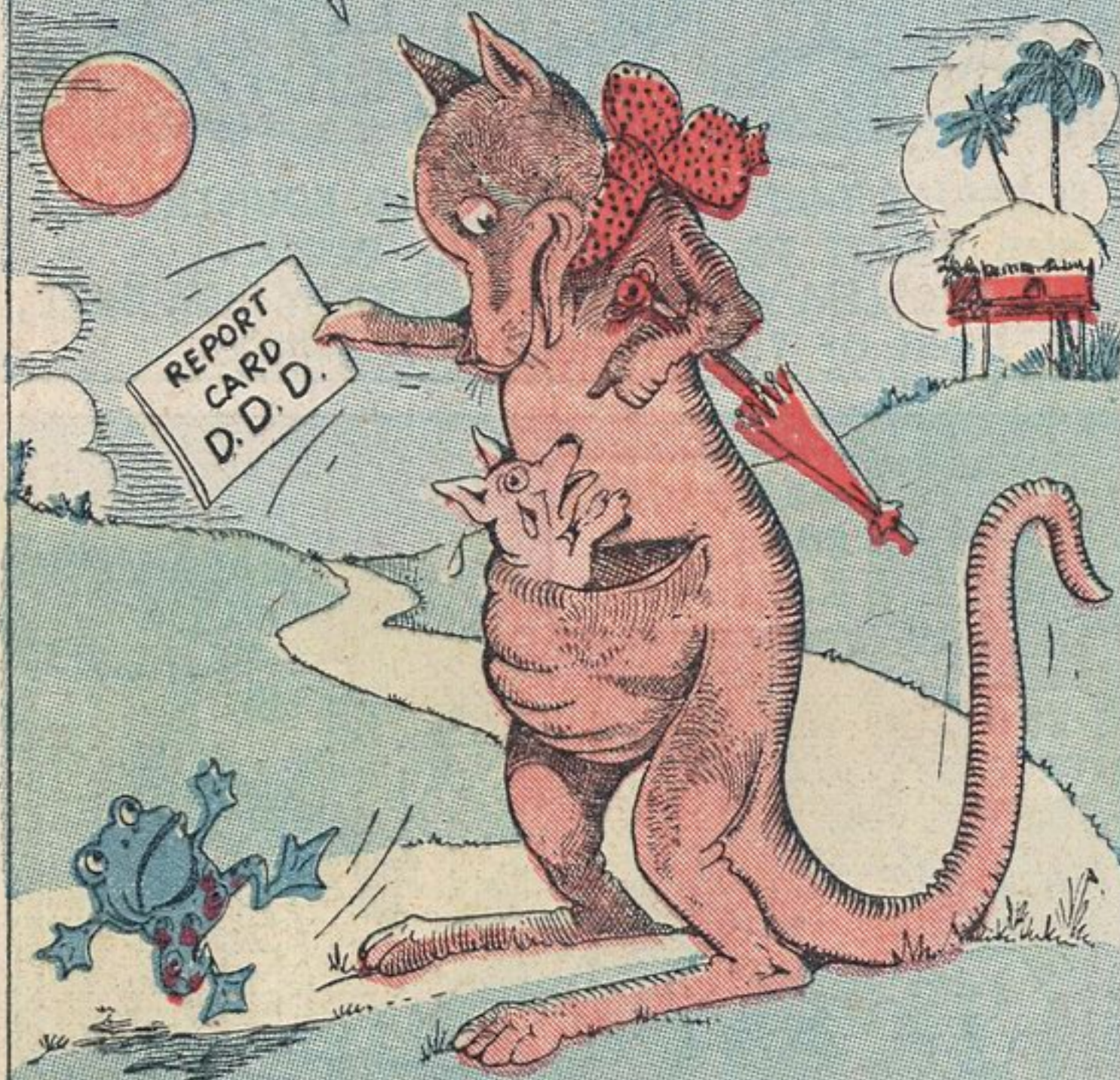


IT SEEMS THAT THIS SMART LITTLE FELLOW KNEW JUST THE RIGHT THING TO DO, THE LITTLE TOTS NEARLY FELL OFF IN A FAINT WHEN HE SMILED AND REMARKED, 'HOWDY DO!'



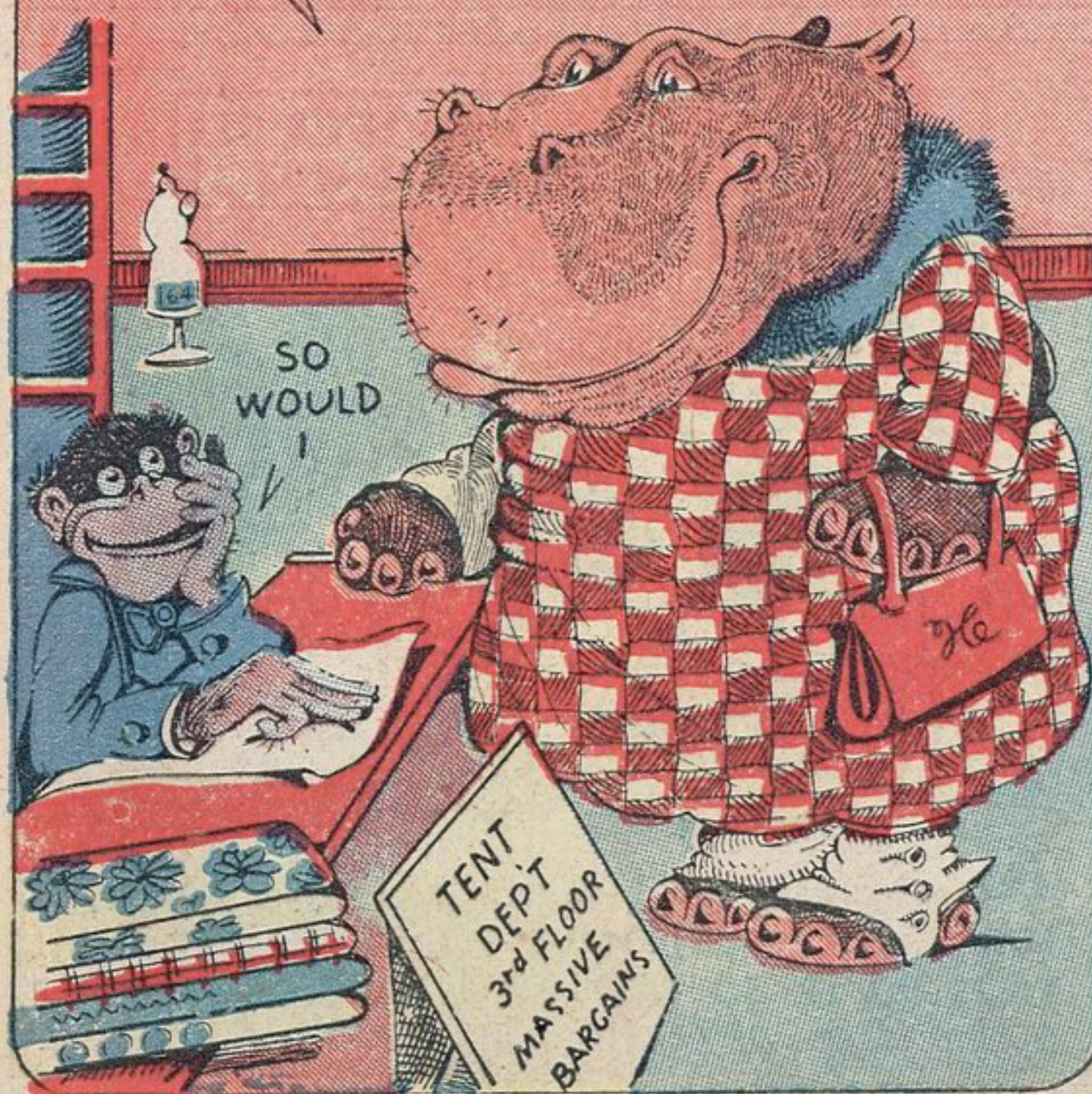
ANIMAL CRACKERS

AND YOU STAY IN THE HOUSE
ALL AFTERNOON FOR THIS!



WE'RE LEAVING FOR AMERICA.
WE HAVE A VERY FINE OFFER
FROM JINGLING BROS. CIRCUS.

ID LIKE TO SEE SOMETHING IN
A DRESS THAT WILL FIT ME



SH.....
SHE'S ASLEEP. CAN'T YOU SNEAK OUT?

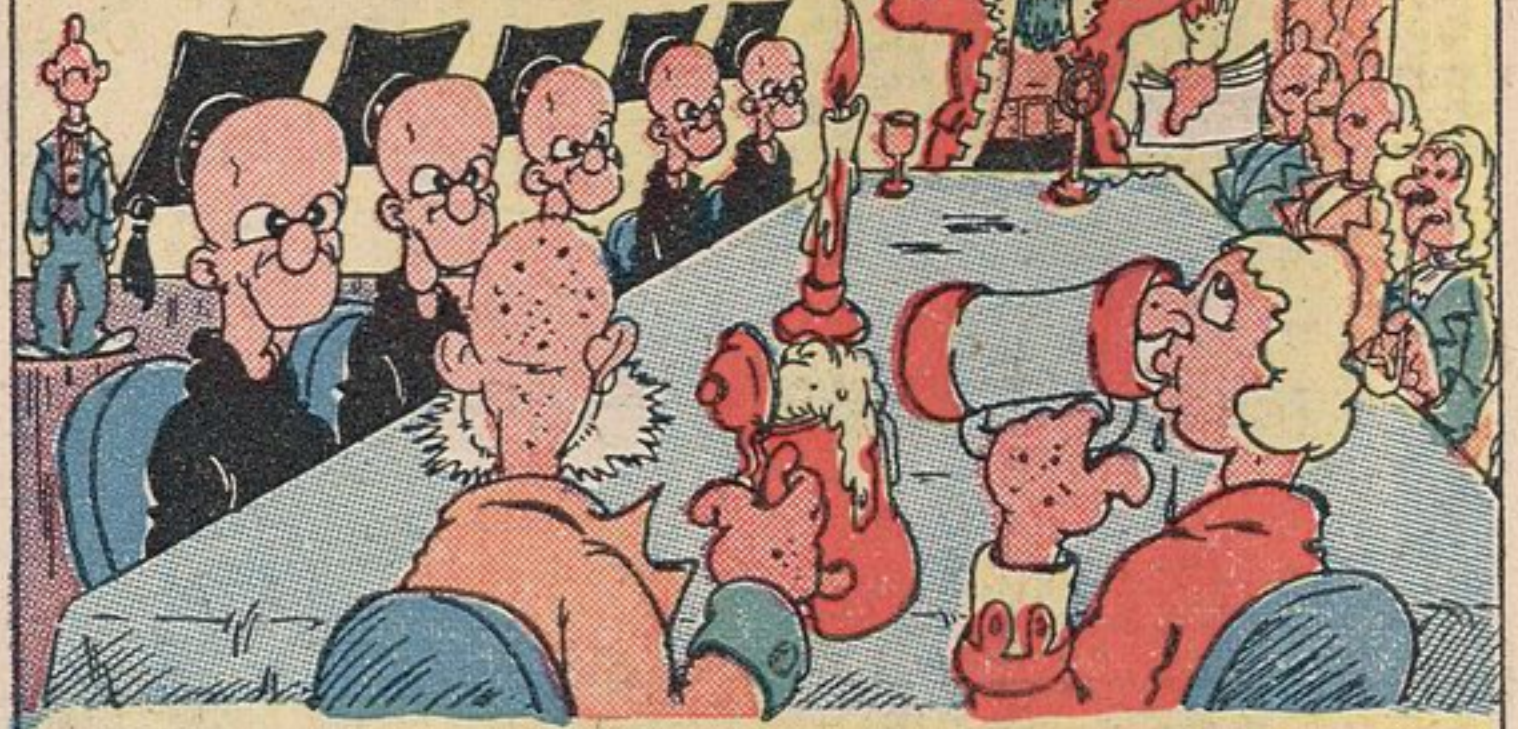
King Koles' Kourt

THE COUNTRY'S
GOIN' ON
THE ROCKS,
YER MAJESTY.

GOSH!

OLD KING KOLE, THE MERRY OLD SOUL,
TOGETHER WITH ALL OF HIS KOURT,
WERE GREATLY DISTURBED AS WELL AS PERTURBED,
AT HEARING THE LATEST REPORT.

UNACCUSTOMED AS I AM
TO PUBLIC SPEAKING---



IT SEEMS THAT THEIR JOLLY OLD KOUNTRY
WAS ABOUT TO GO ON THE BLINK.
THE PROBLEM WAS BEING DISCUSSED BY THEM THERE,
AS EACH OF THEM ORDERED A DRINK.

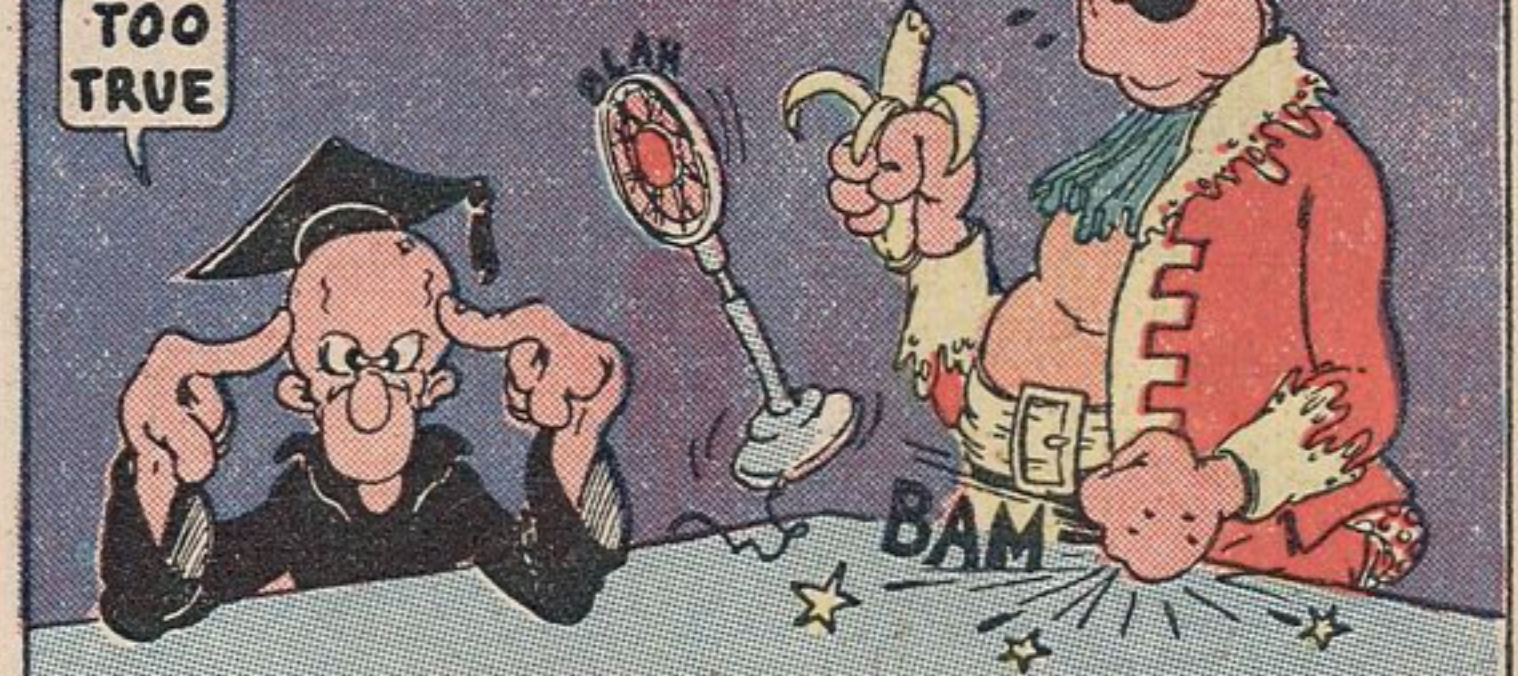
-- AND THIS
IS SERIOUS--



SAID THE FAT LITTLE KING TO ALL OF HIS KOURT,
"NO LONGER ARE THINGS MILK AND HONEY!
MILLIONS OF PEOPLE ARE NOW UNEMPLOYED
AND THE TREASURY HAS RUN OUT OF MONEY!"

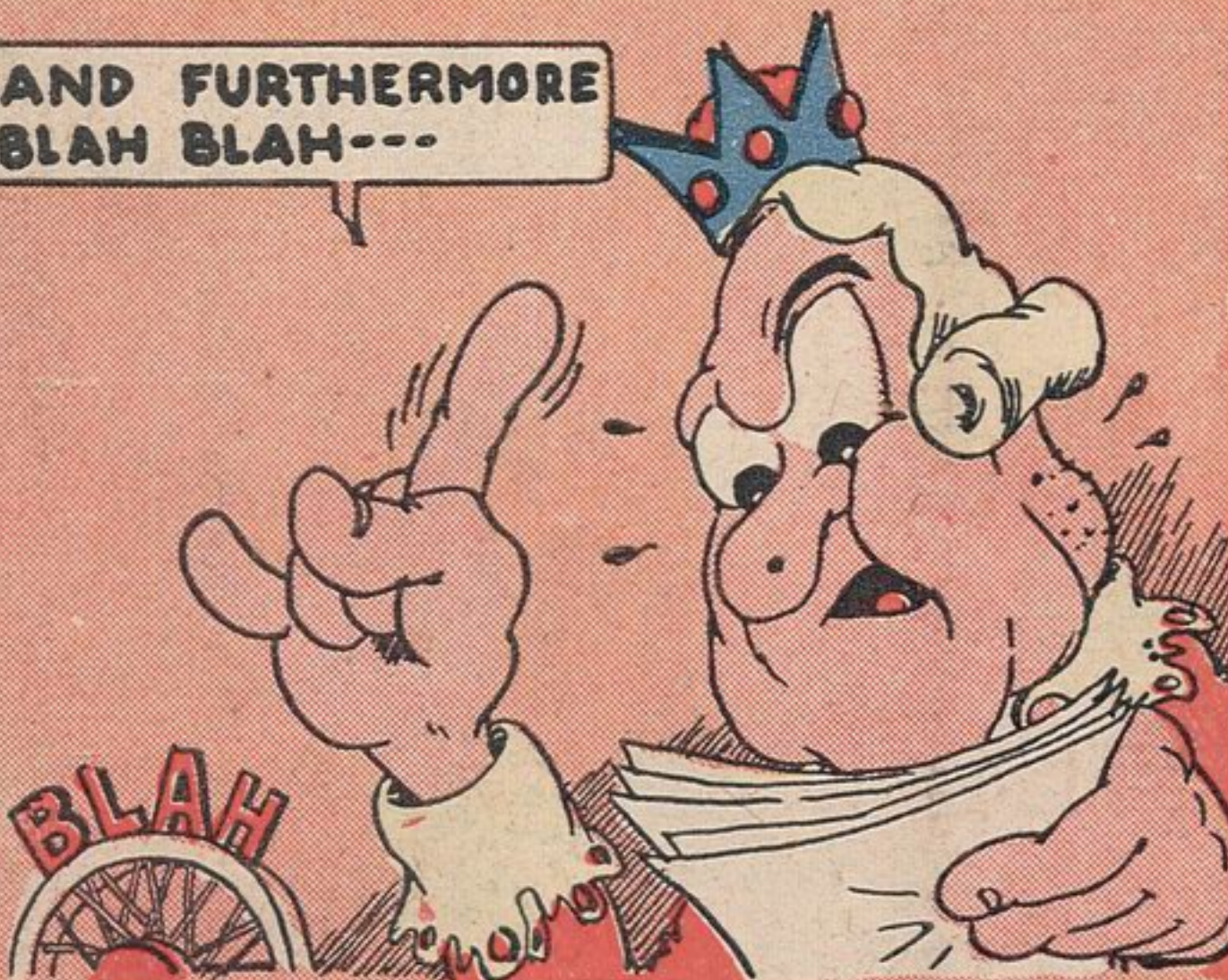
--AND WE'LL
SOAK THE
RICH---

TOO
TRUE



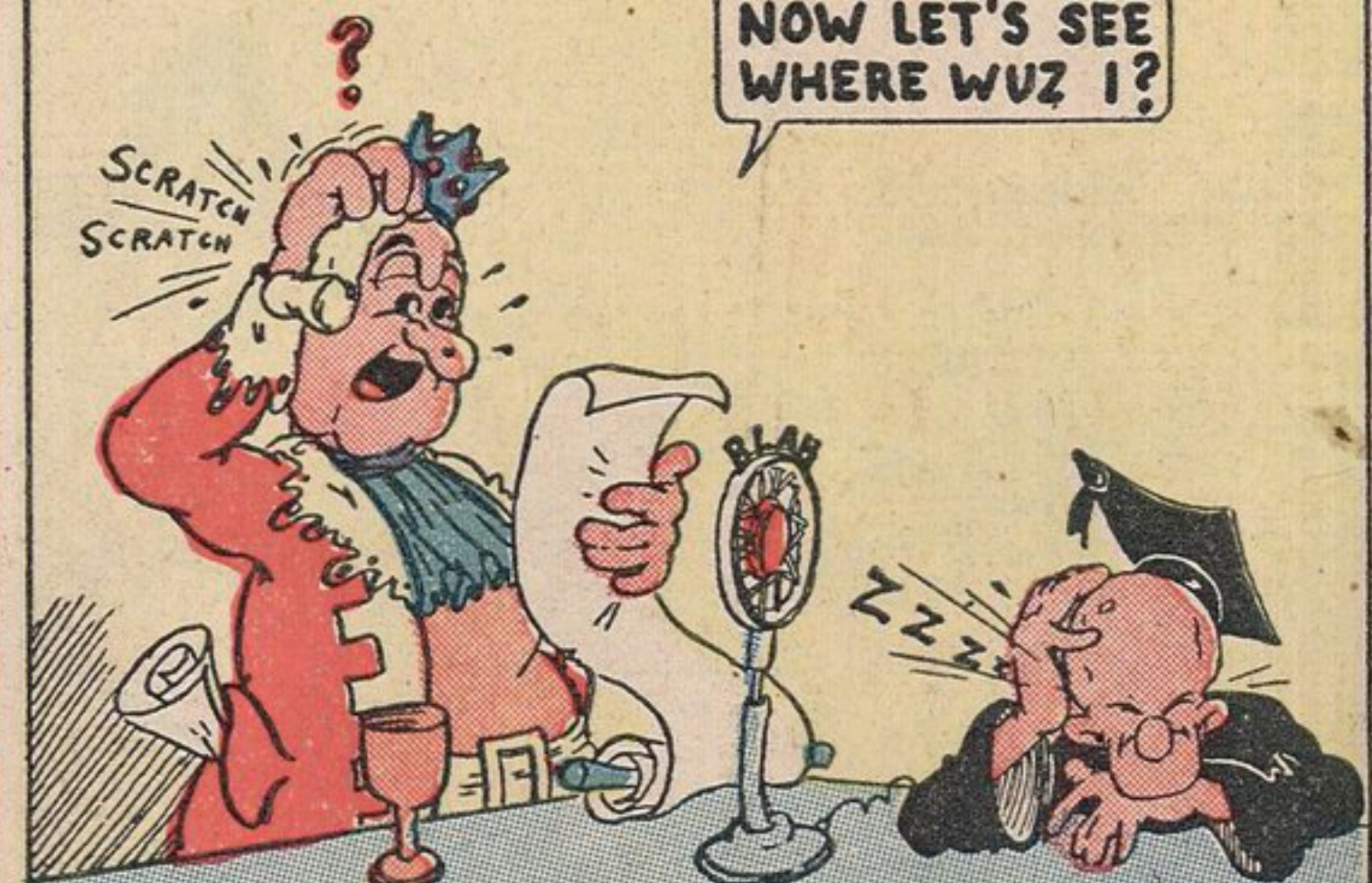
WE MUST FIND WAYS AND MEANS TO REPLENISH--
CALMLY--AND FACE ALL THE FACTS!
GET HOLD OF THE RICH AND RECORD THEM--
AND HAVE THEM KICK IN WITH A TAX!

-AND FURTHERMORE
BLAH BLAH---

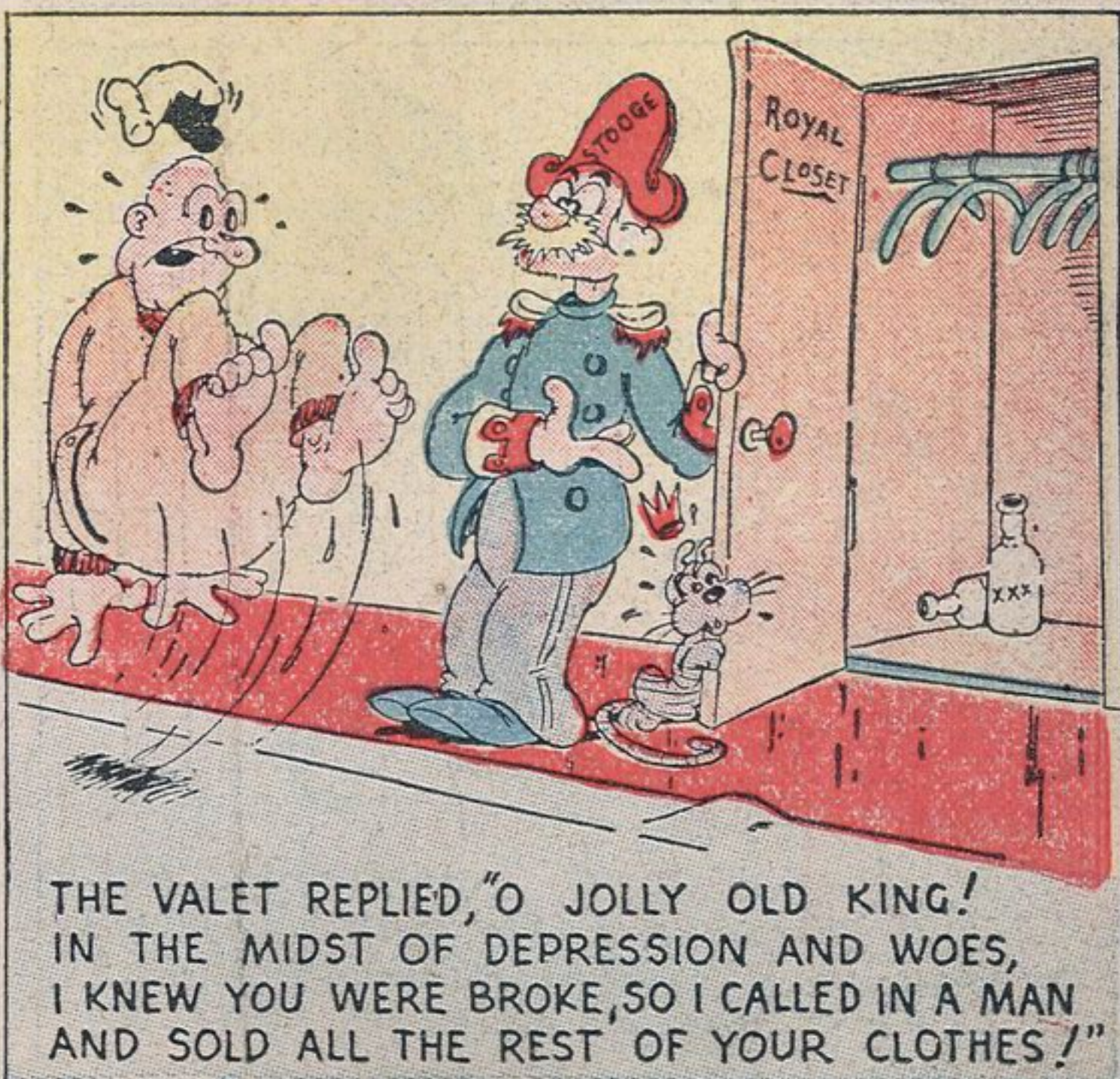
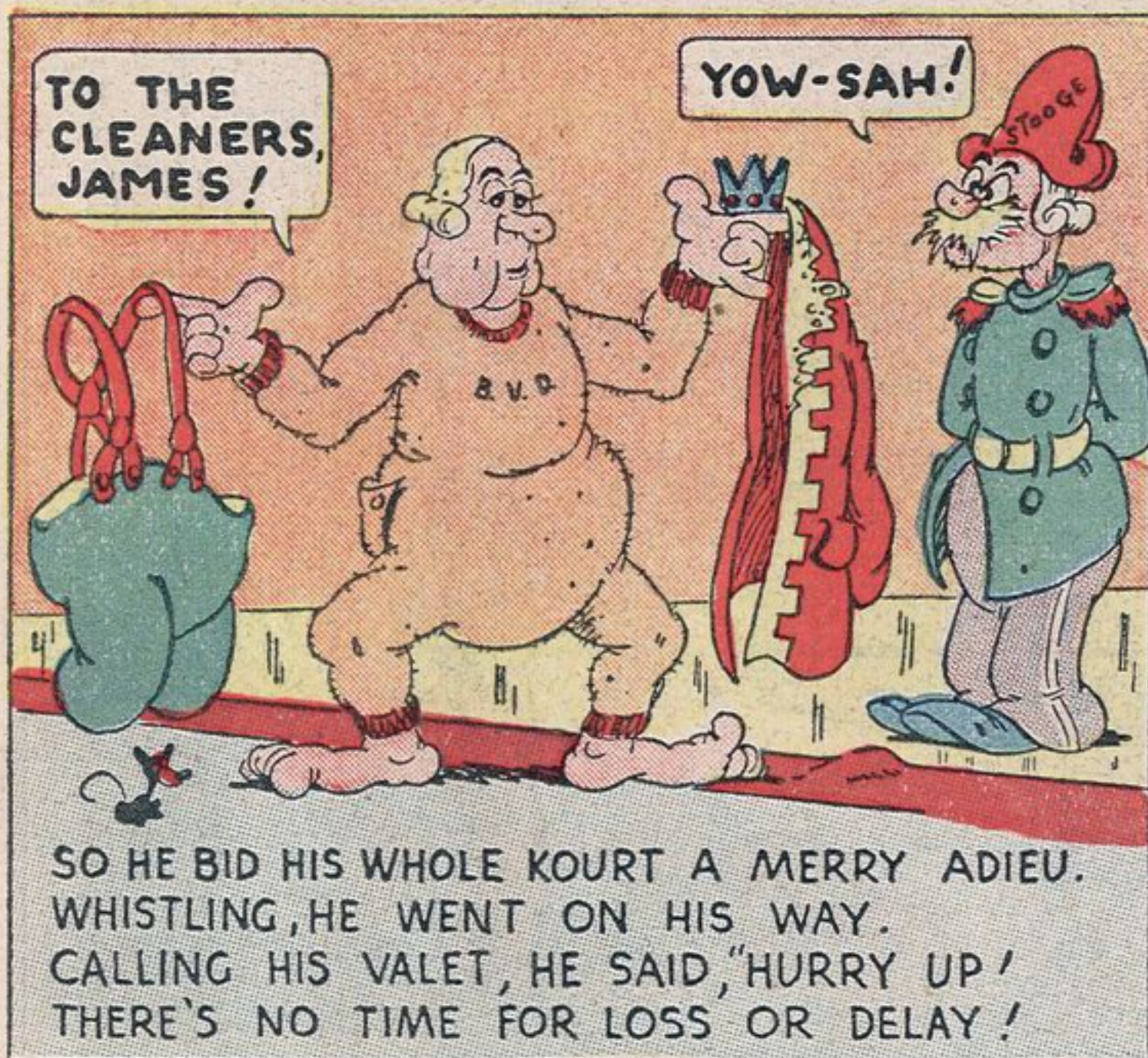
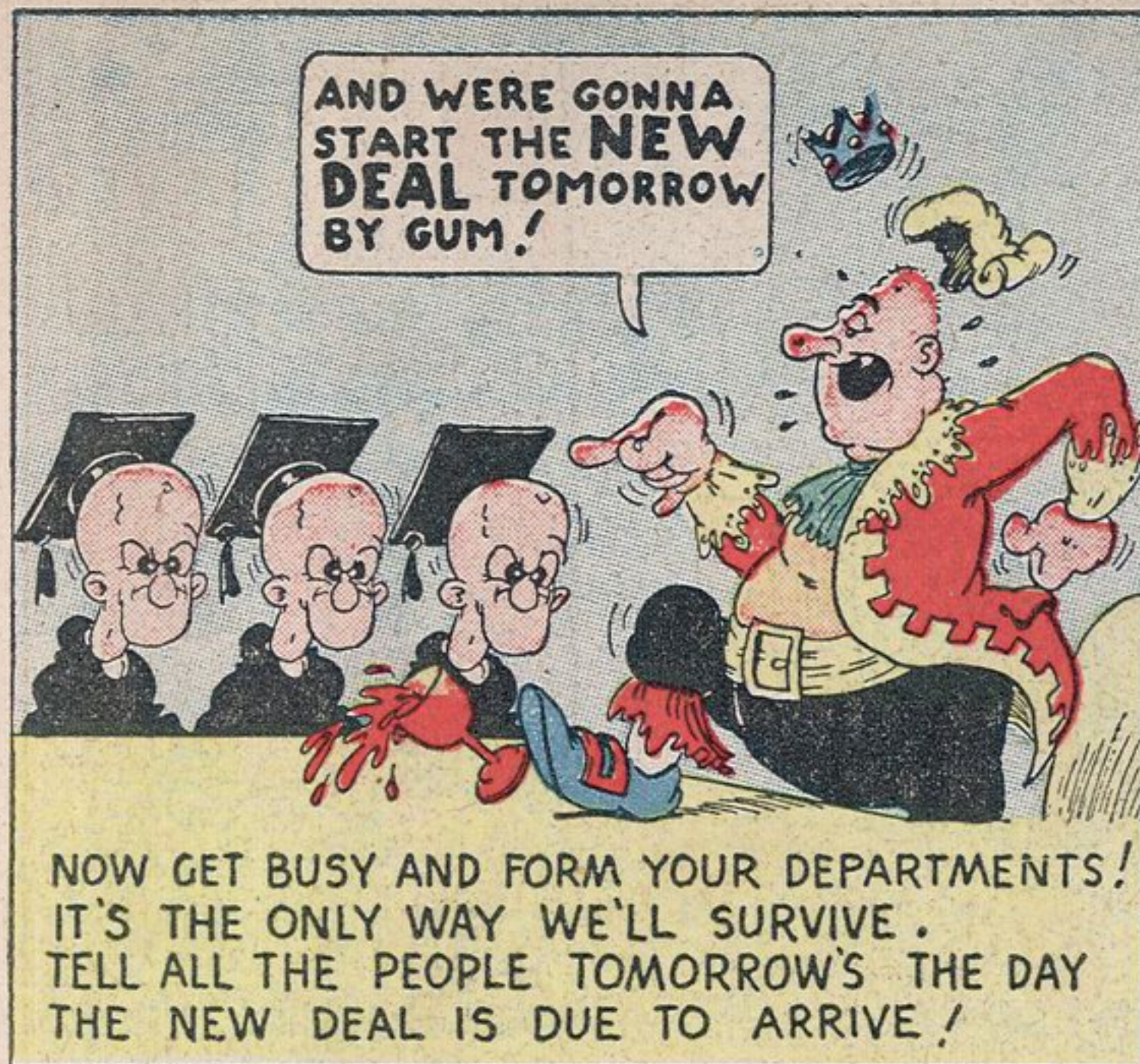


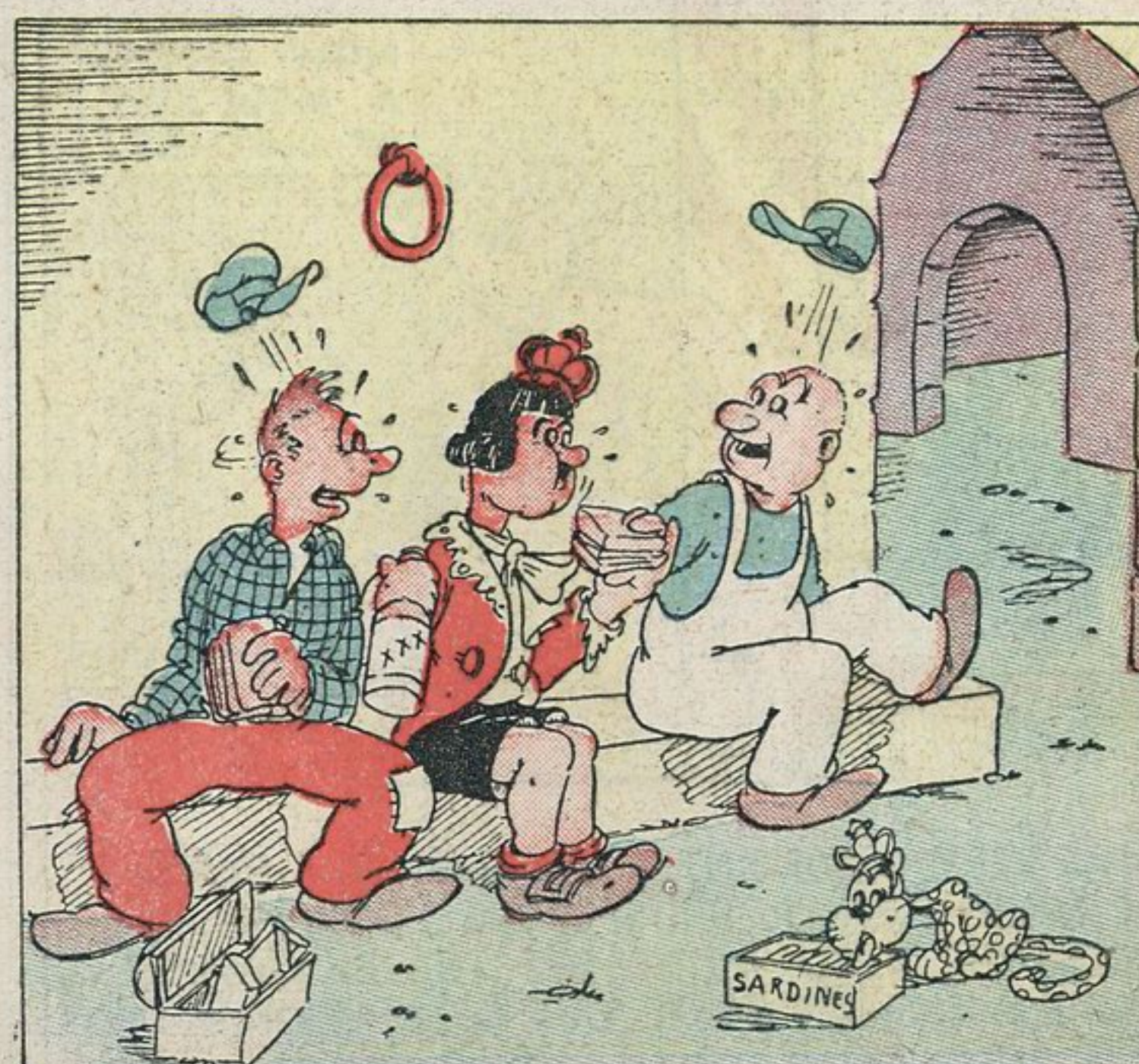
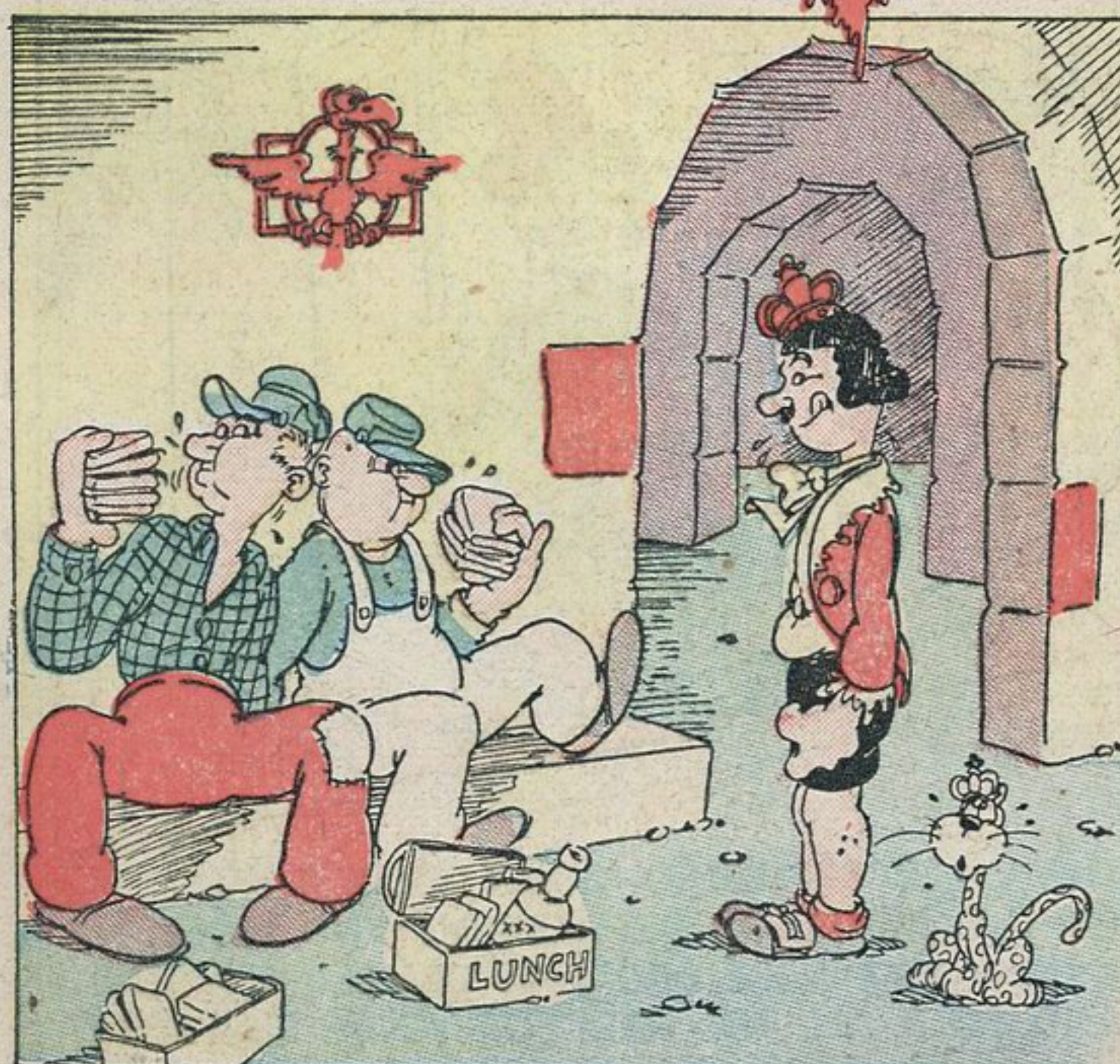
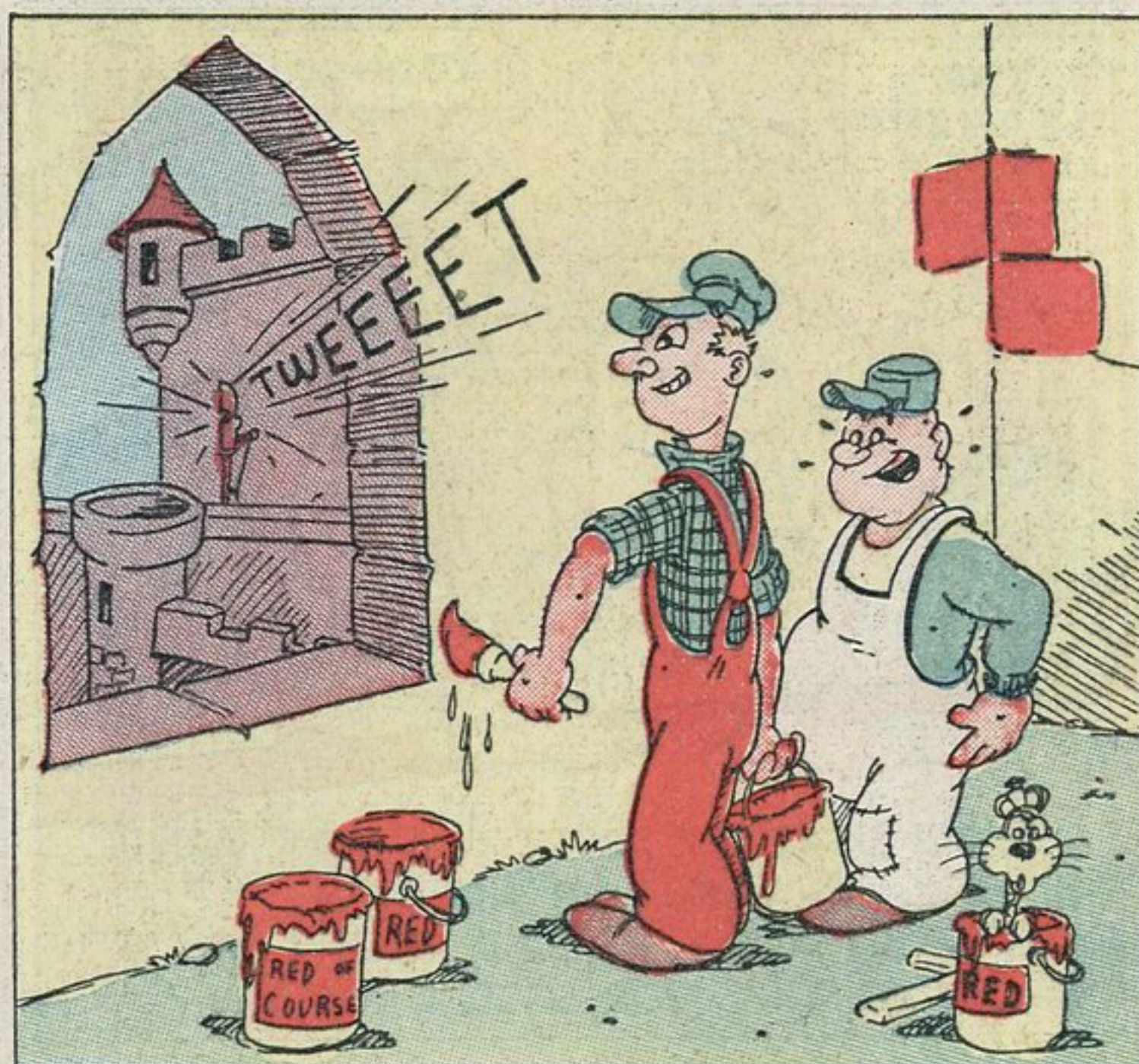
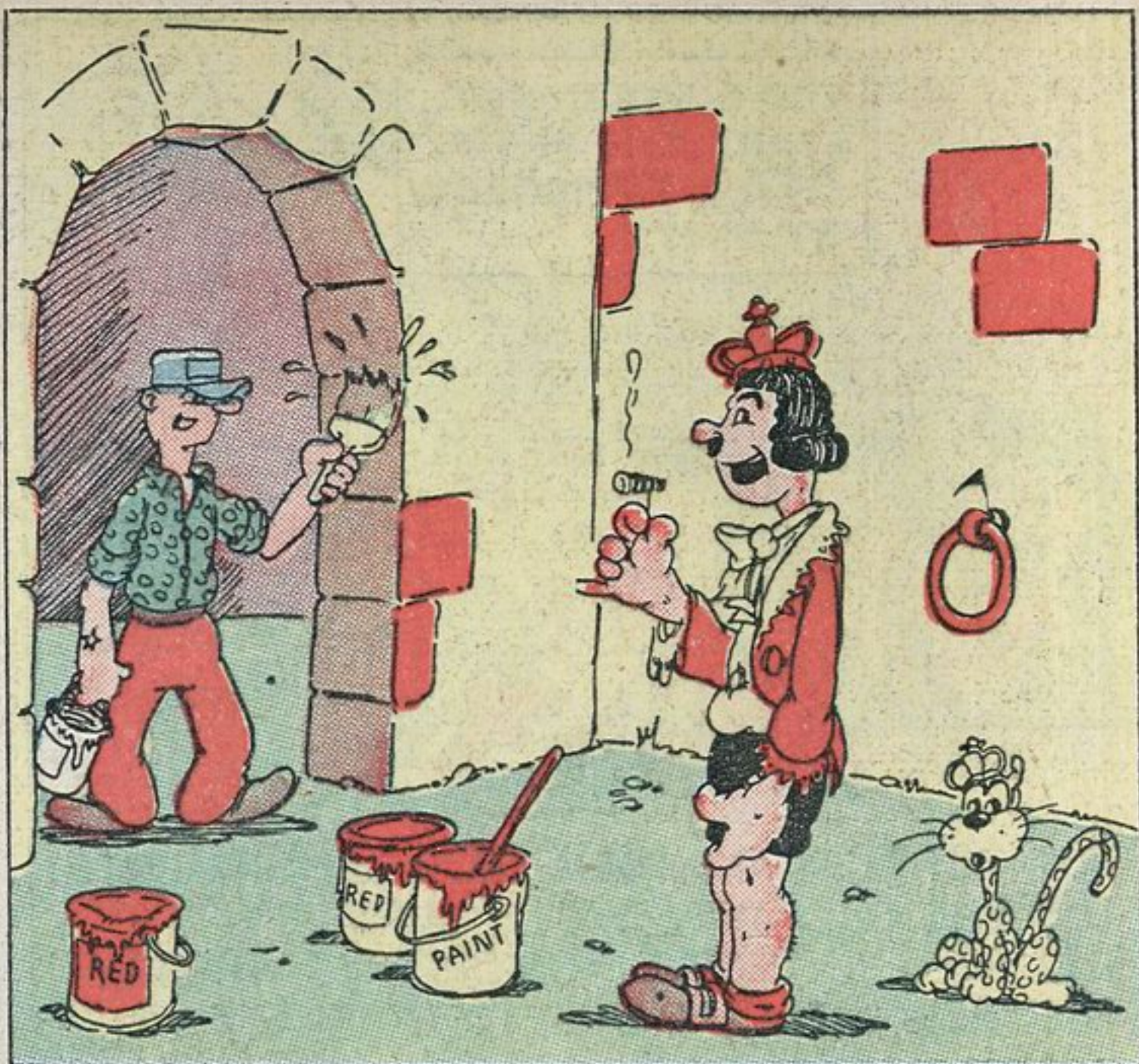
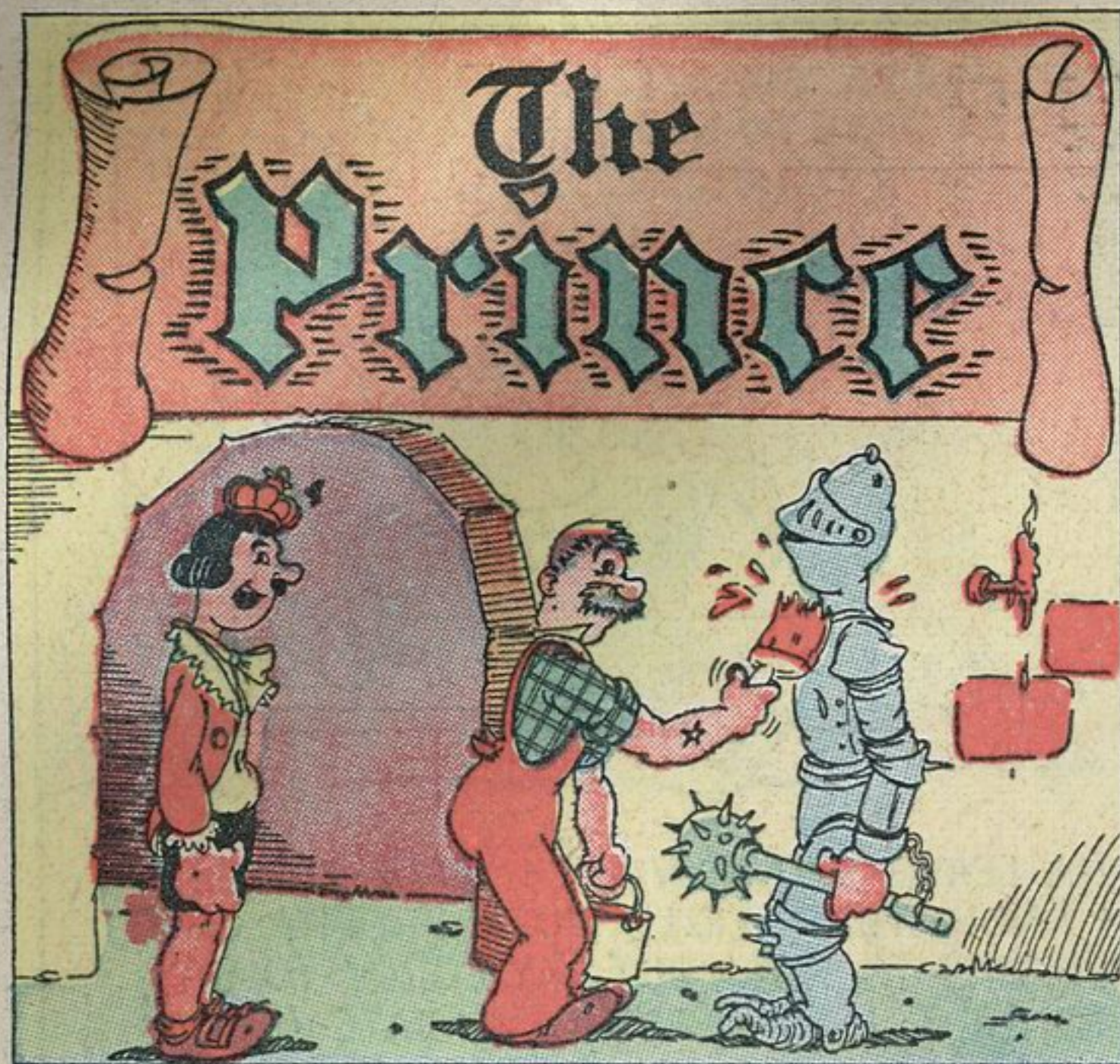
FIND OUT HOW MANY MEN ARE NOW UNEMPLOYED
AND WE'LL PUT THEM RIGHT ON RELIEF.
WE'LL START A NEW DEAL IN THIS KINGDOM OF OURS
AND I'LL BE APPOINTED THE CHIEF.

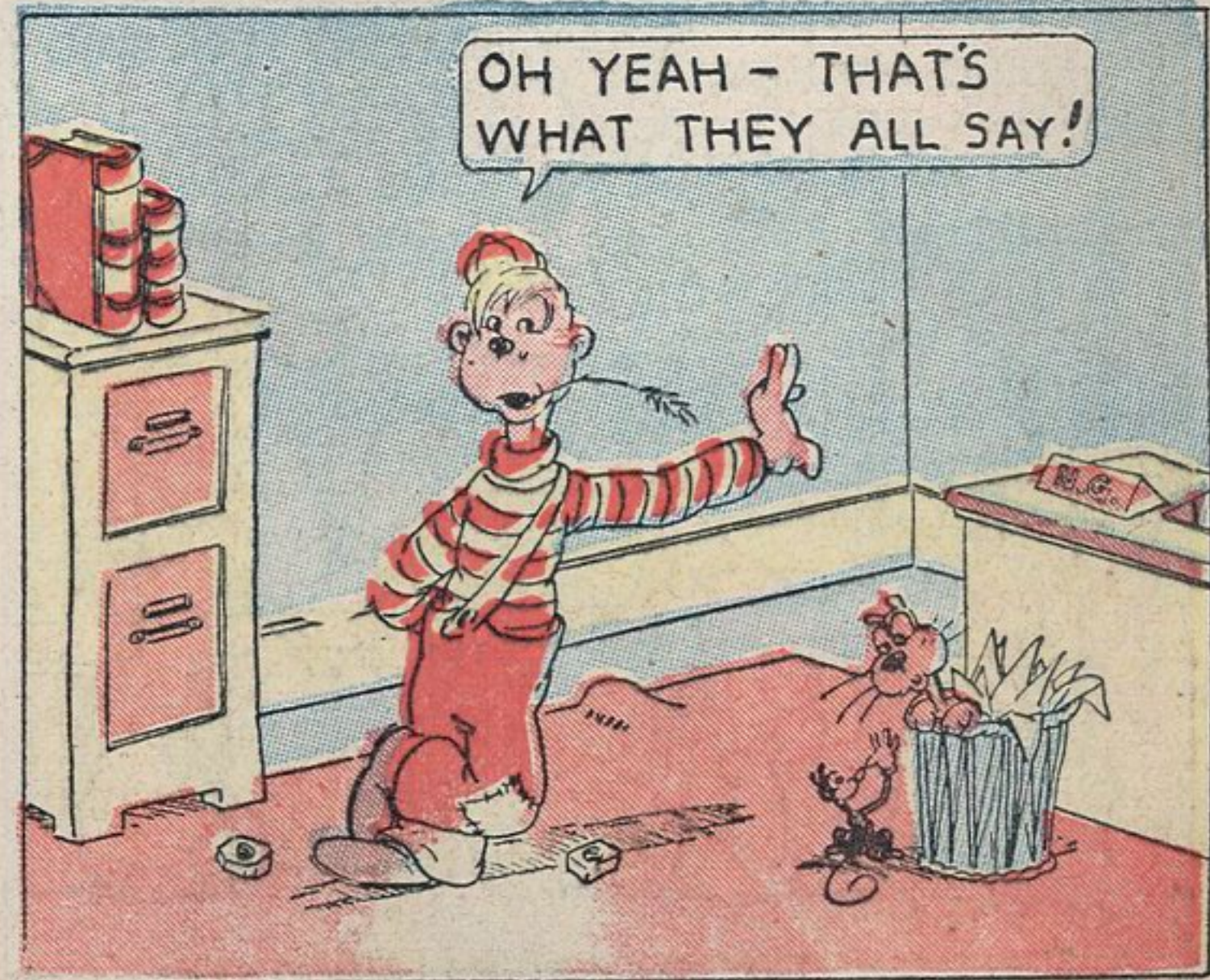
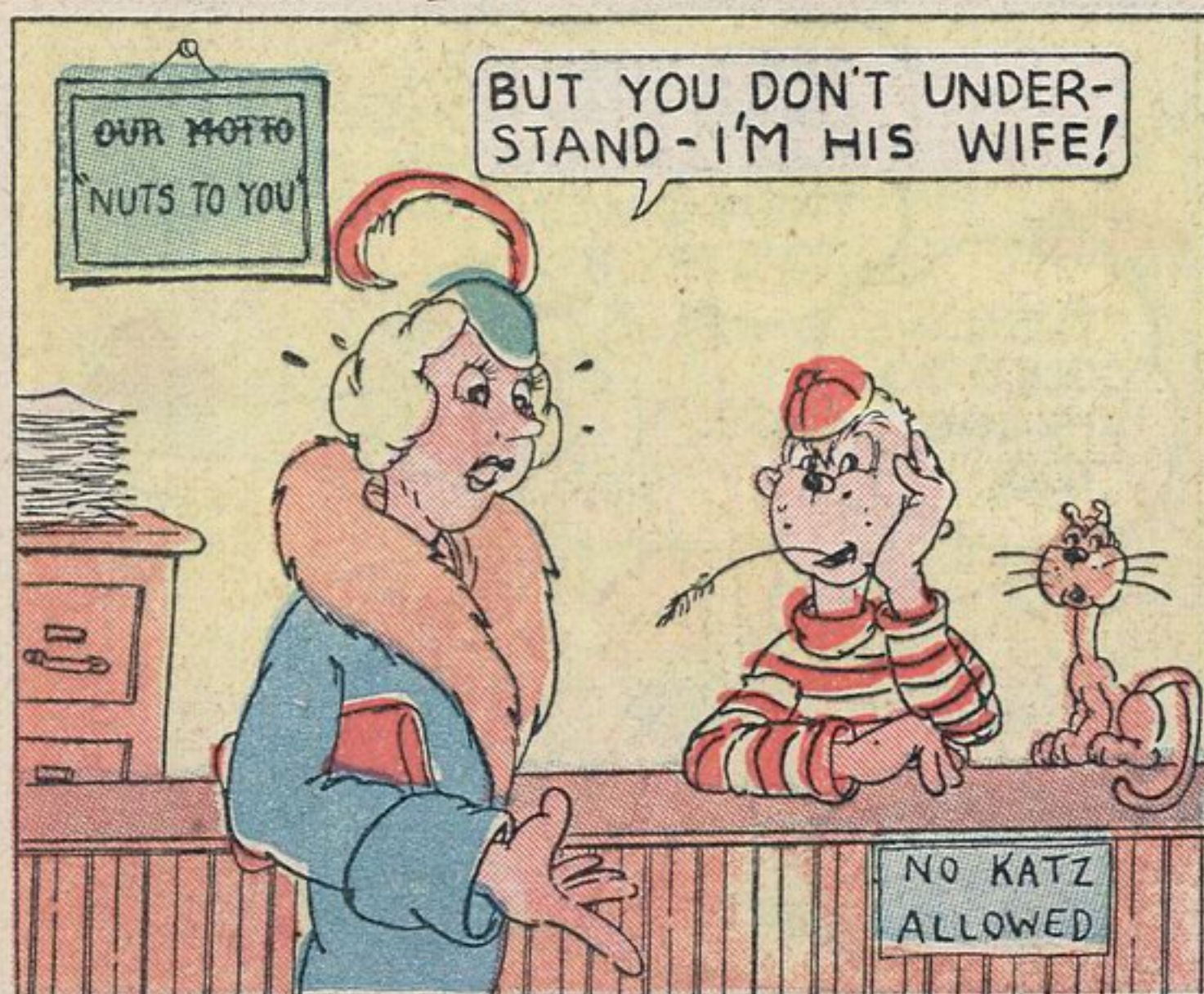
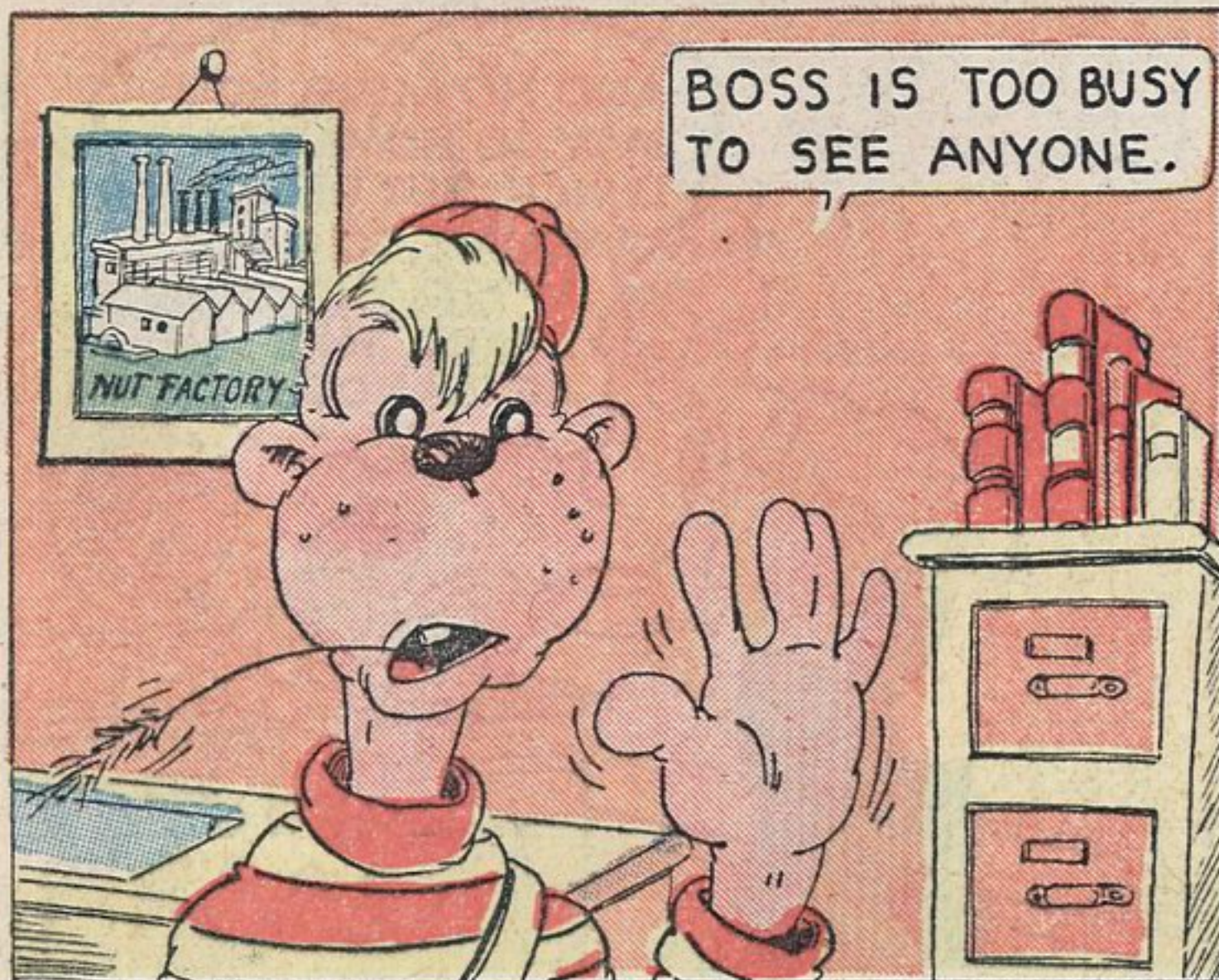
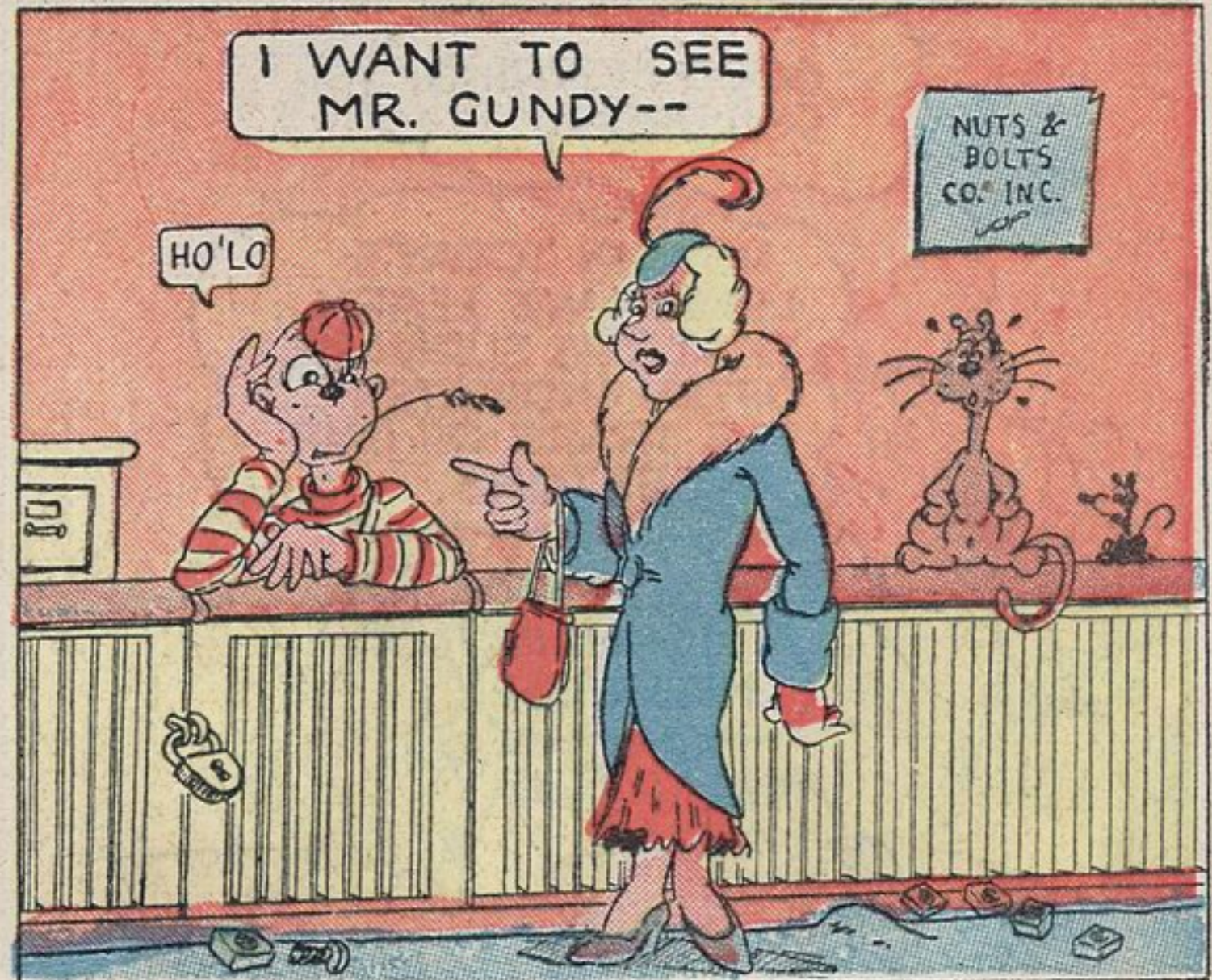
NOW LET'S SEE
WHERE WUZ I?



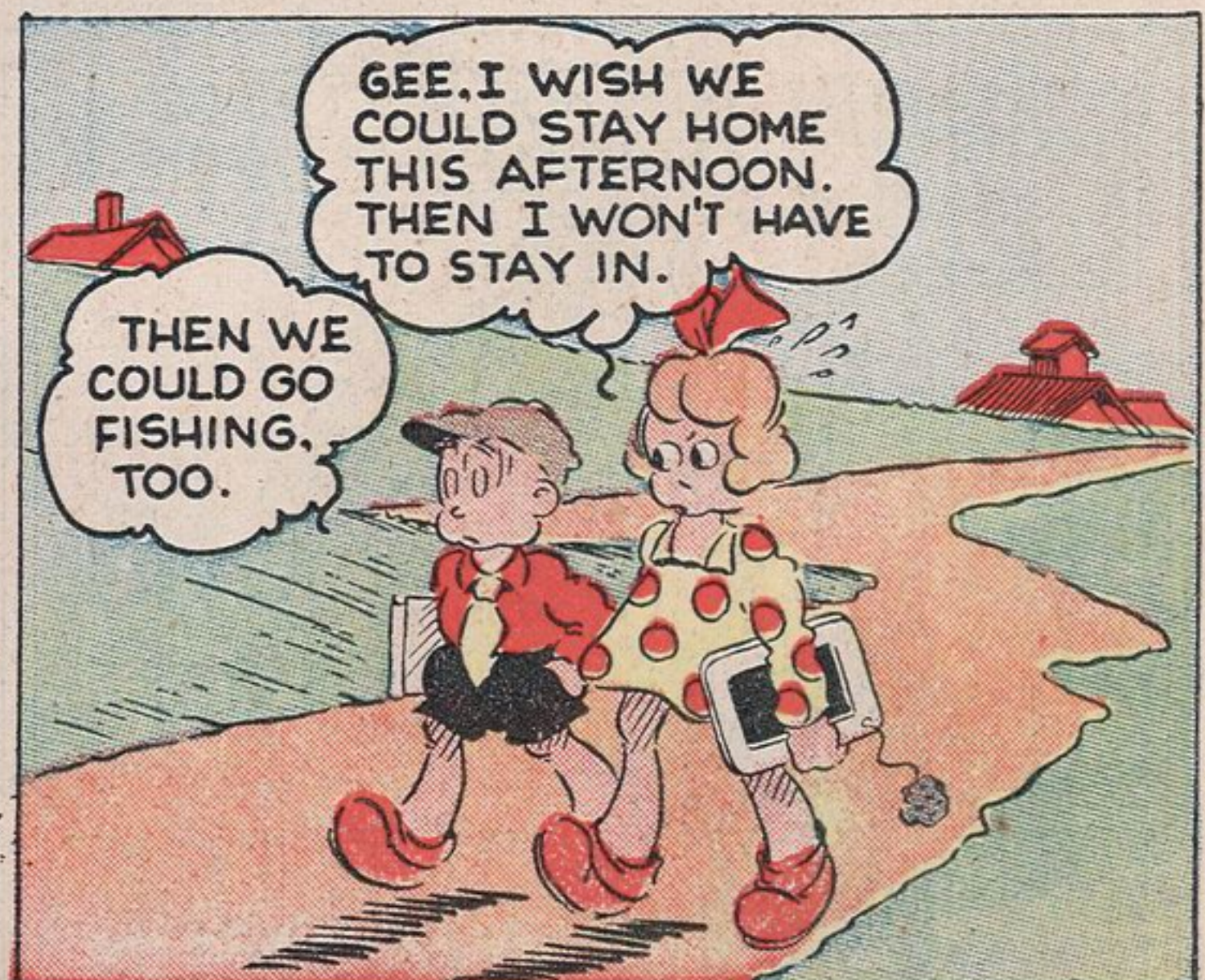
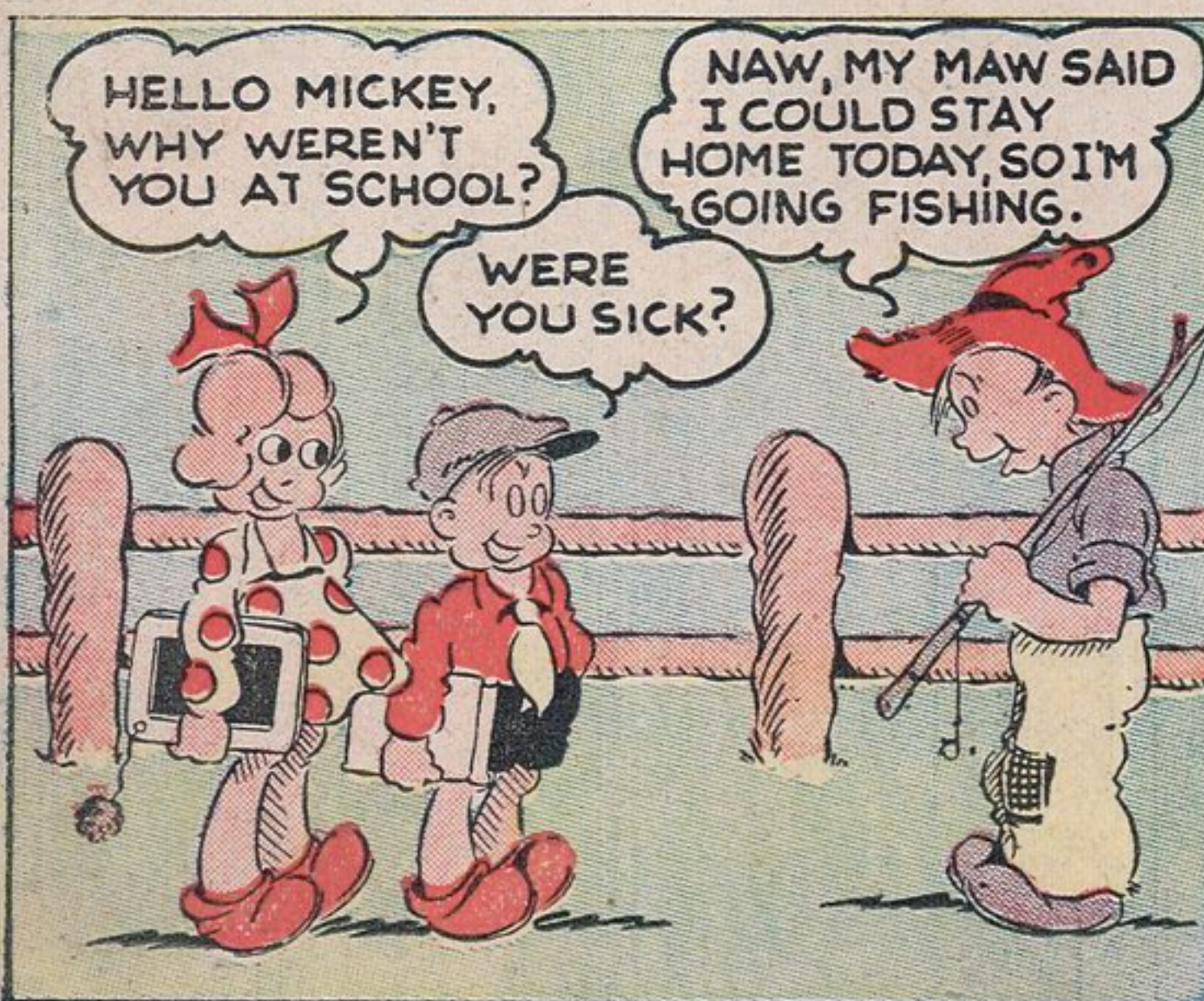
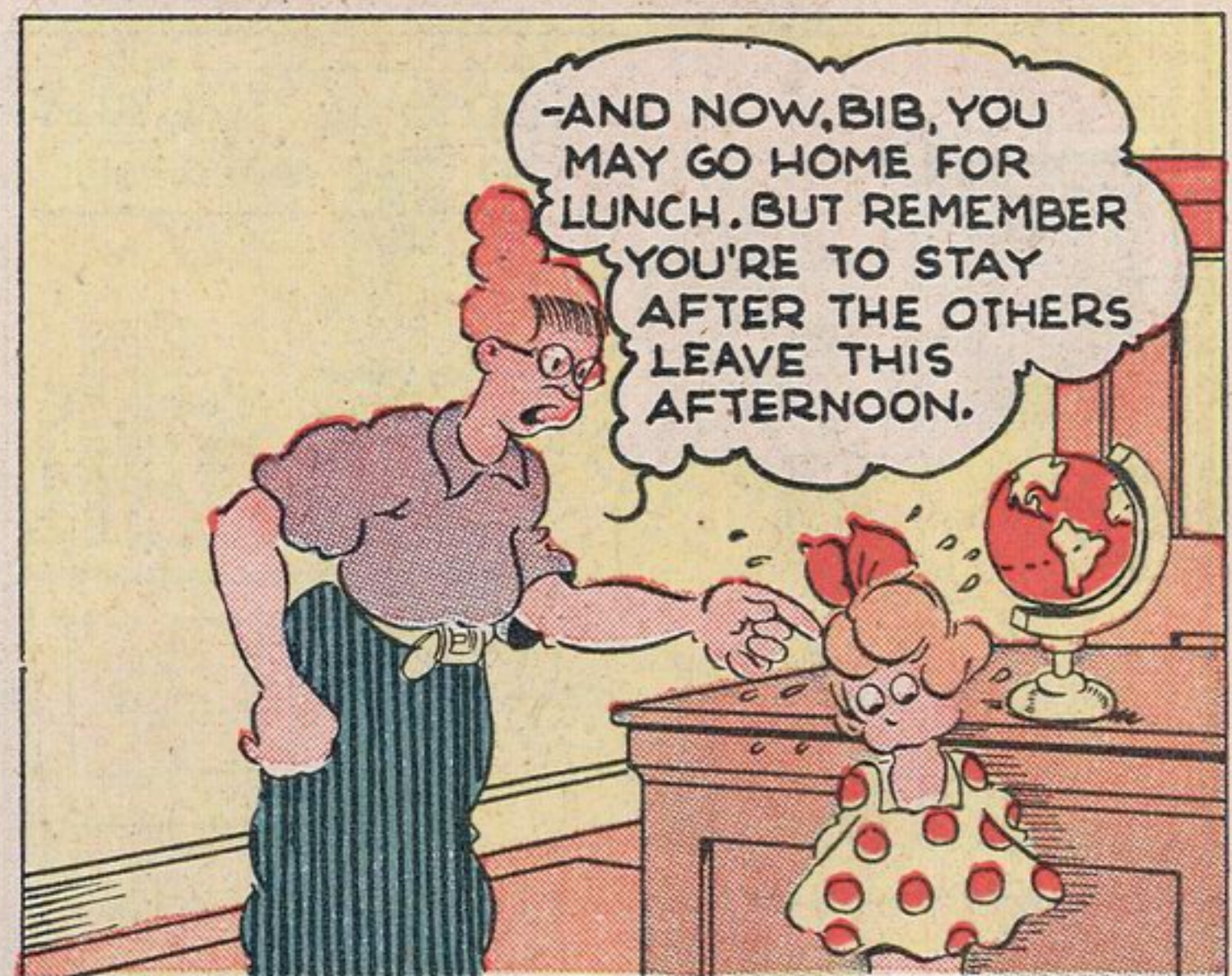
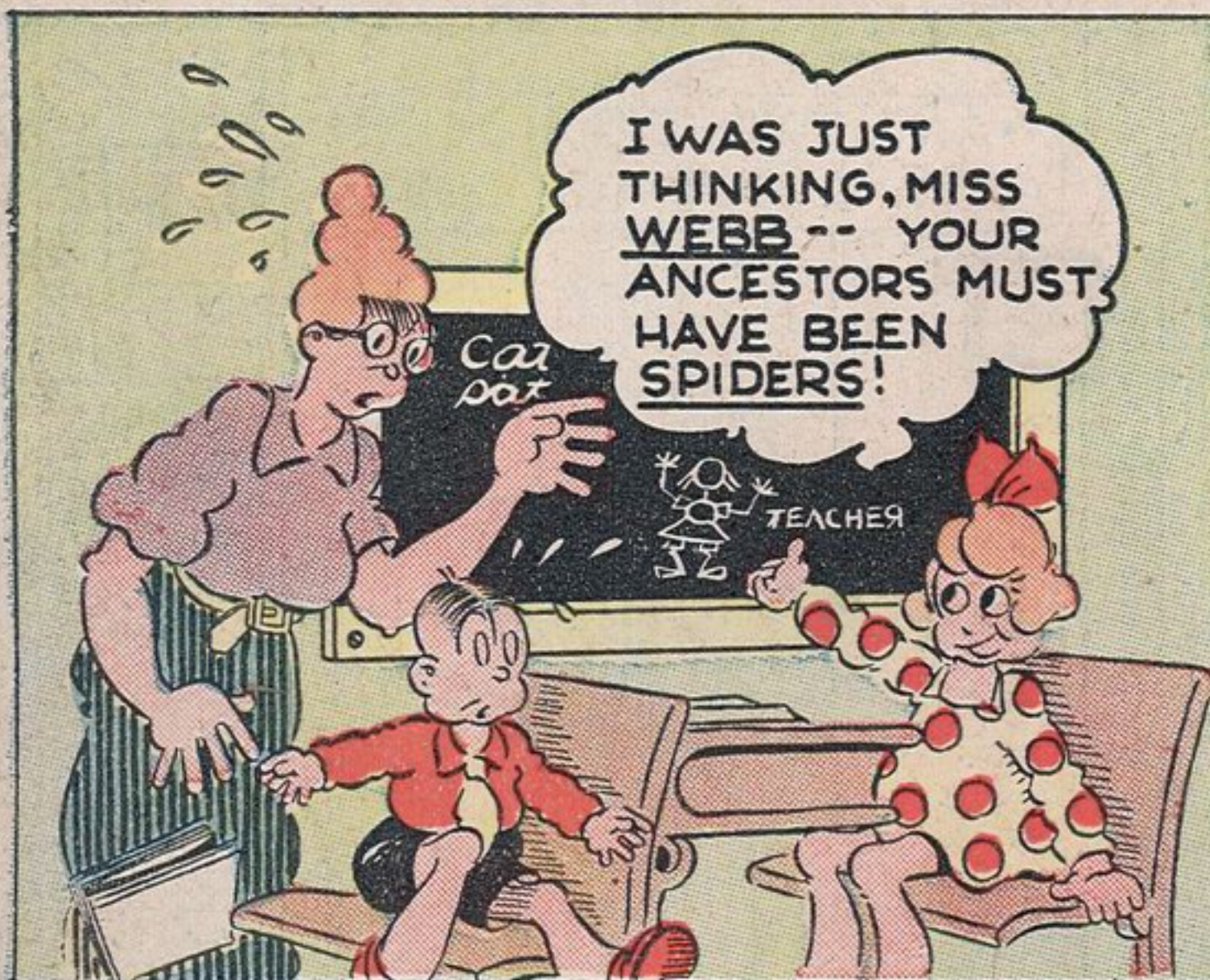
WE'LL TAX AND WE'LL TAX AGAIN AND AGAIN,
FOR MONEY WILL HAVE TO BE RAISED!
WE'LL DO IT SO FAST WE'LL HAVE EVERYONE
DIZZY AND DAZZLED AND DAZED!

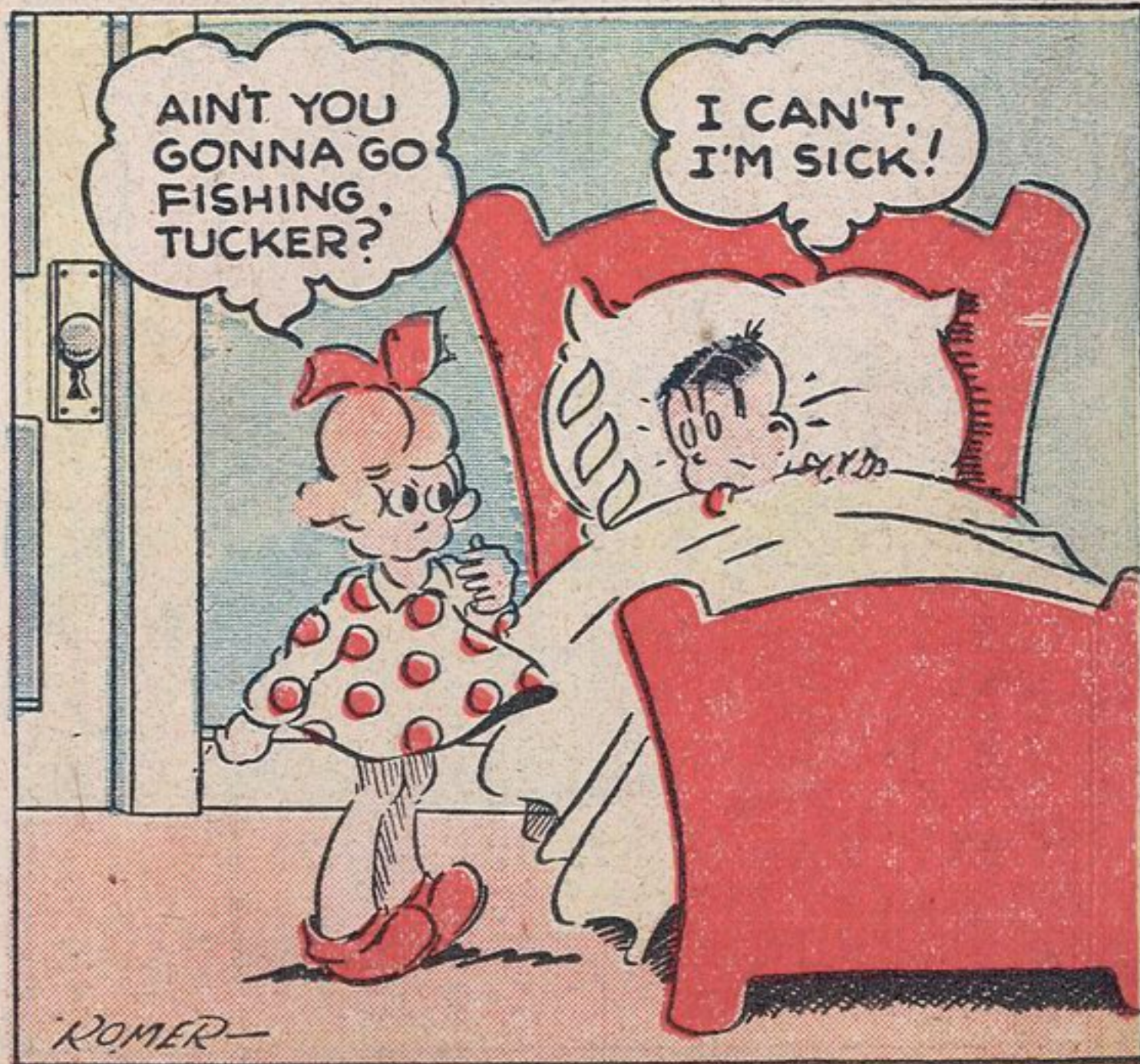
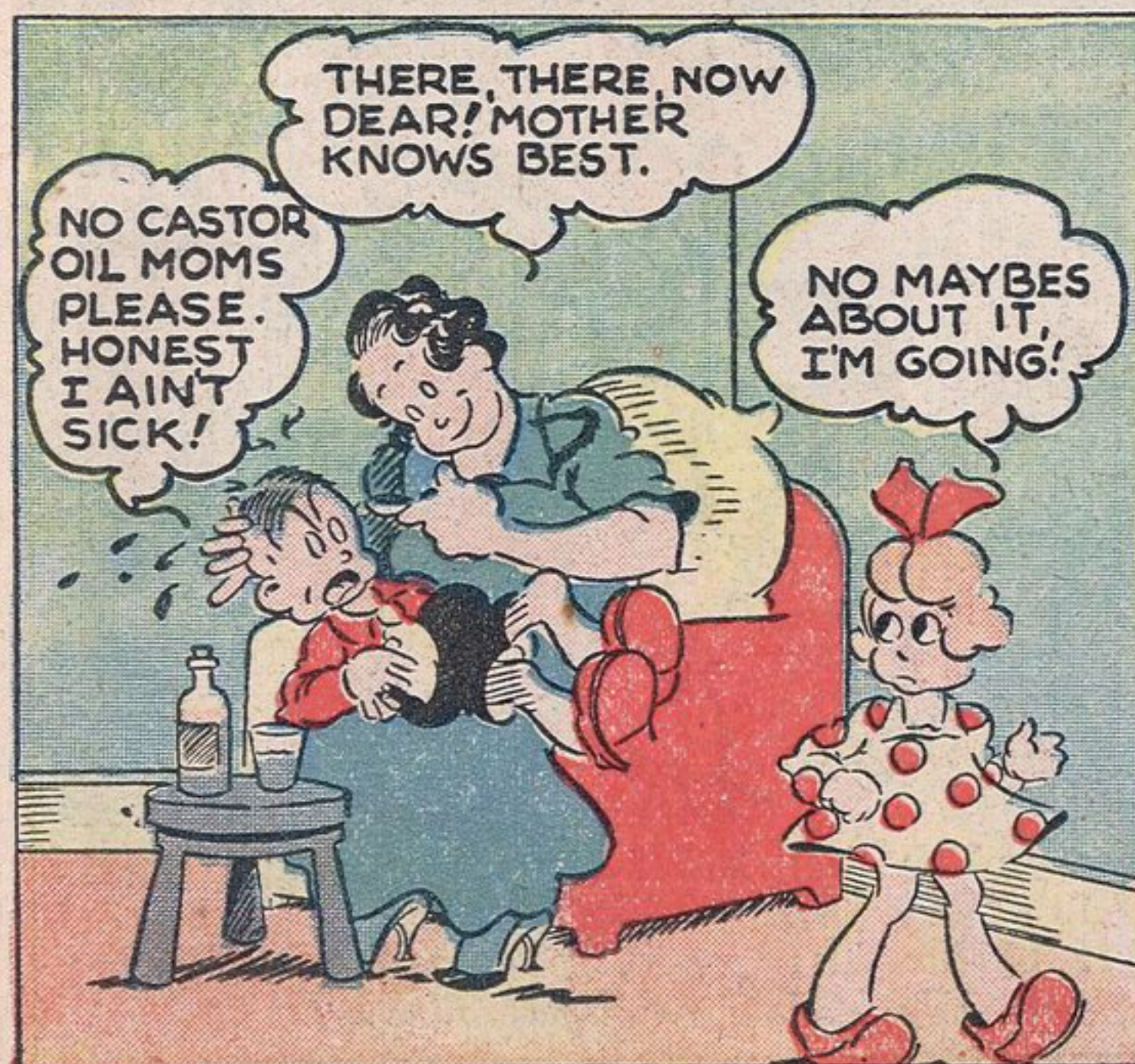
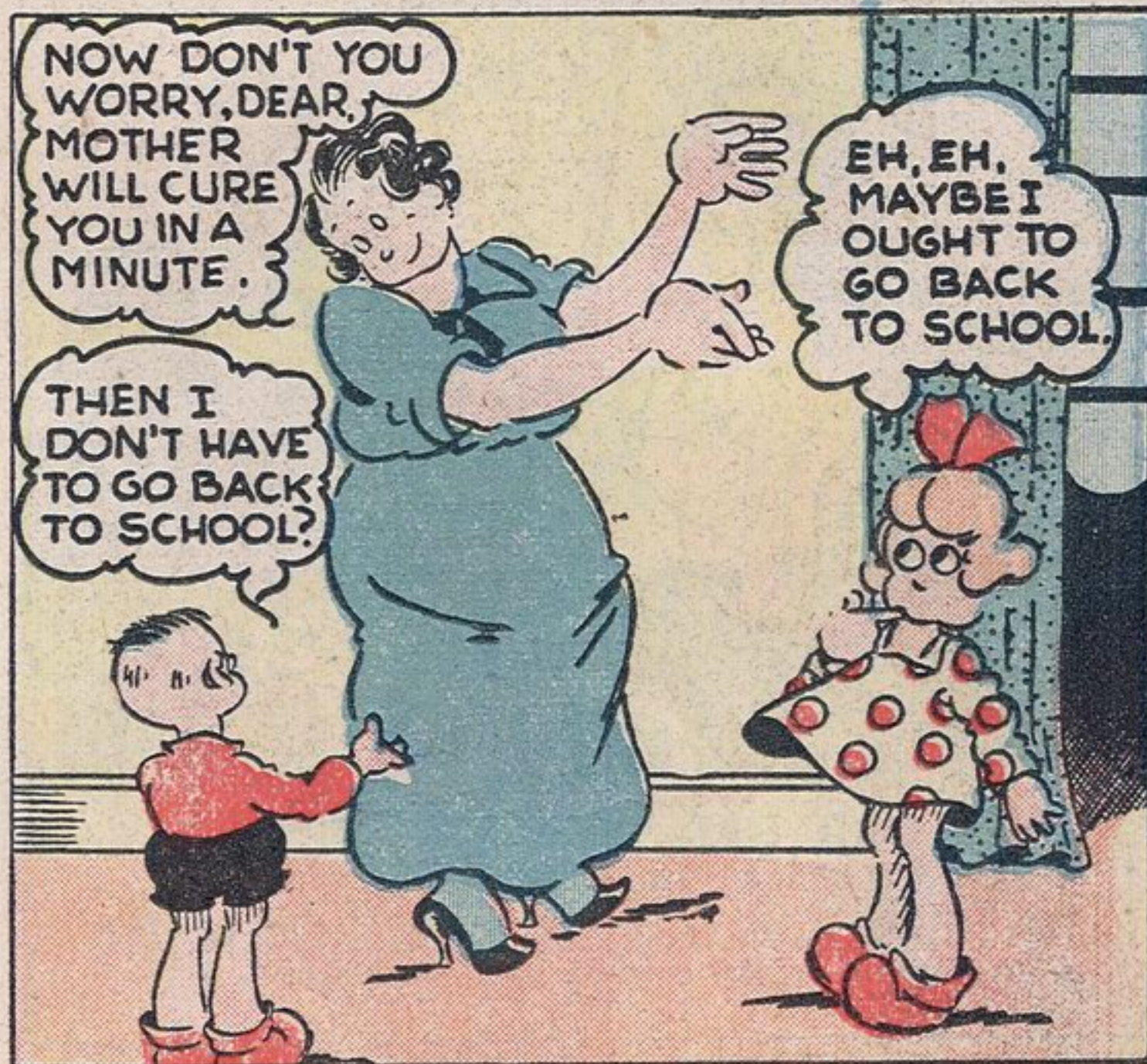
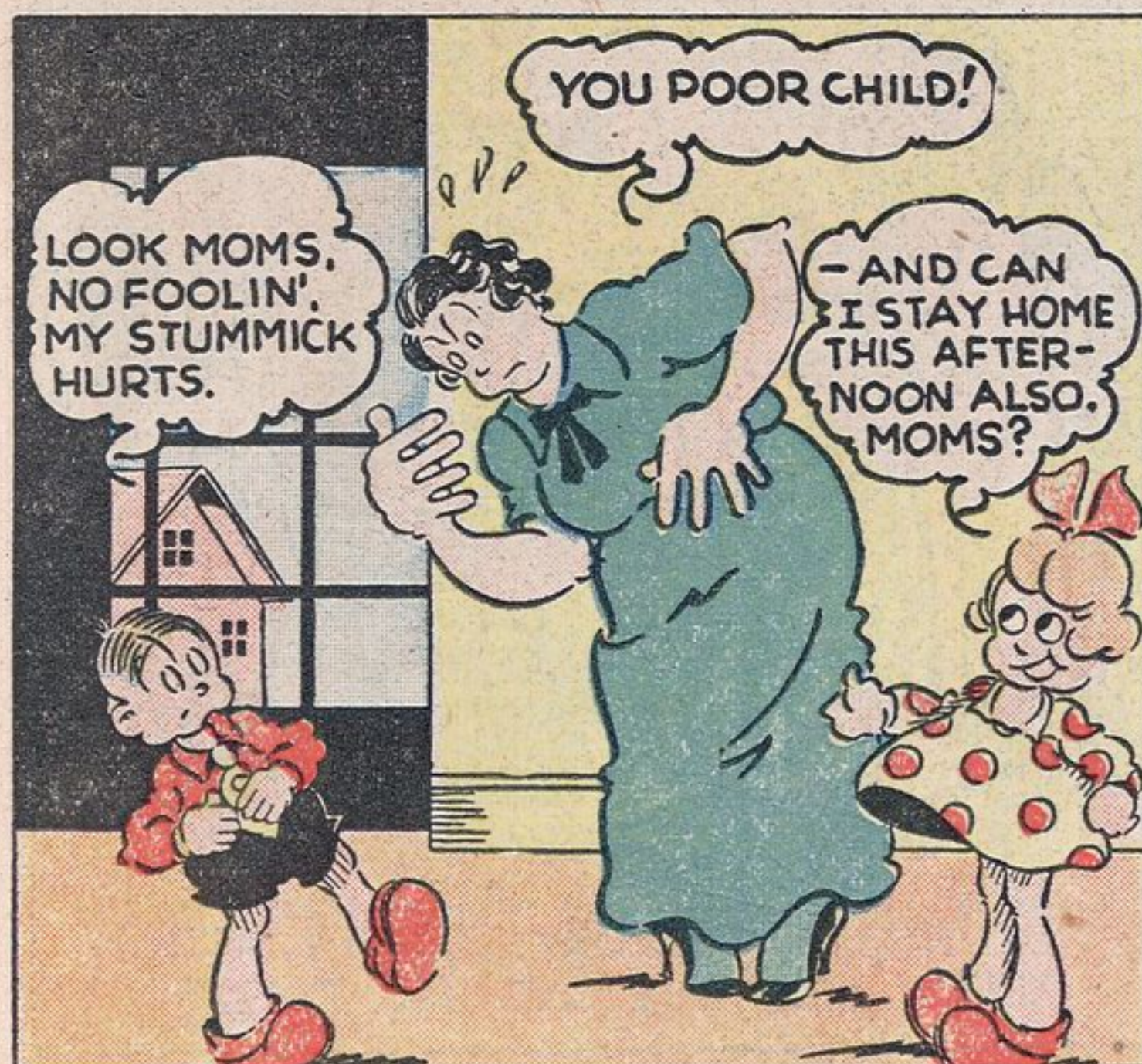
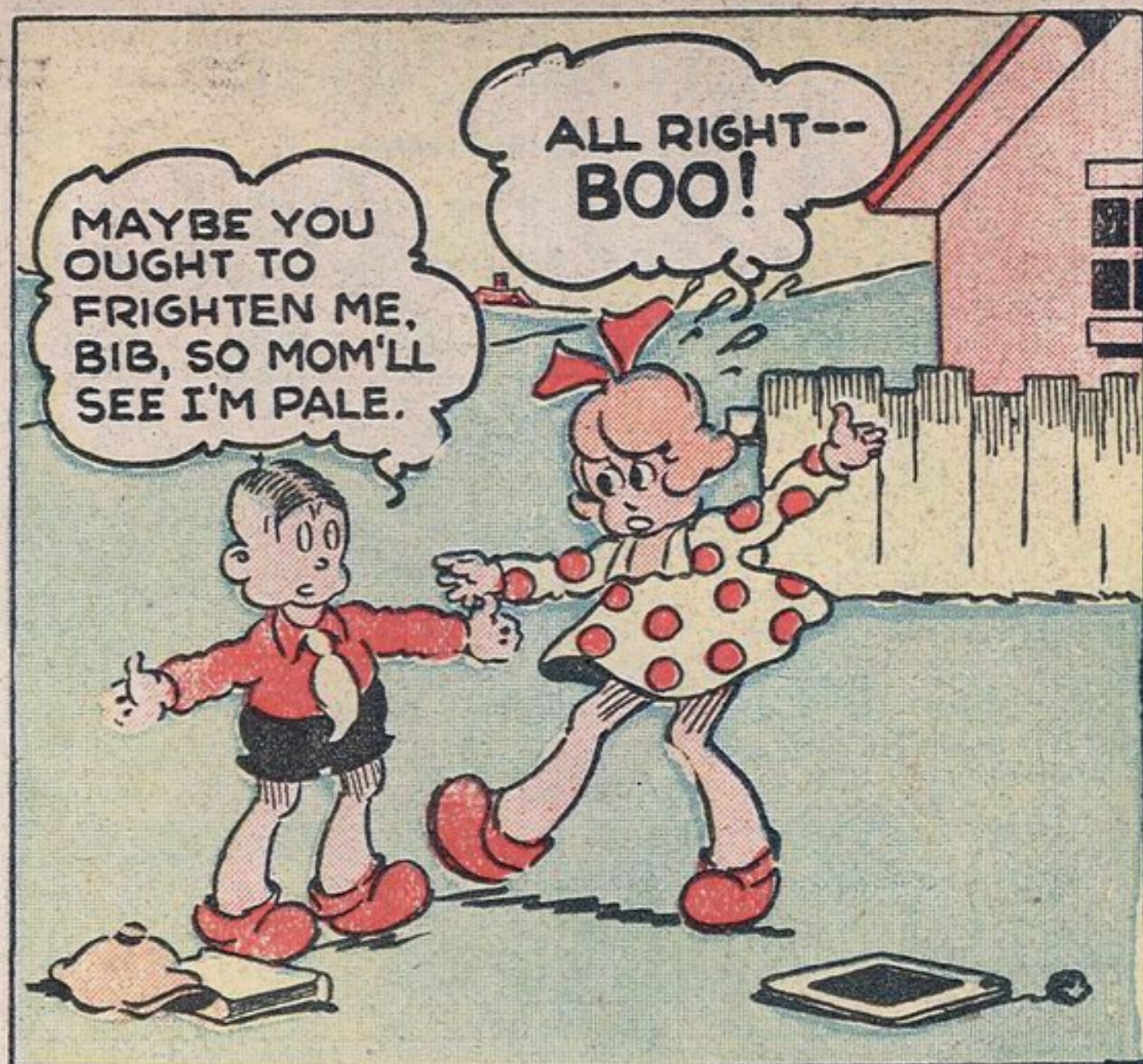
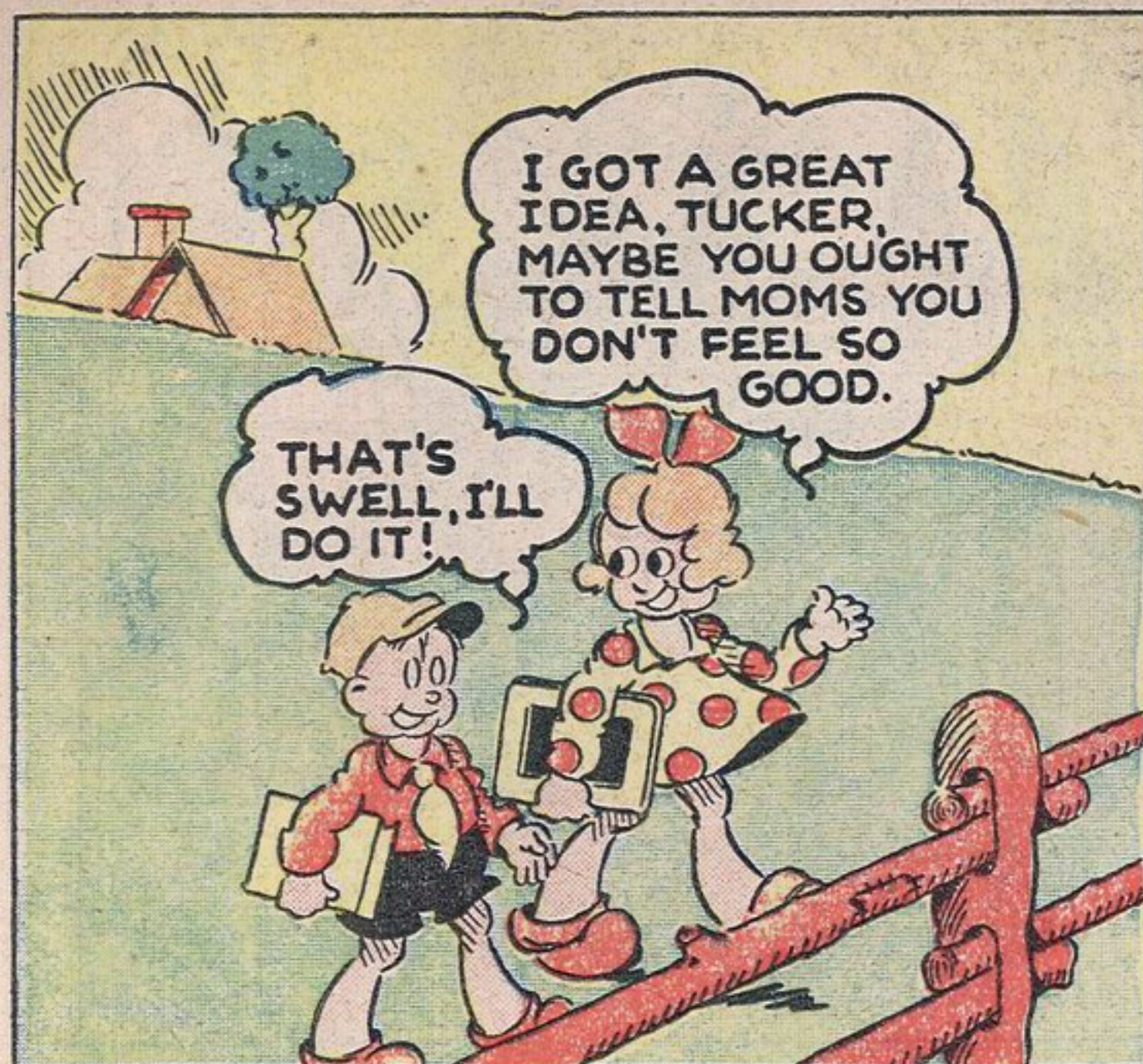




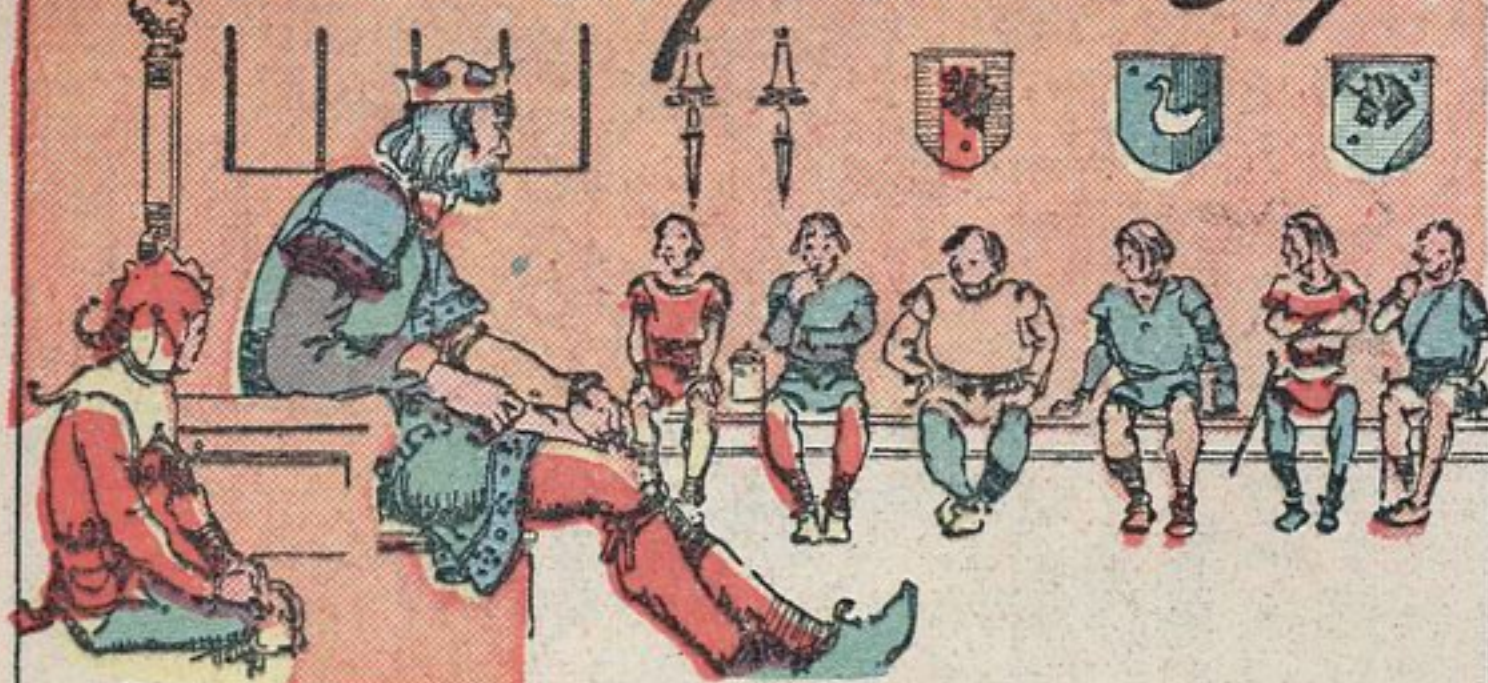


BIB & TUCKER





Round Table Adventures



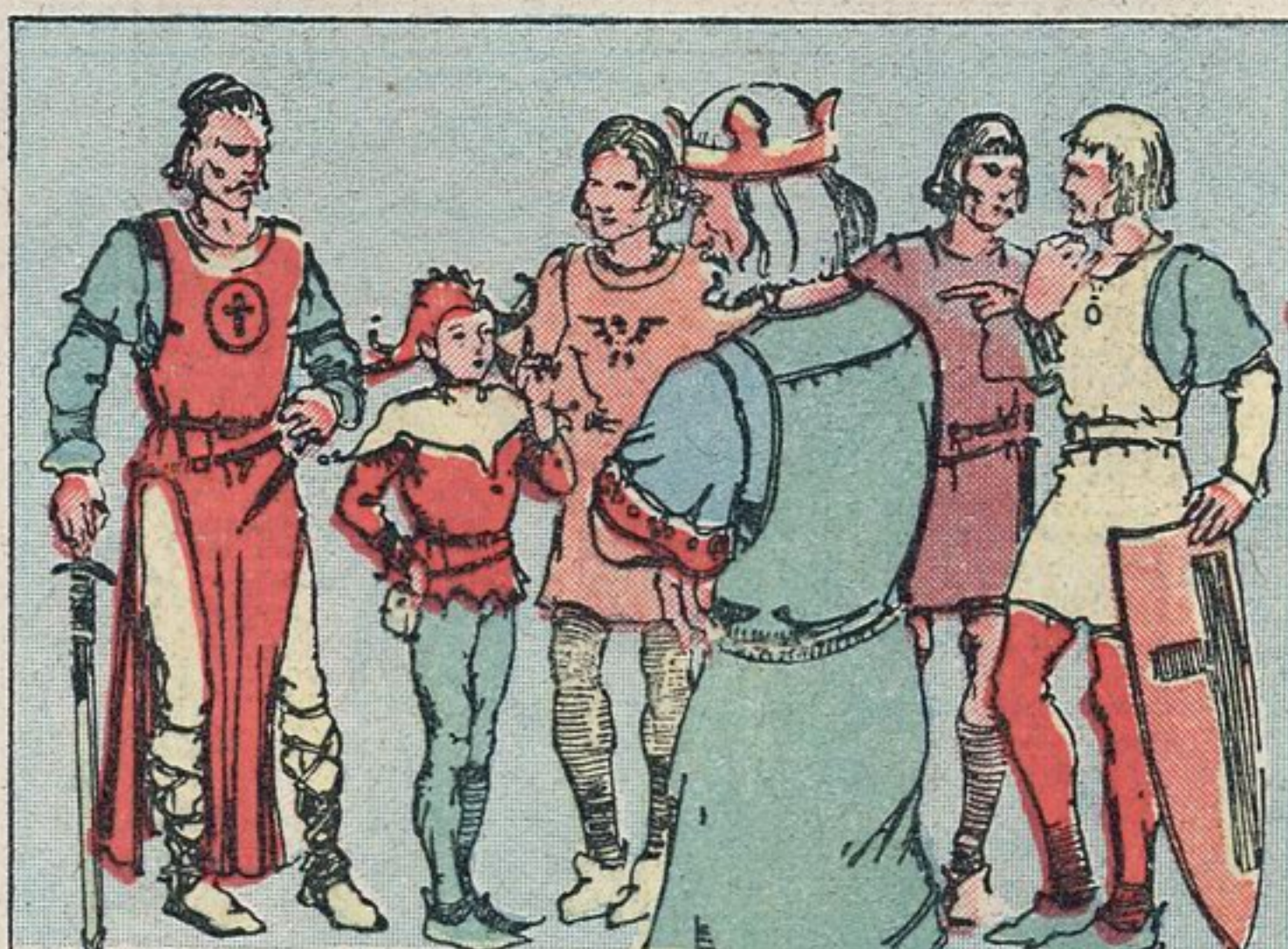
KING ARTHUR WAS IN A JOLLY MOOD
THIS PLEASANT SUMMER DAY.
HE CALLED HIS KNIGHTS TOGETHER,
TO THEM HE DID SAY:



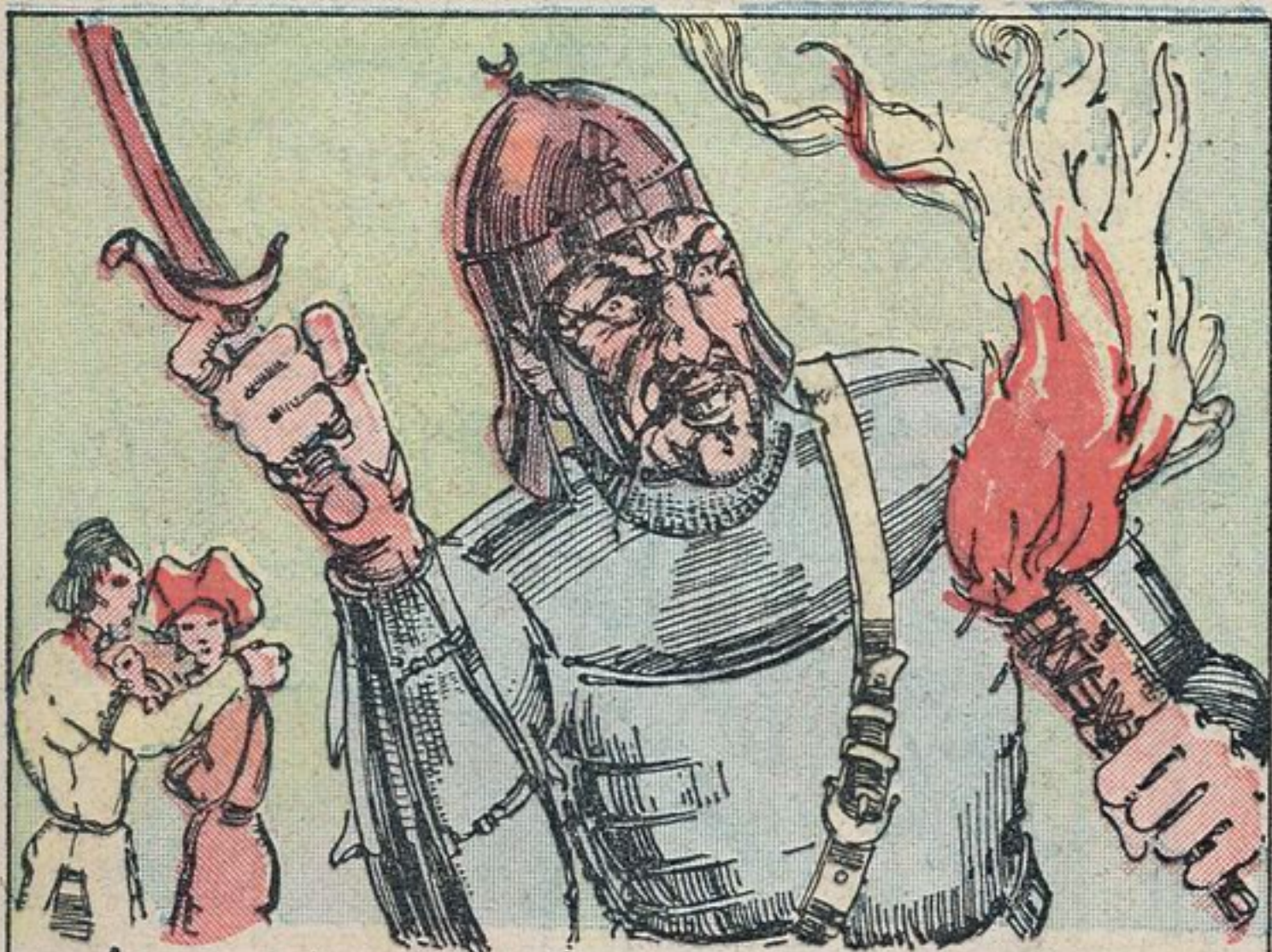
"A PRIZE TO ONE OF YOU I'LL GIVE -
THE ONE WHO TELLS TO ME
THE BRAVEST DEED HE DID PERFORM,
IN WINNING VICTORY."



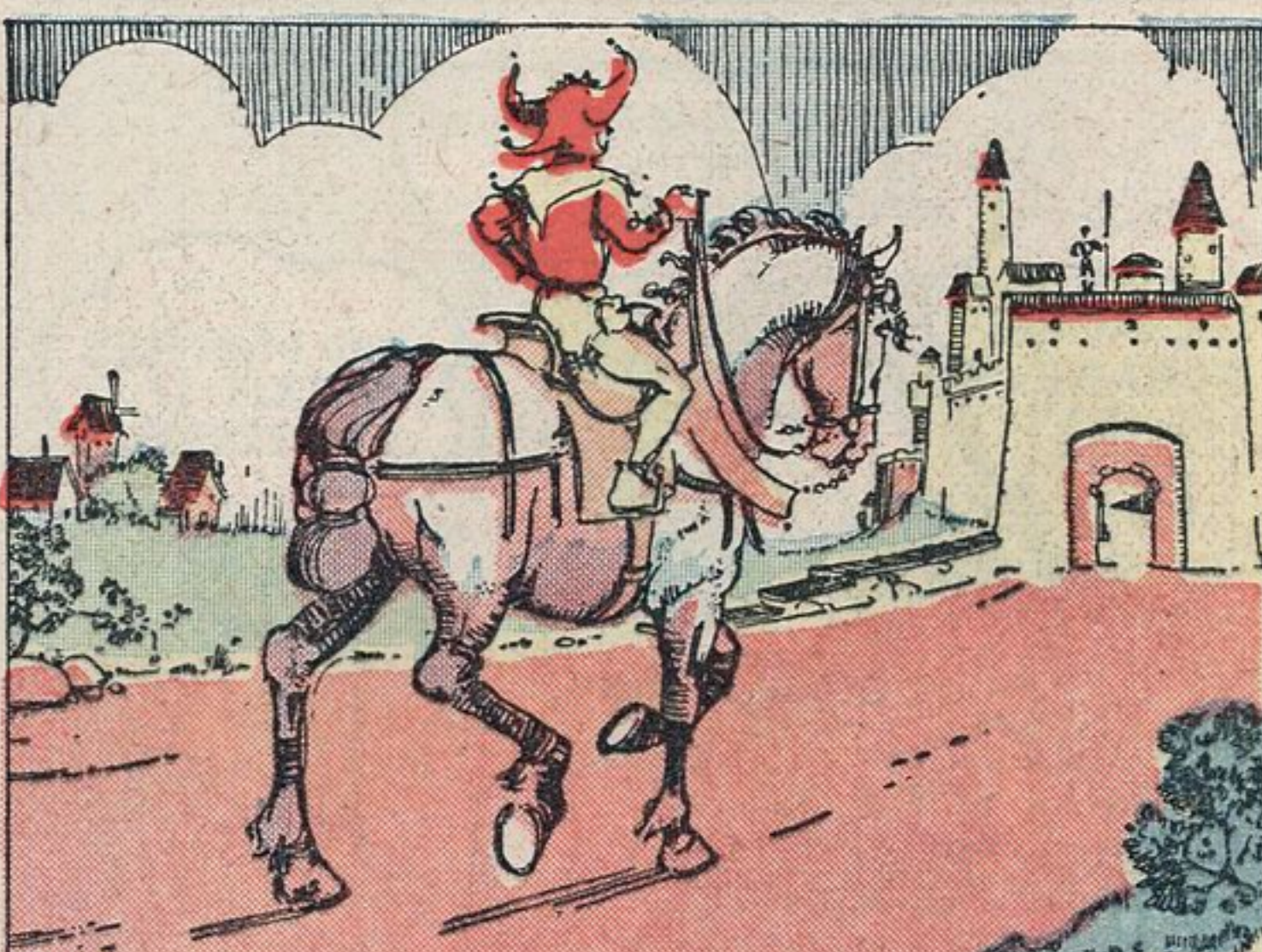
EACH ONE HAD TOLD HIS STORY
AND WHAT A TALE HE TOLD,
TO HEAR KING ARTHUR'S CHEERING PRAISE
AND WIN THE PURSE OF GOLD!



UP SPOKE THE JOLLY JESTER BOY,
SAID HE, "I HAVE A TALE
OF NOBLE VICTORY THAT I WON,
WHEN ALL BUT ME DID FAIL!"



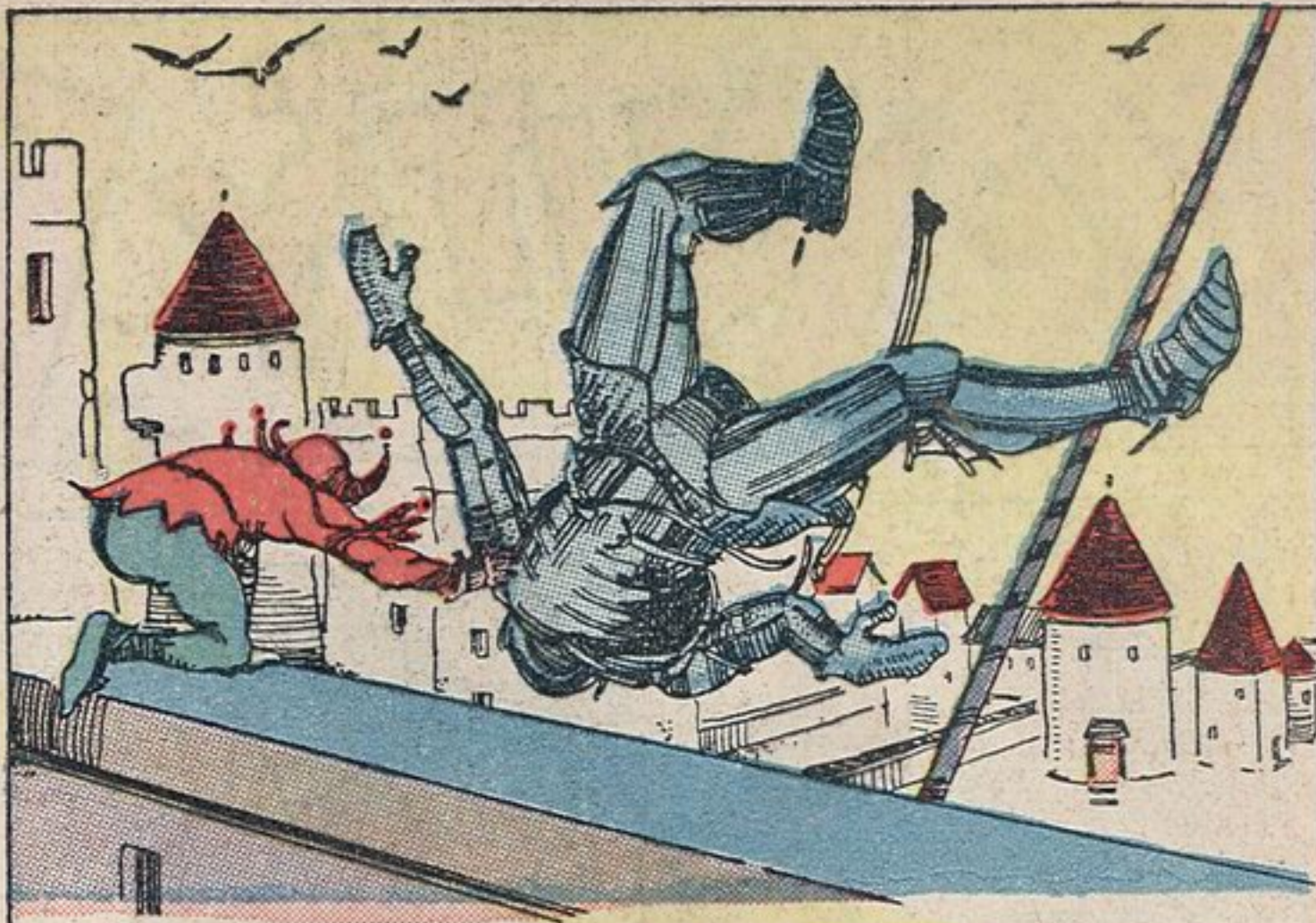
A CITY WAS IN WICKED HANDS,
HELD BY A PIRATE BOLD.
WHO SWORE THAT NONE WOULD LEAVE ALIVE,
TILL PAID IN RANSOM GOLD!



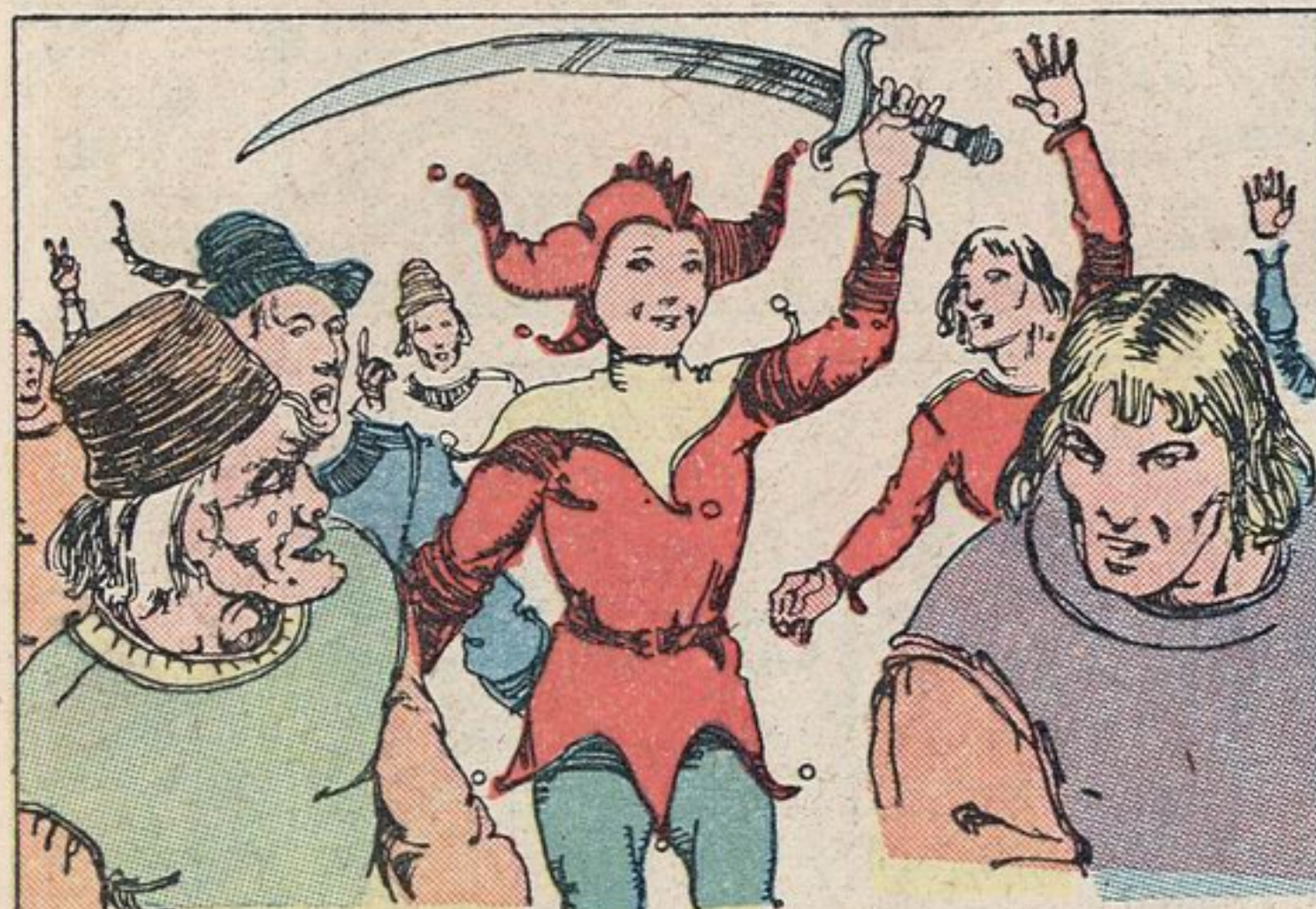
I HEARD THE NEWS AND JOURNEYED THERE.
I HEARD THE URGENT CALL!
I SPIED THE PIRATE'S ARMORED SUIT
ON TOP THE CASTLE WALL!



WITH CAREFUL STEP, I SLOWLY TREAD.
I CLIMBED THE WALL SO HIGH!
THAT'S WHEN I EARNED THE TITLE
OF THE LITTLE HUMAN FLY.



I CREPT BEHIND THIS ARMORED SUIT,
STRUCK WITH A CRUSHING BLOW.
AND SENT IT, WITH AN AWFUL CRASH,
TO THE COURTYARD FAR, BELOW!



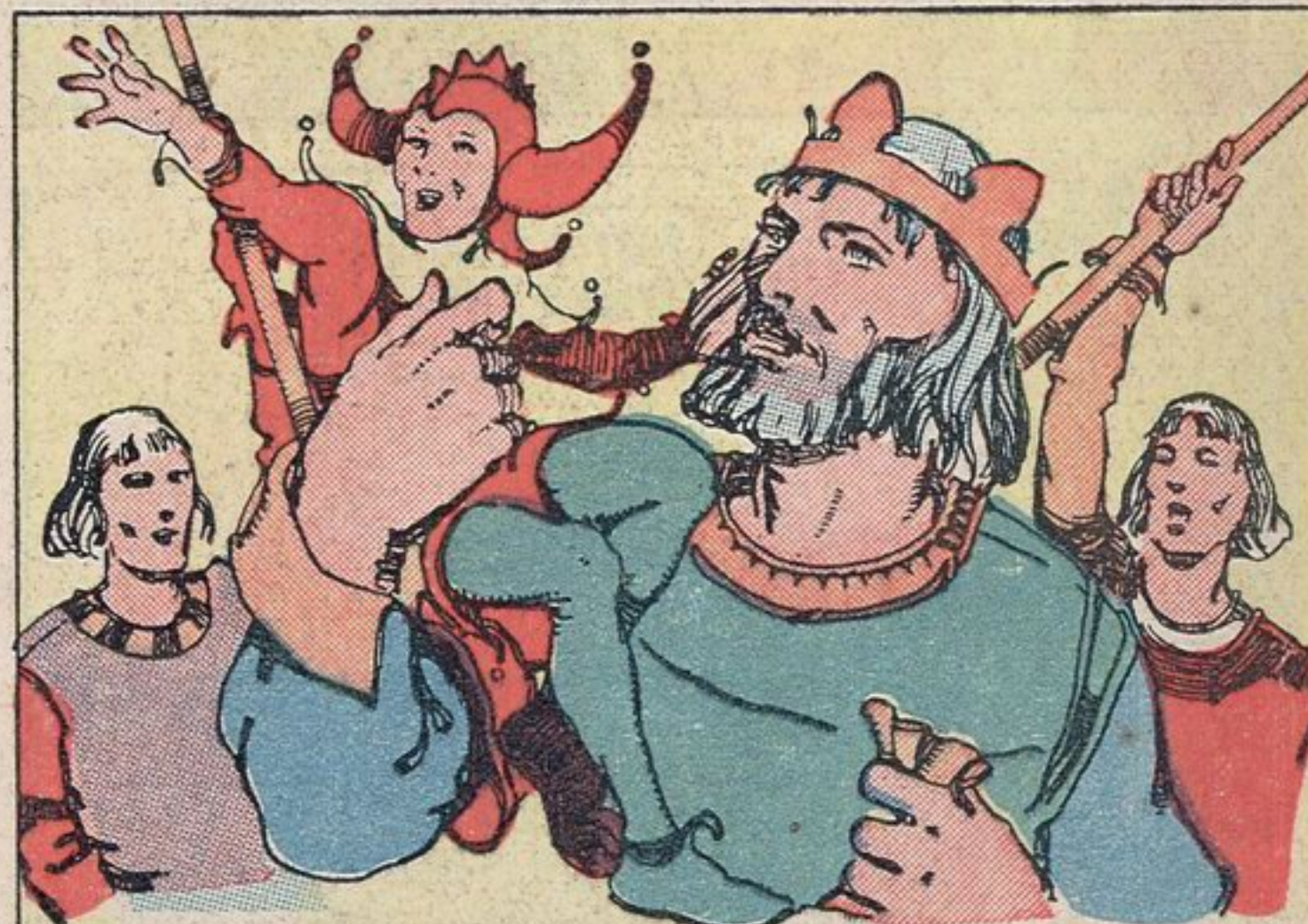
THE POPULATION SHRIEKED WITH JOY,
KNOWING THEY WERE FREE!
WHAT WOULD HAVE BEEN THEIR AWFUL FATE
IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR ME?"



"AN INTERESTING TALE YOU'VE TOLD,
YOU ENTERTAINING YOUTH!
BUT ARE YOU SURE YOU'VE SPOKEN HERE
NO WORDS BUT THE TRUTH?"

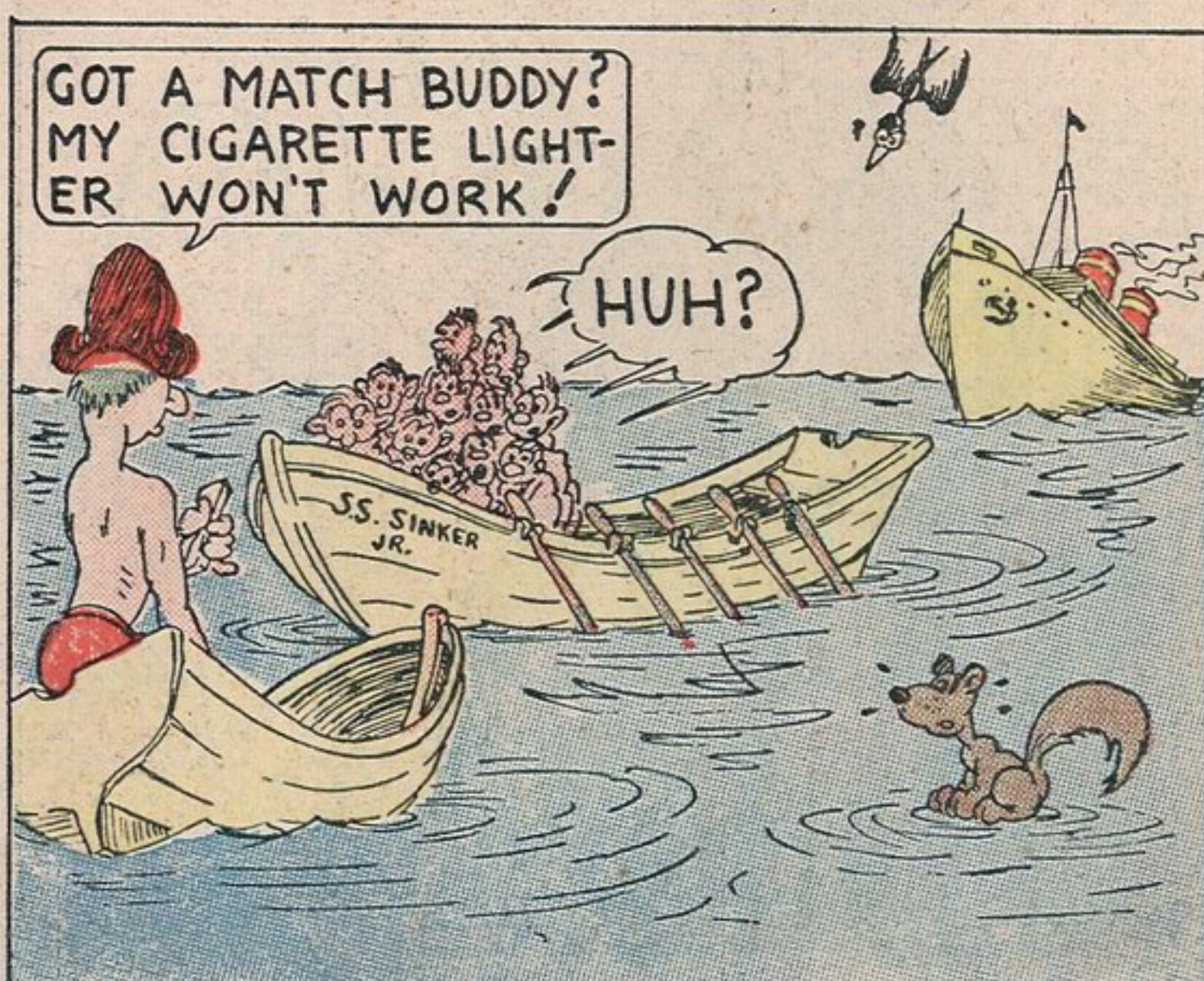
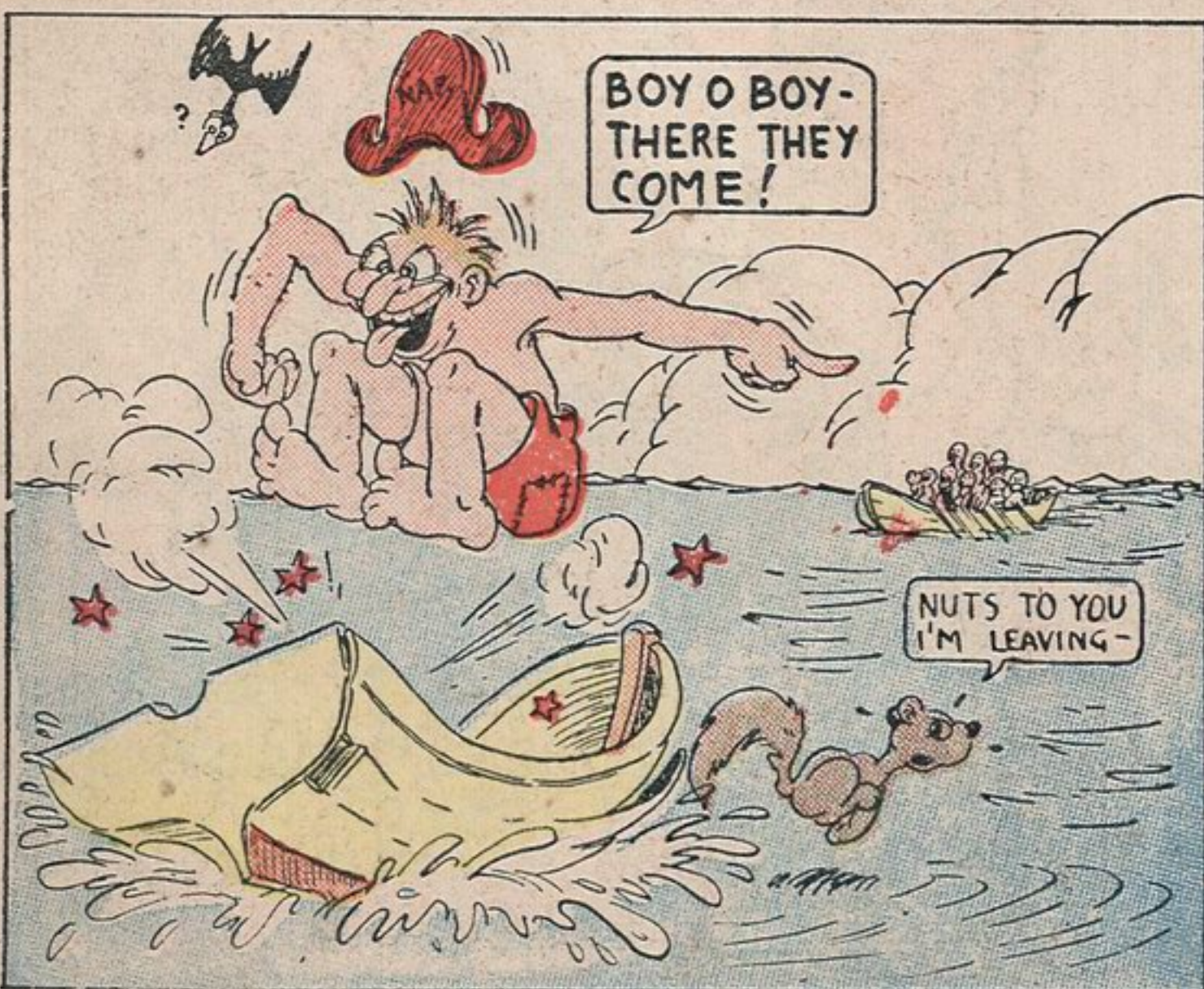
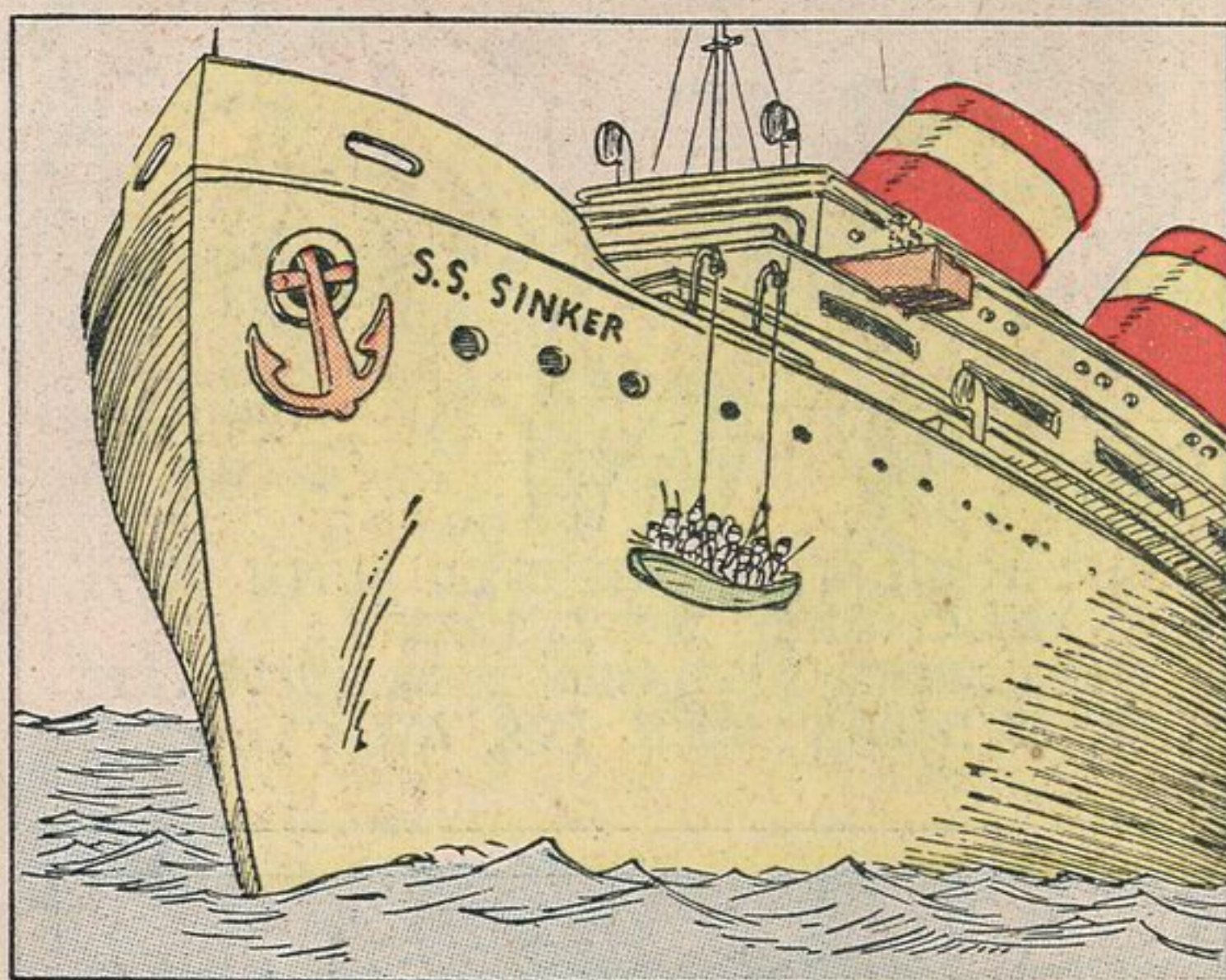
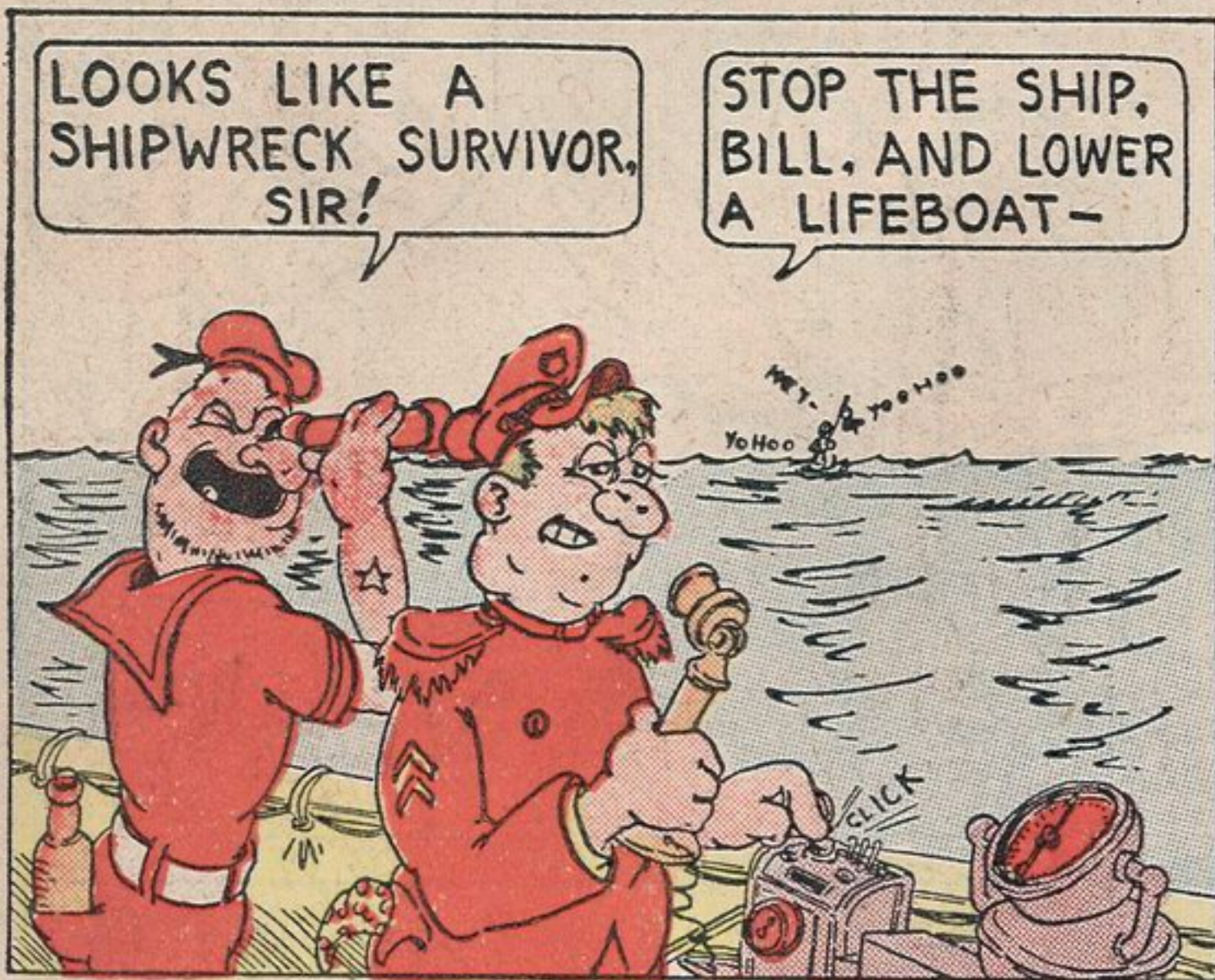
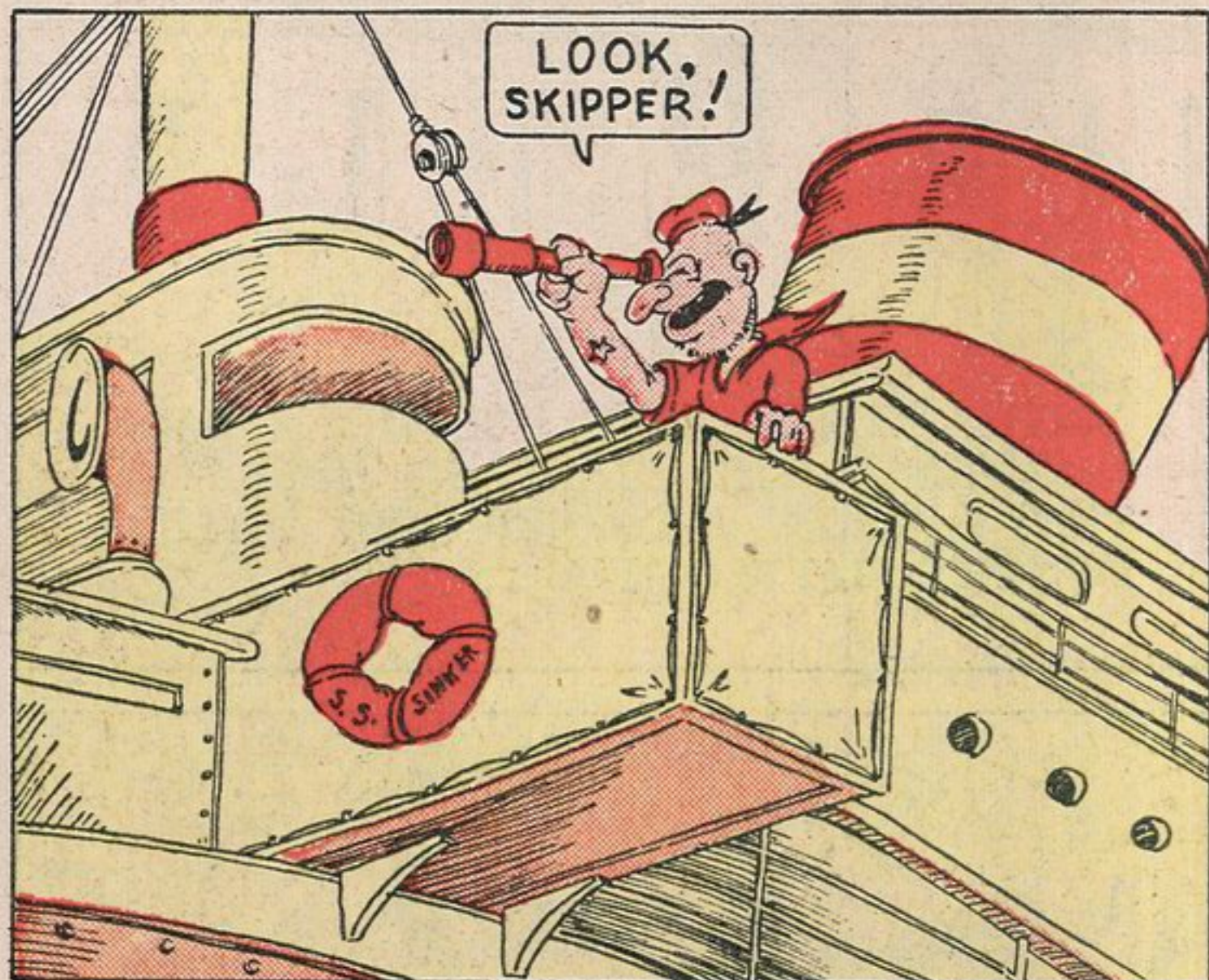
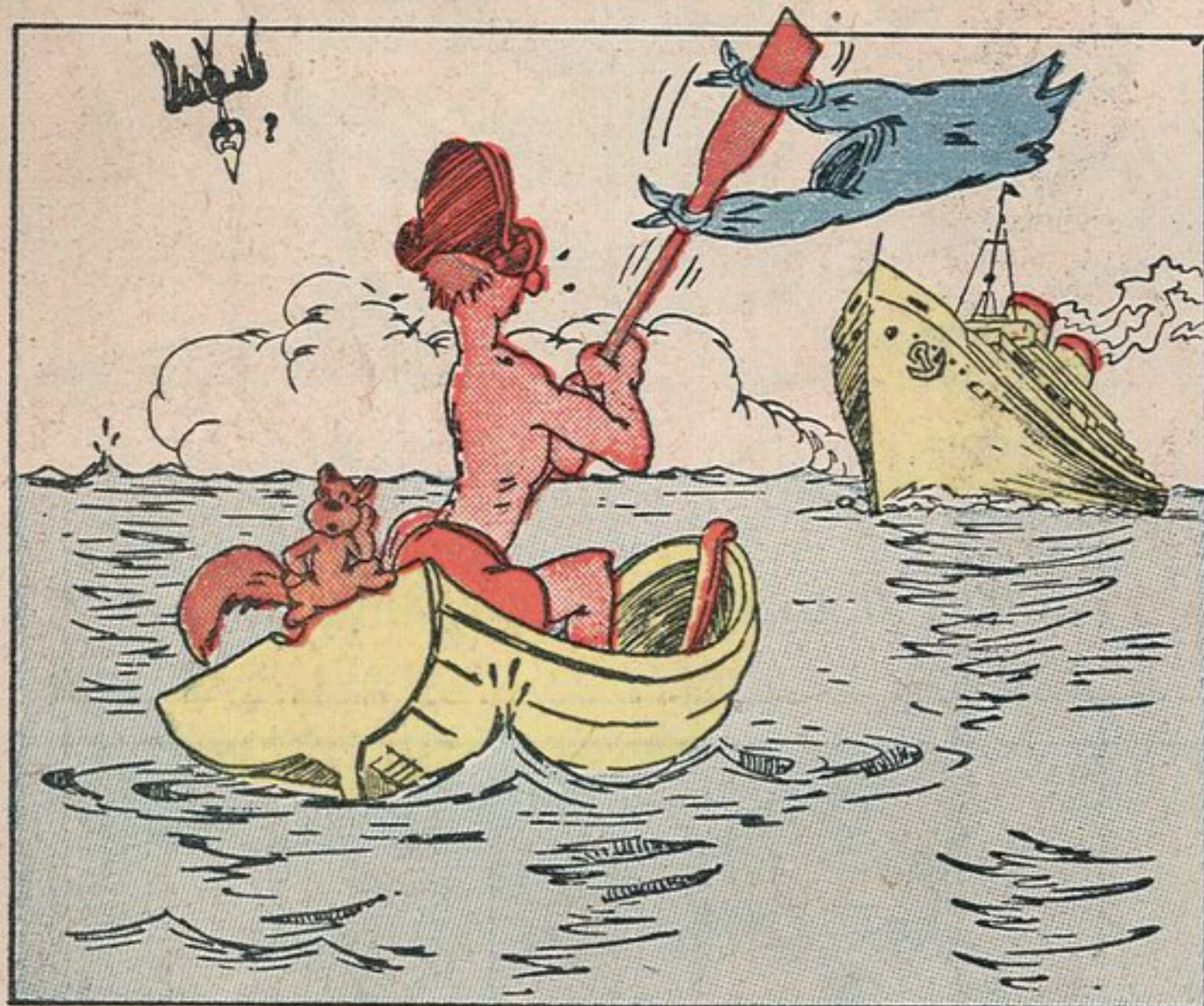


A LIKELY TALE," THE KING HAD SAID.
"WHAT OF THE PIRATE BOLD?
HOW WAS HE DISPOSED OF
THAT YOU HAVEN'T TOLD?"

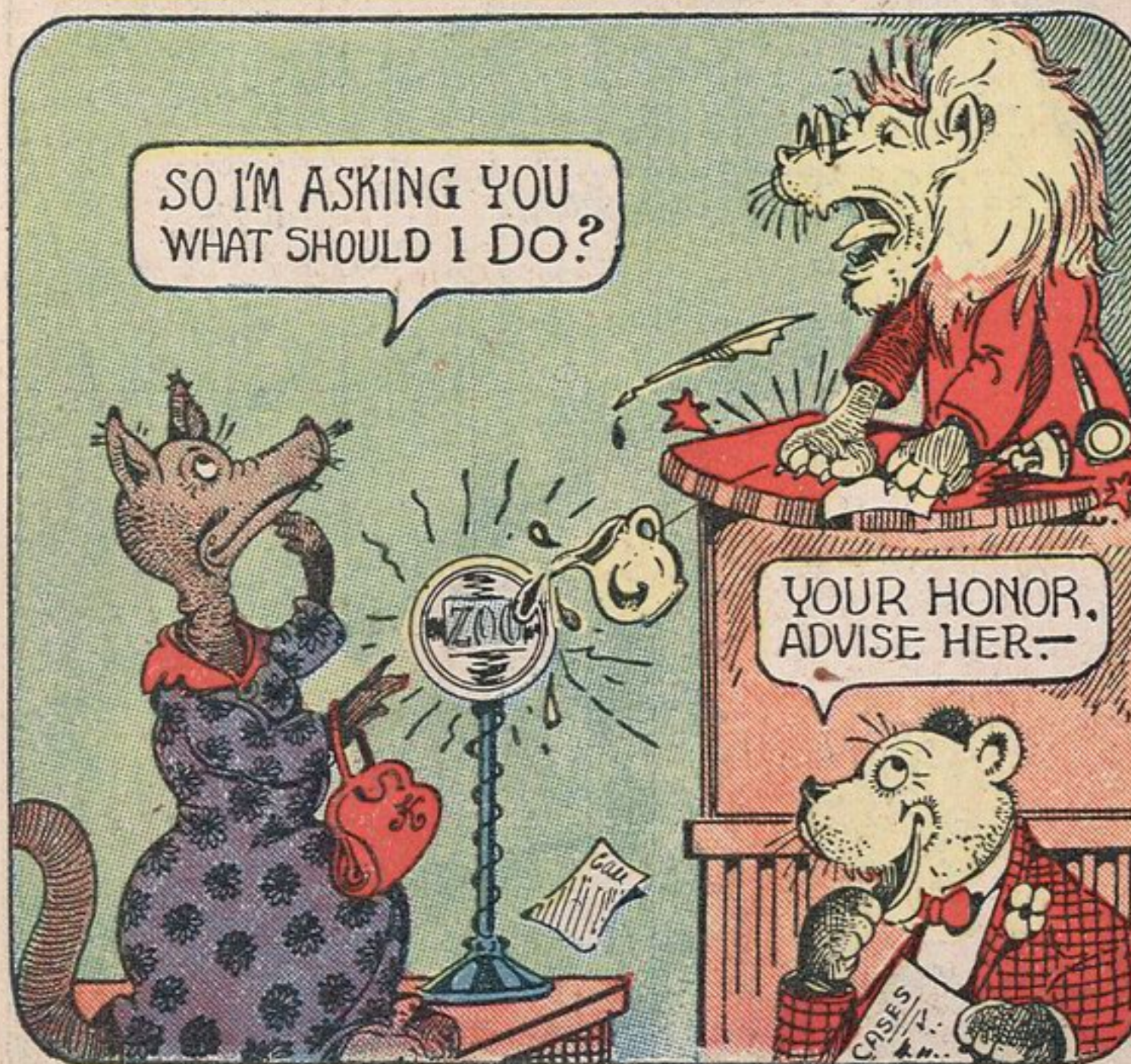
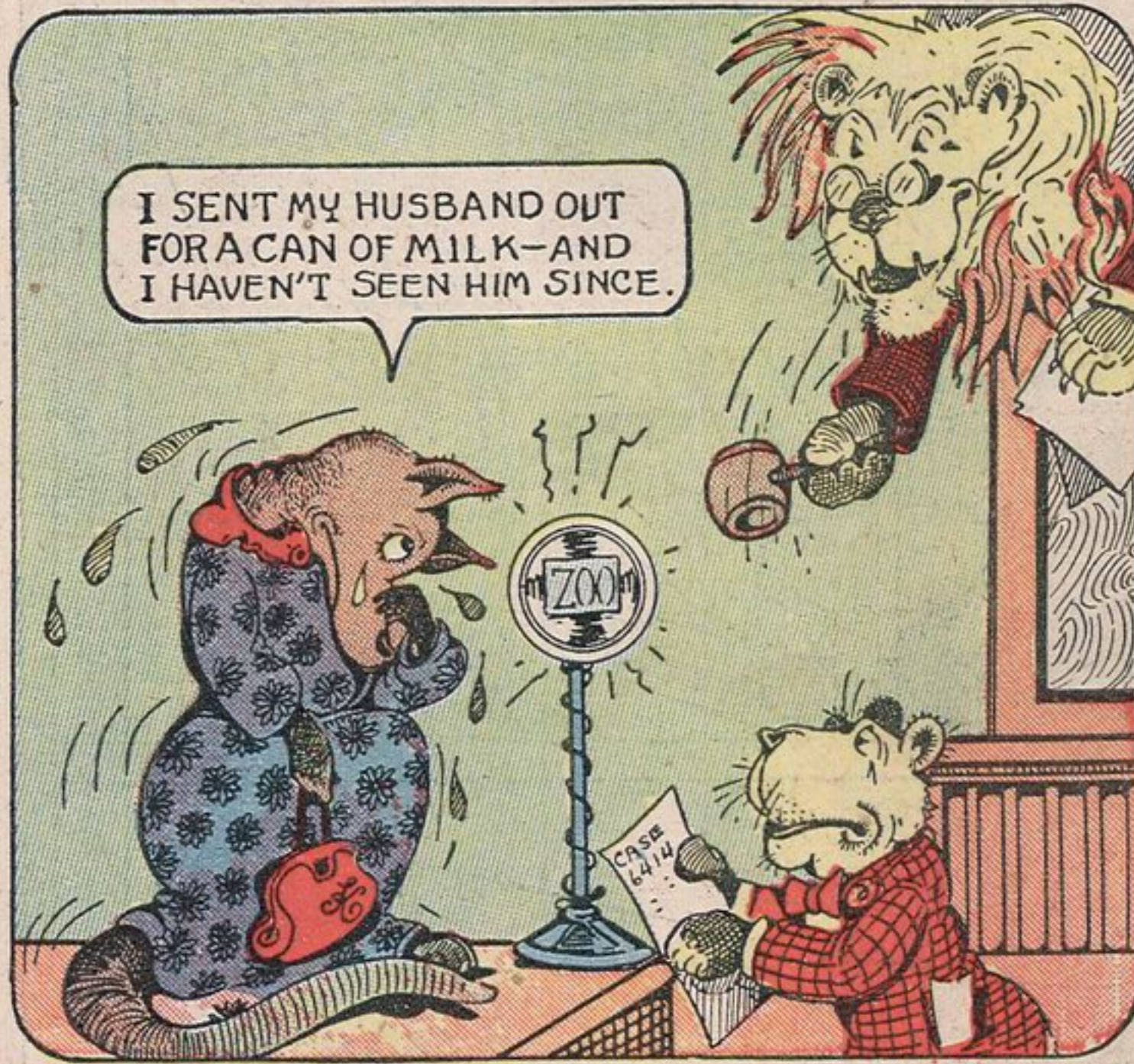
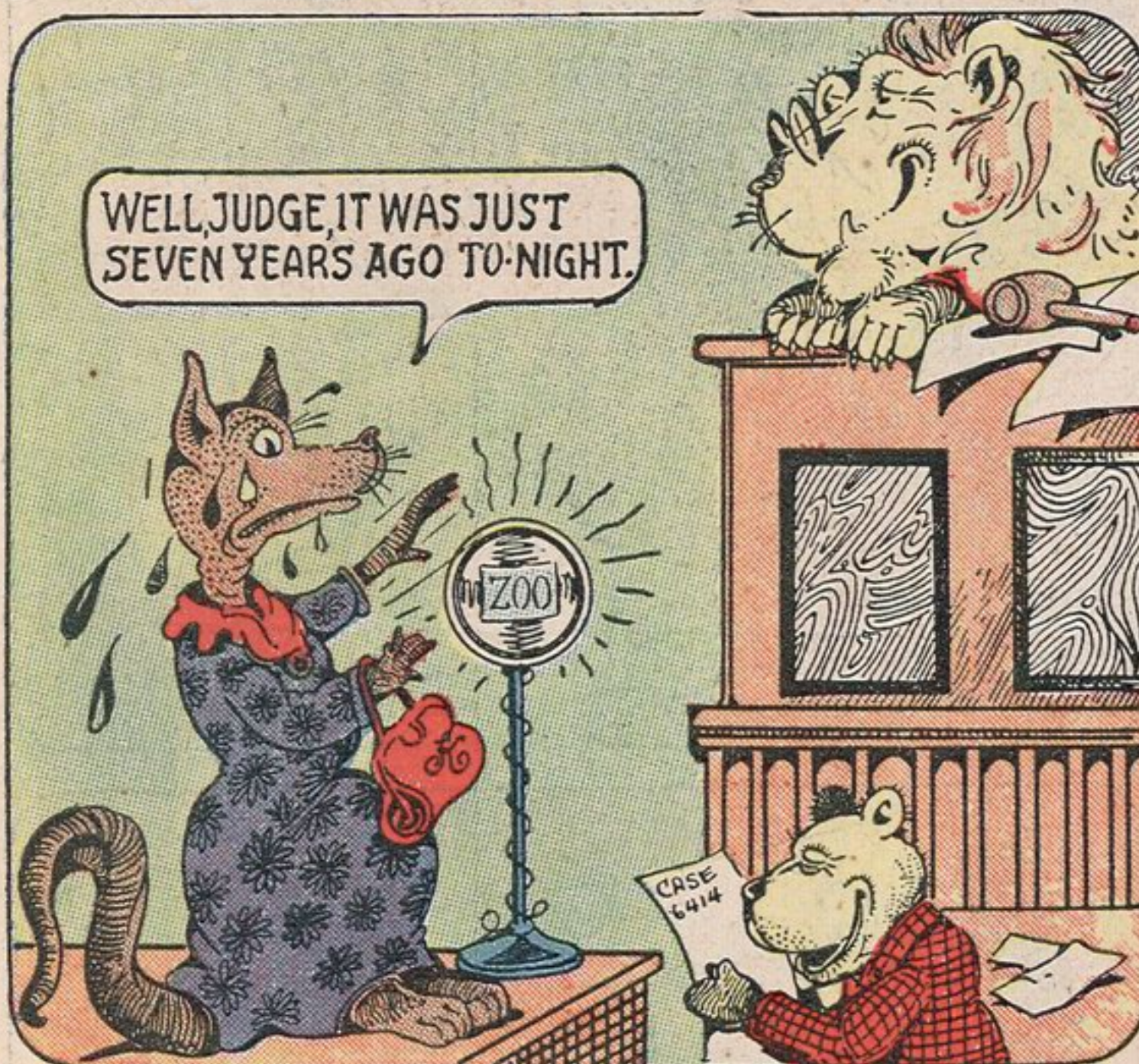
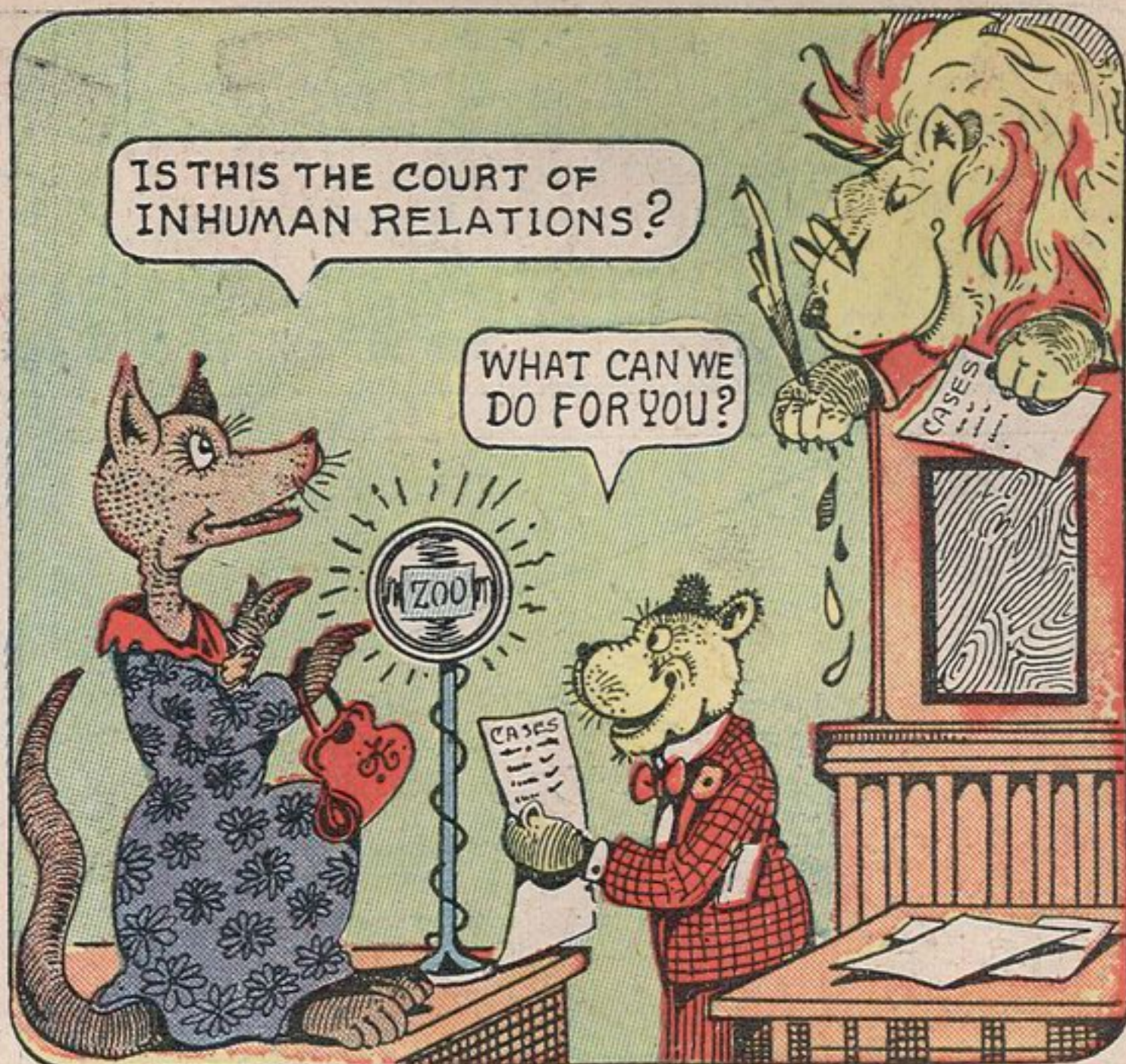
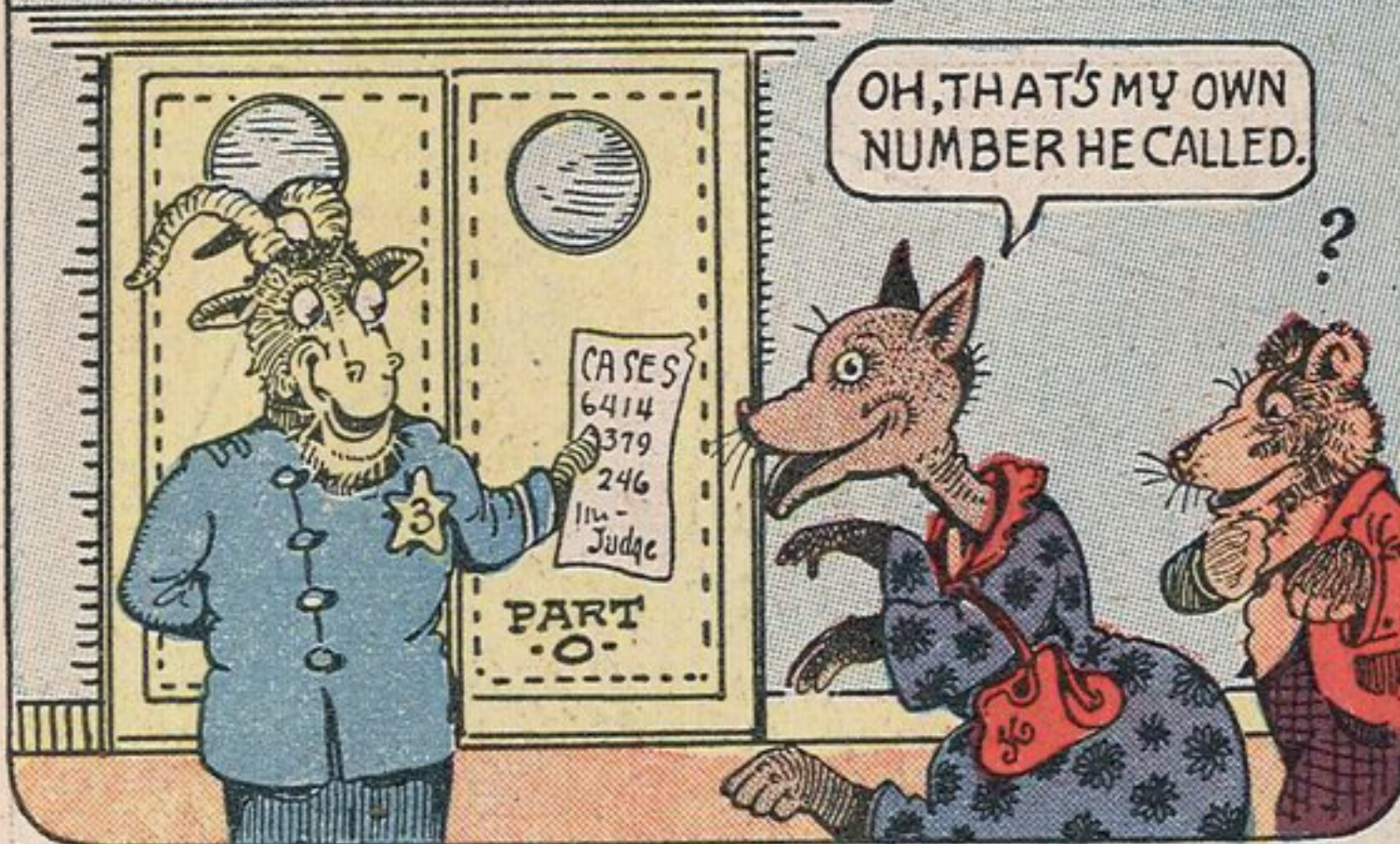


"O GALLANT KING, PLEASE HEAR ME SING!"
THE BOY REPLIED IN RHYME.
"THE SUIT I TOSSED, YOU SEE, CONTAINED
THE PIRATE, AT THE TIME!"

NUTTY FAGN

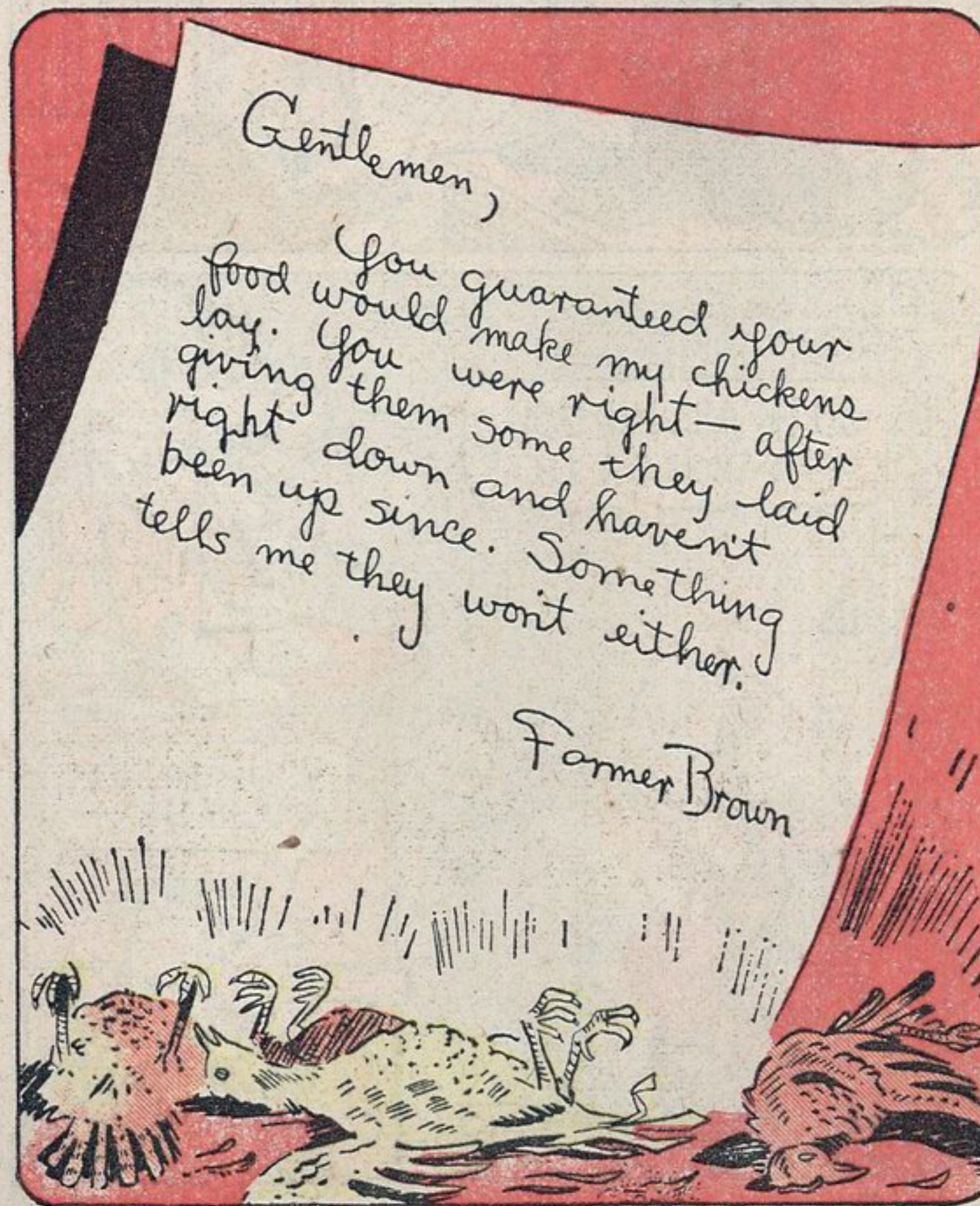
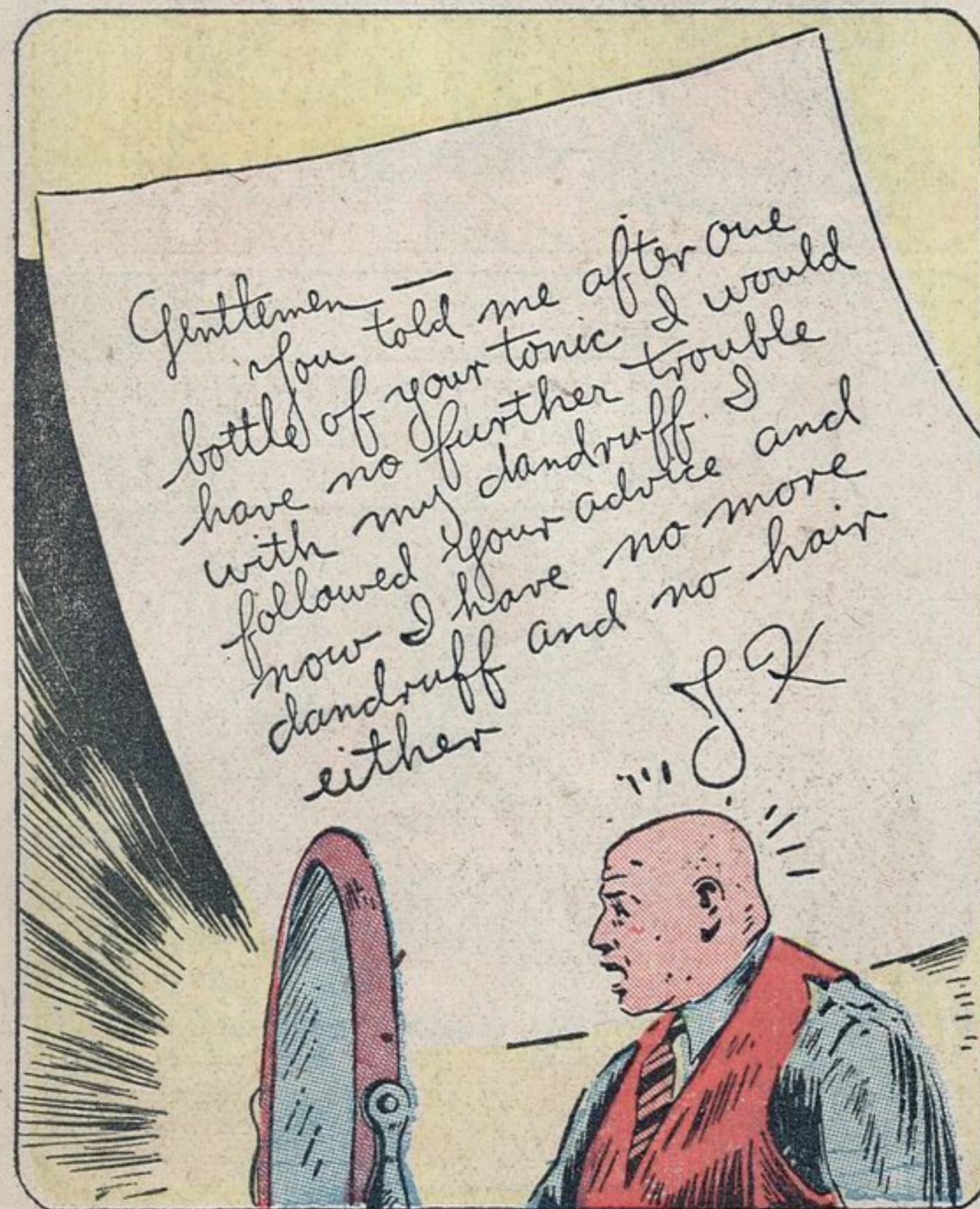
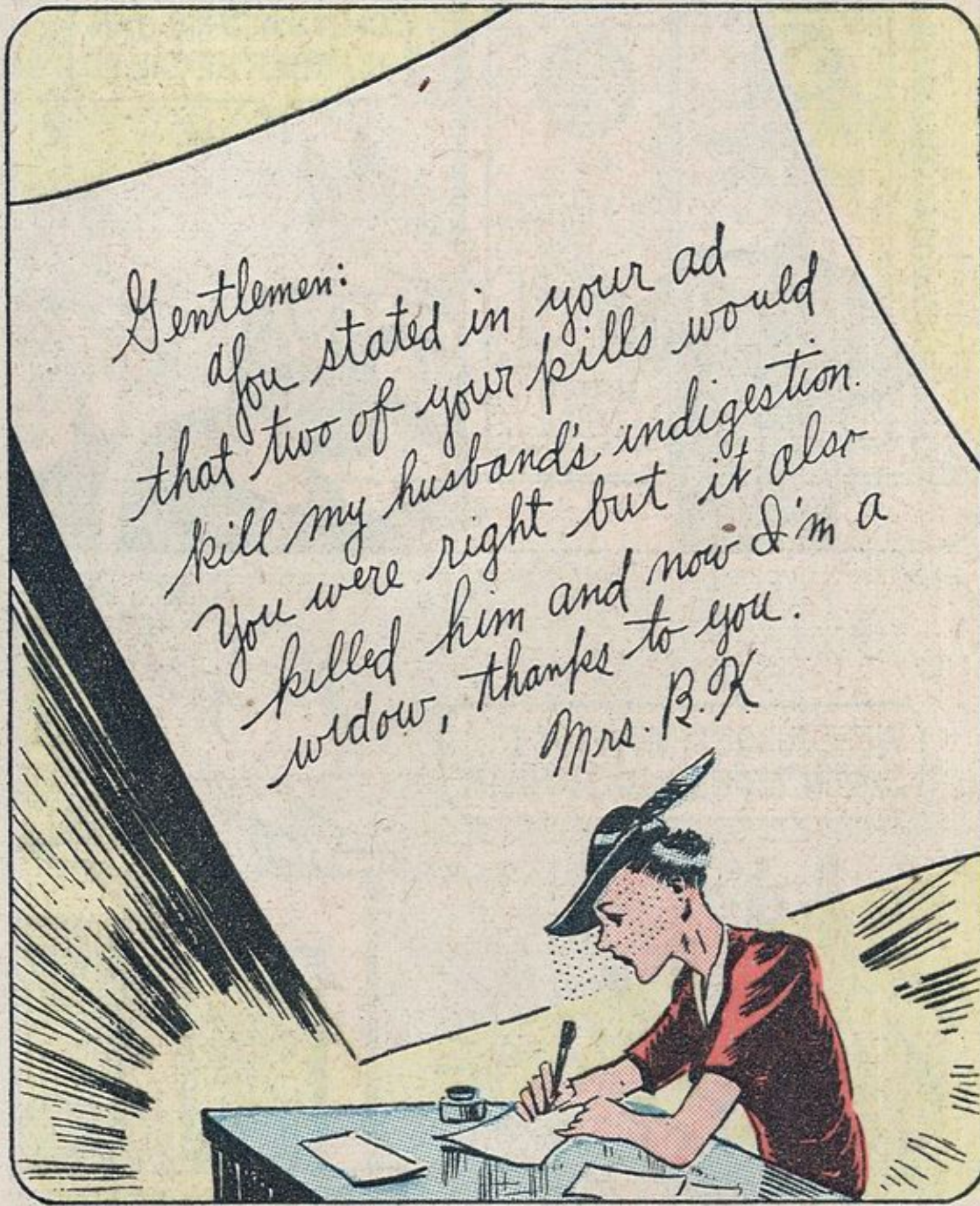


The Court Of IN-HUMAN RELATIONS

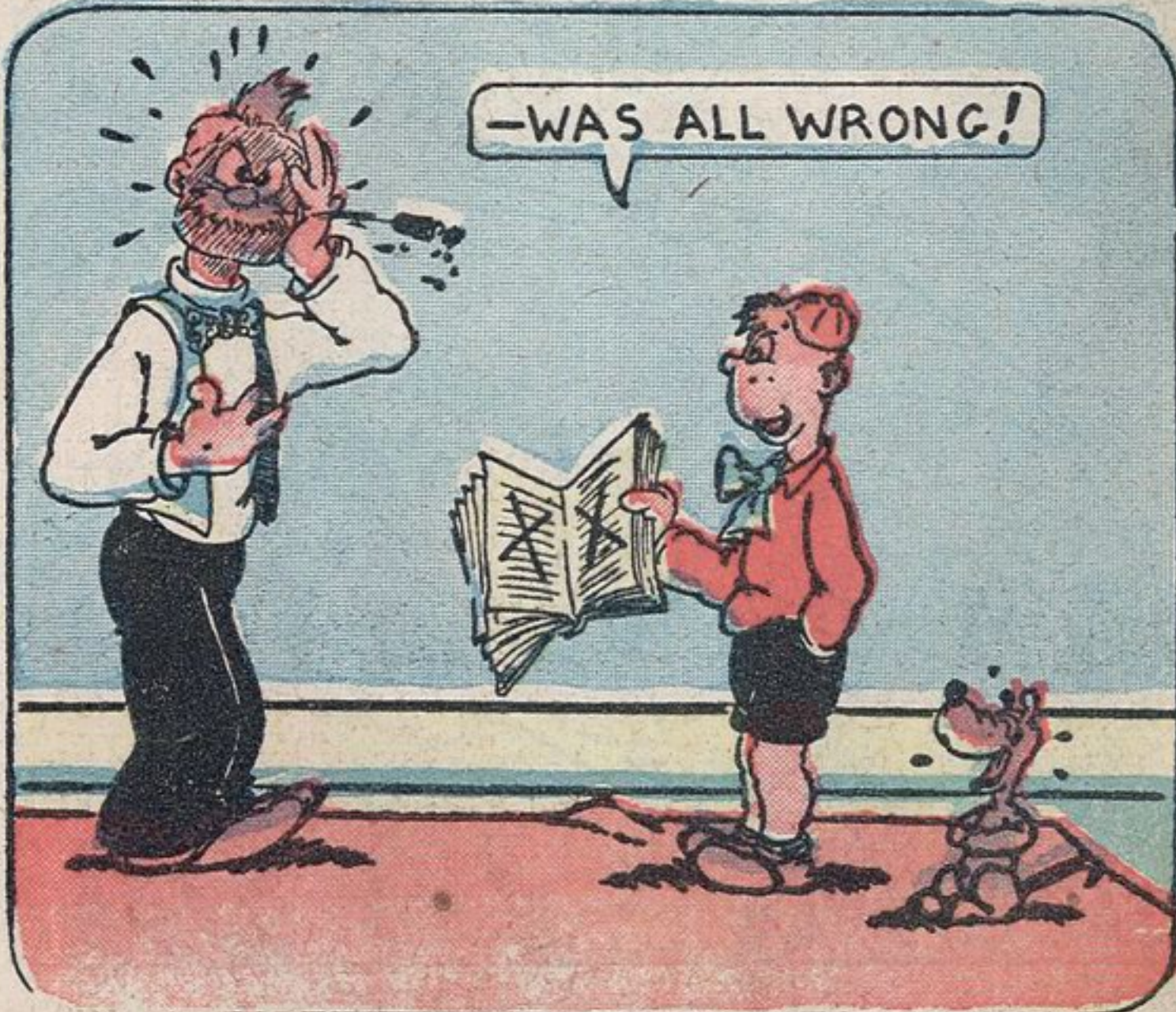
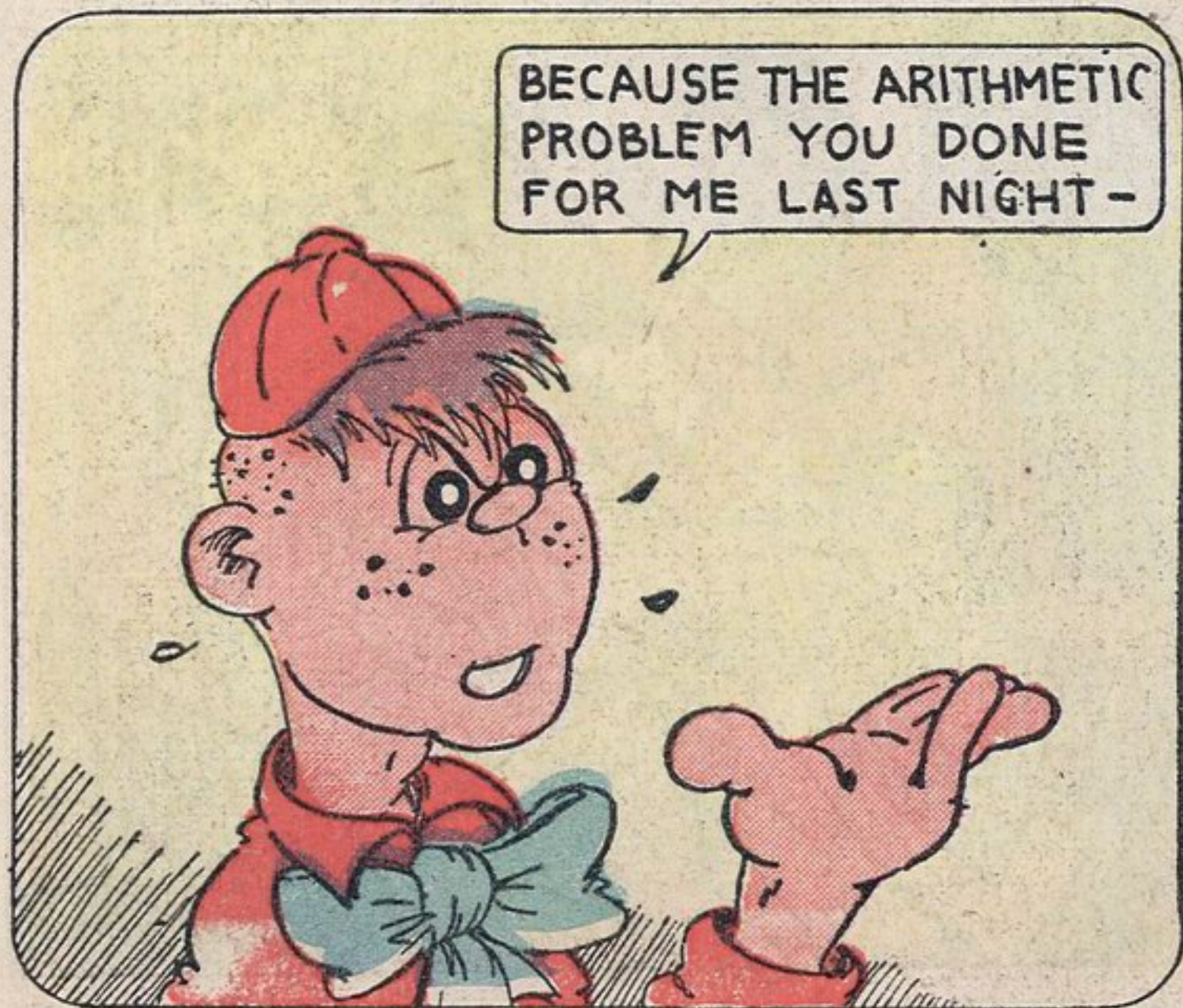
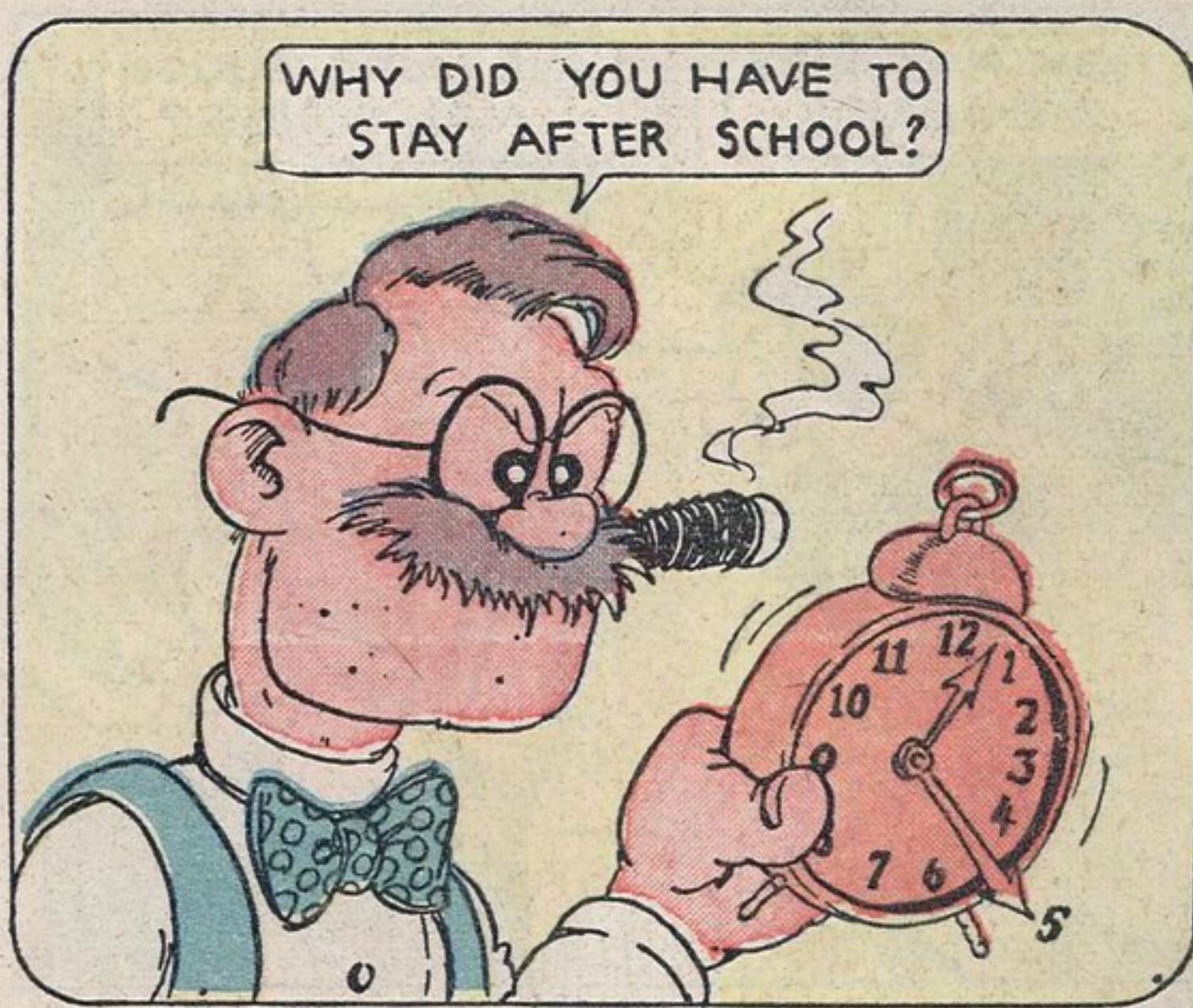
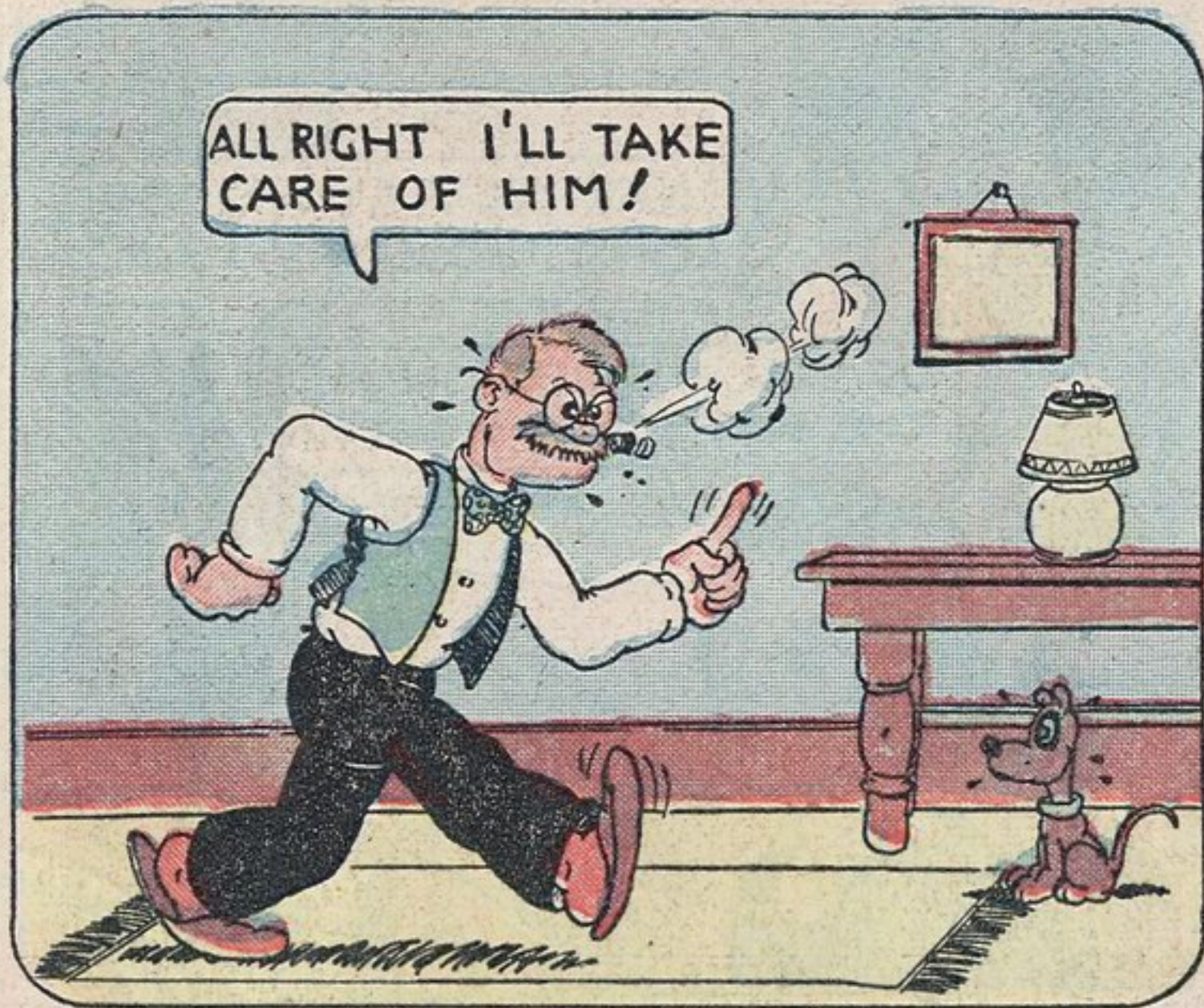
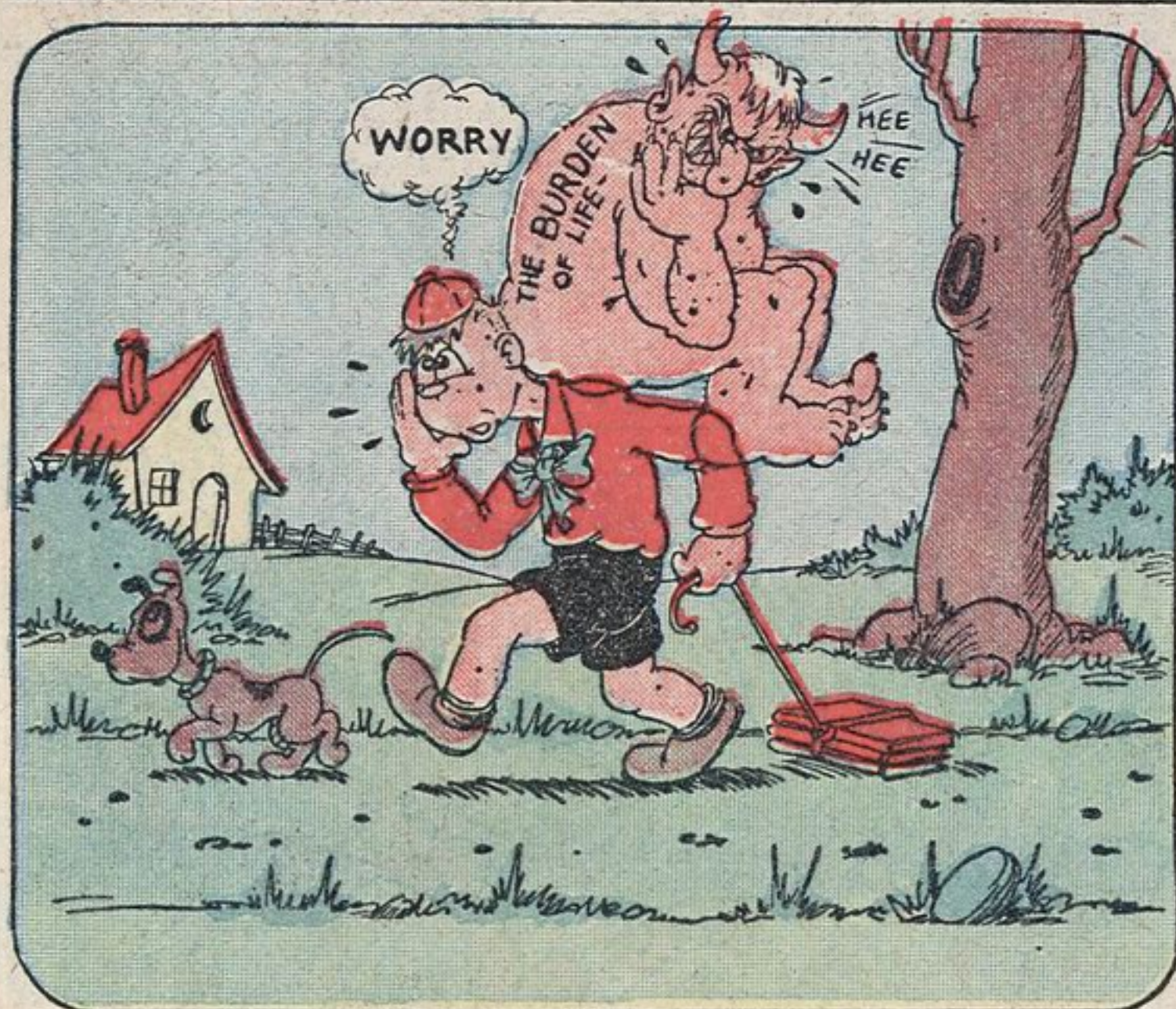




VOLUME OF THE PEOPLE

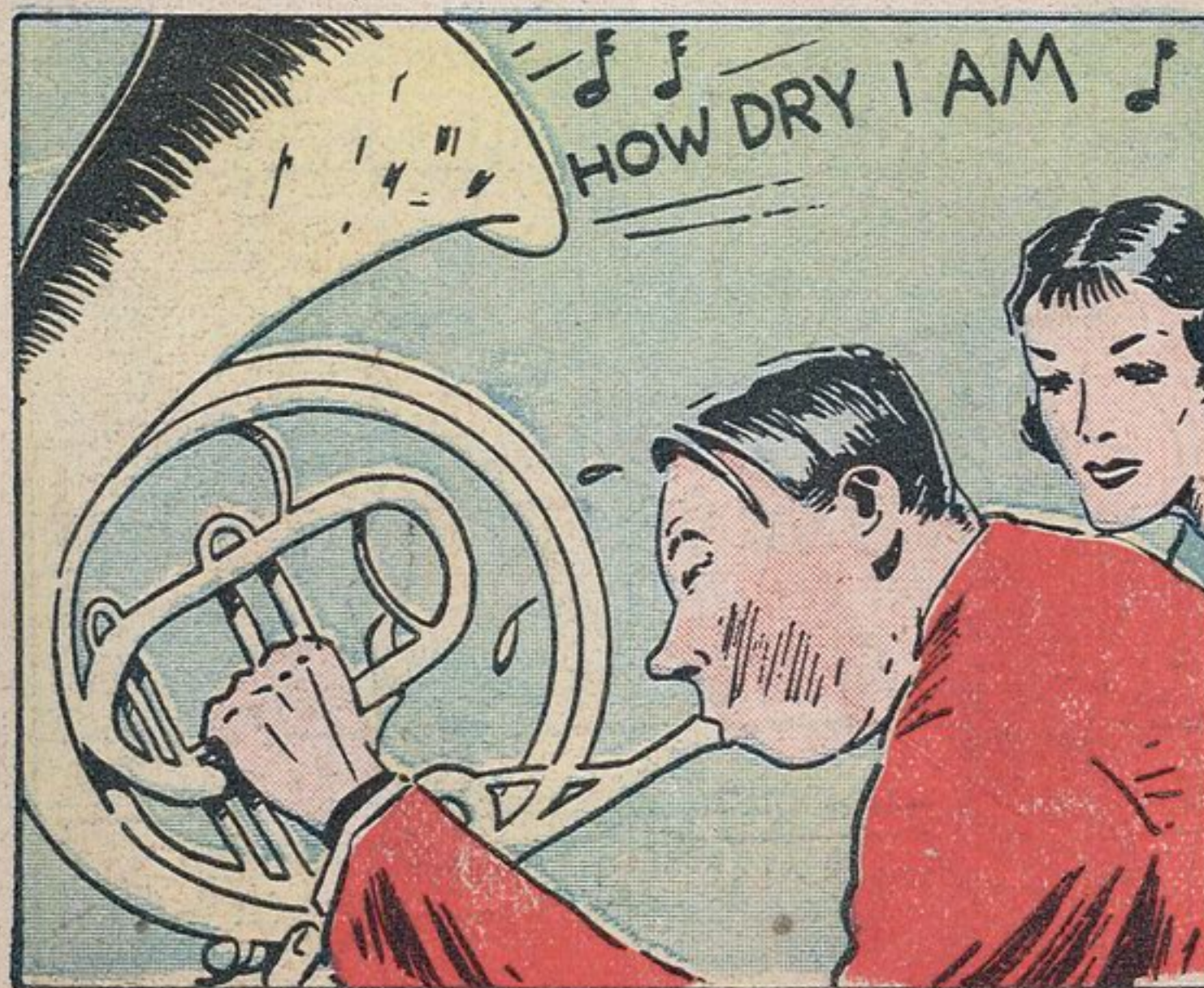
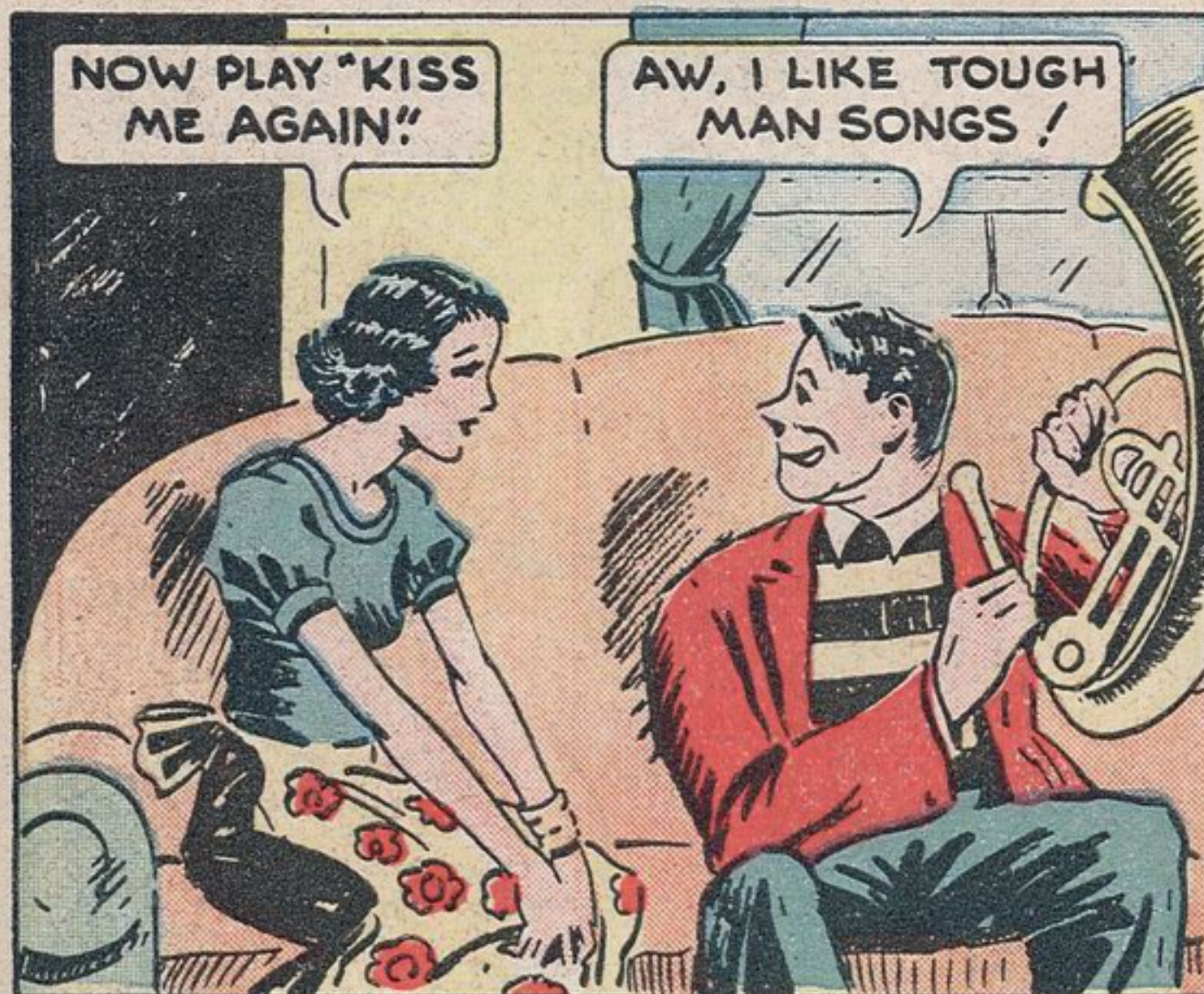


LEL ARTHUR



Ima Sphinx

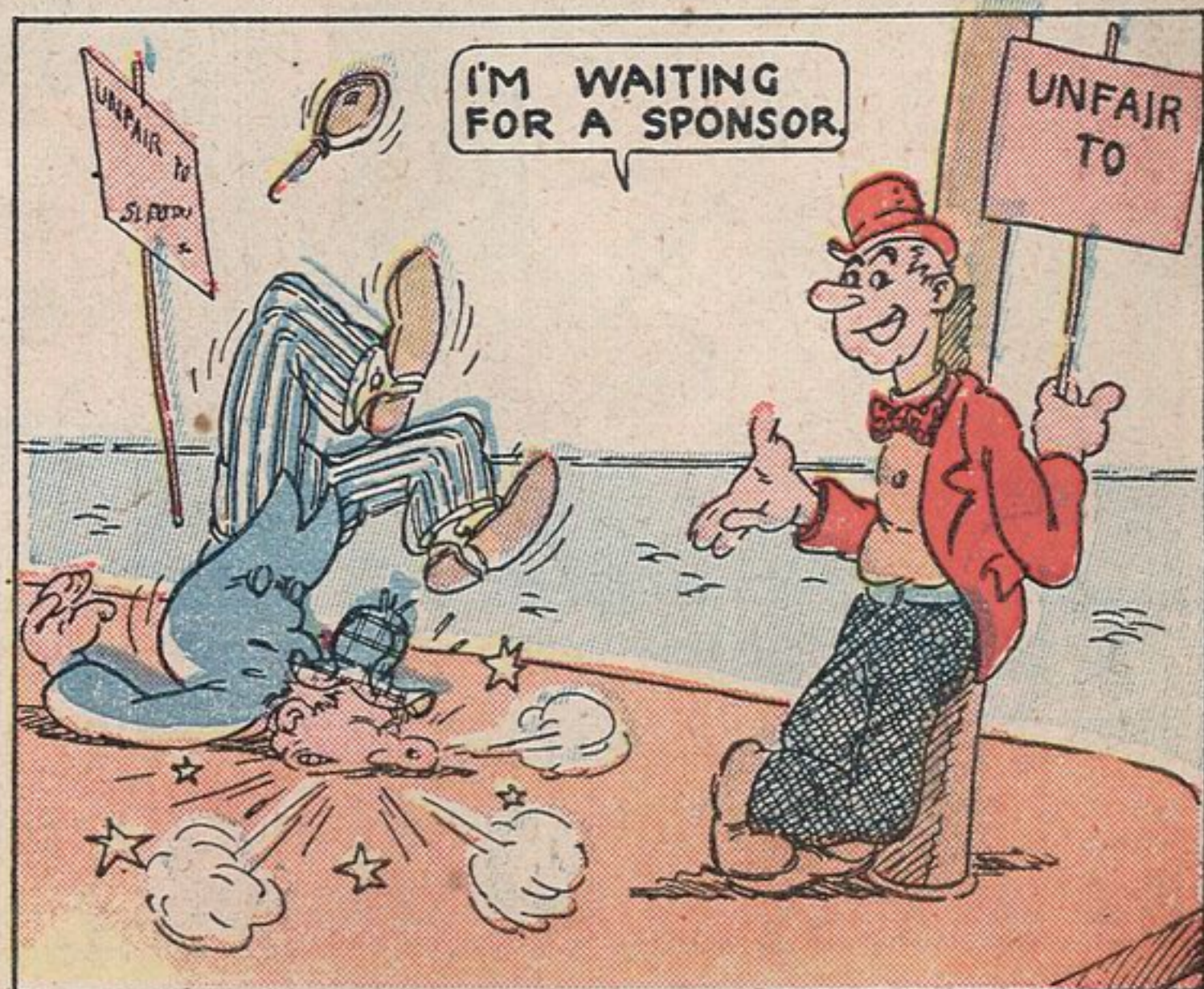
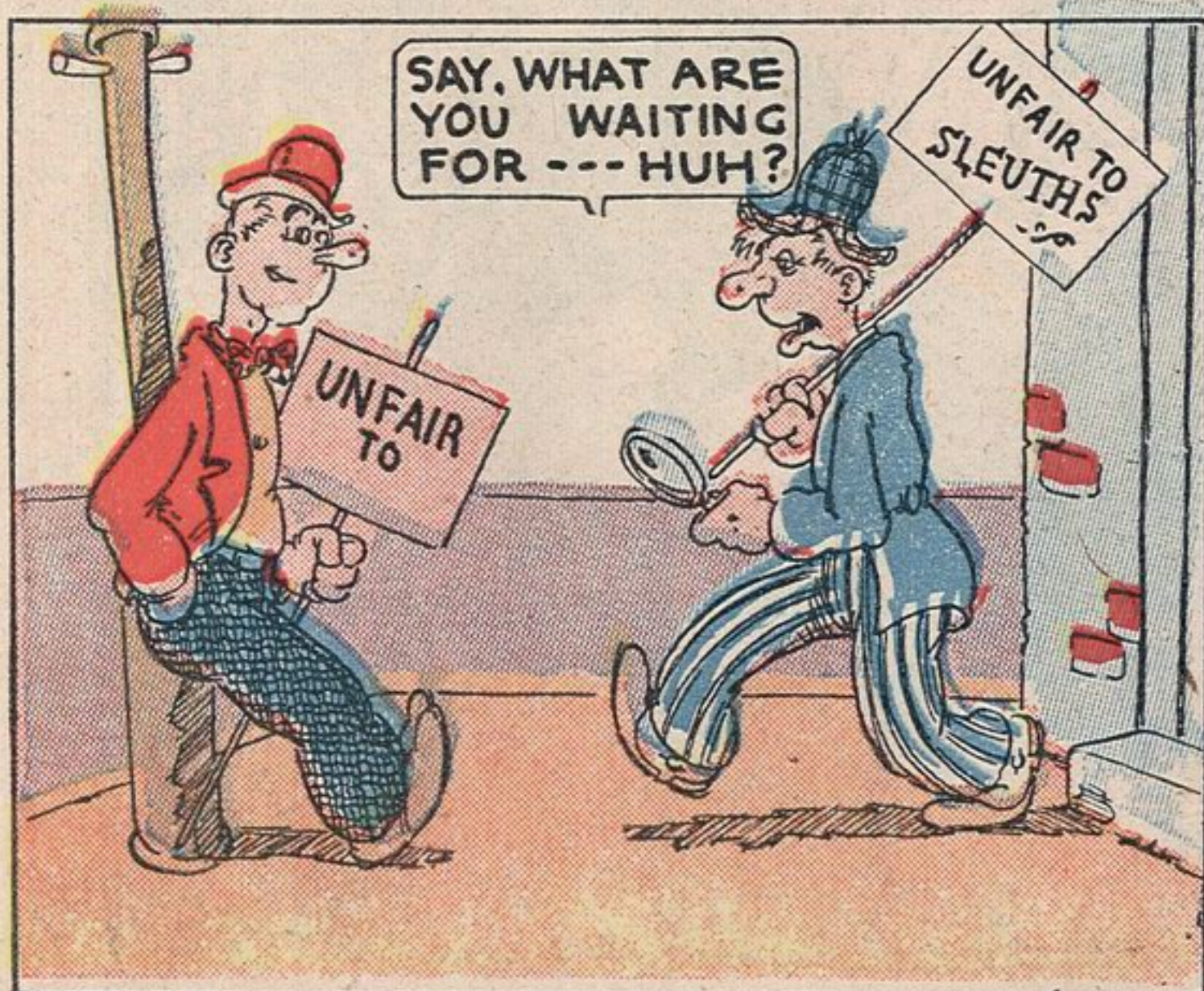
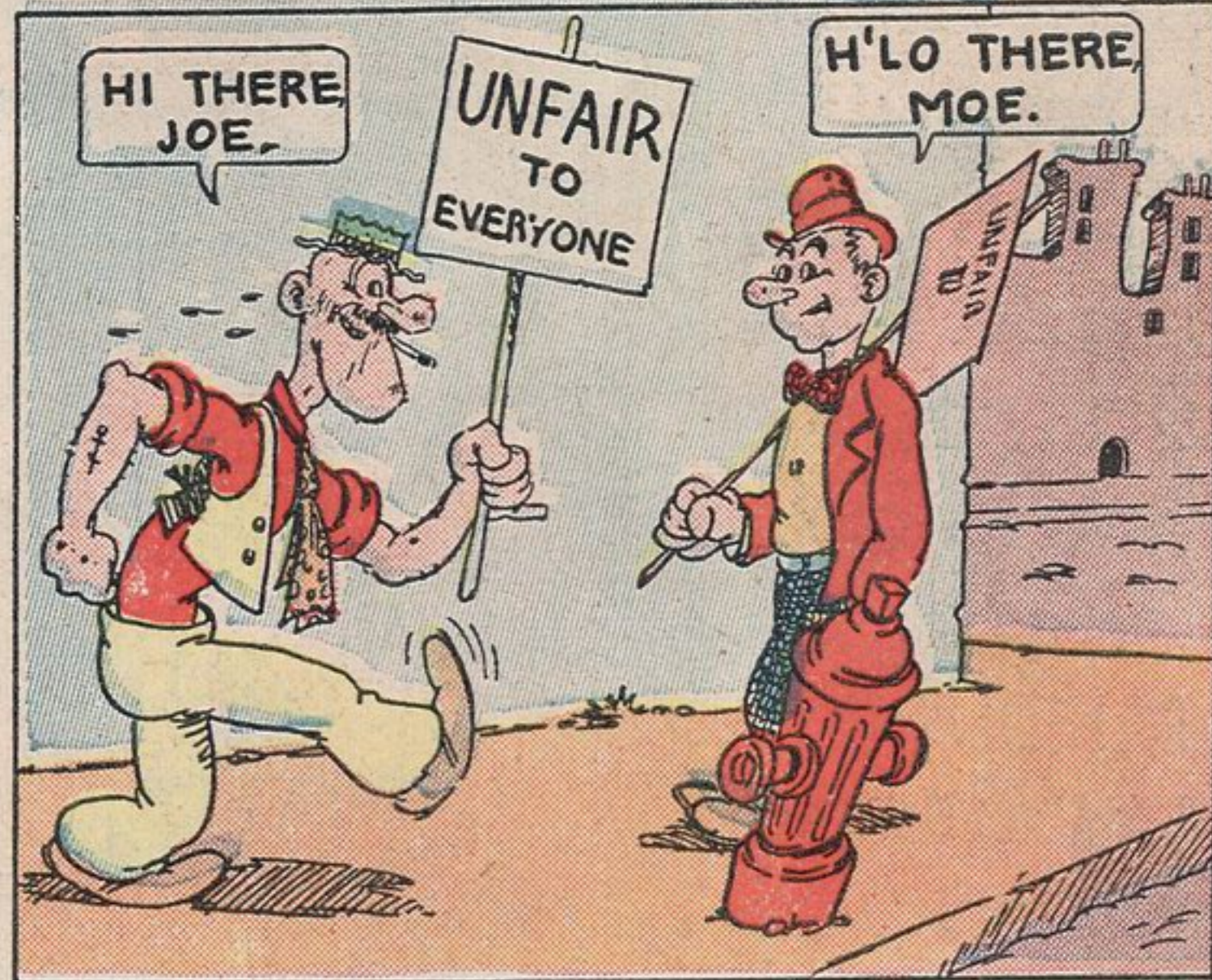
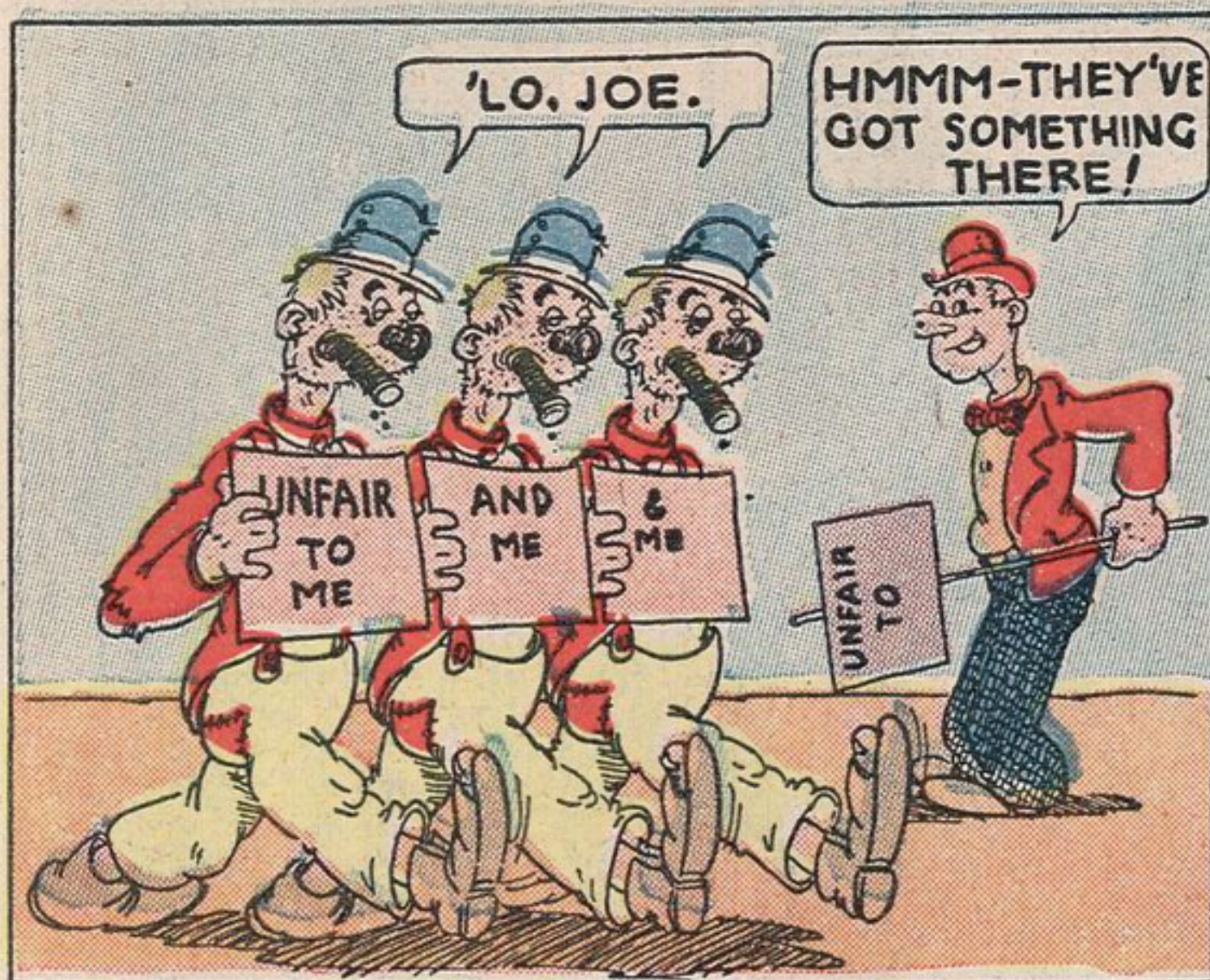
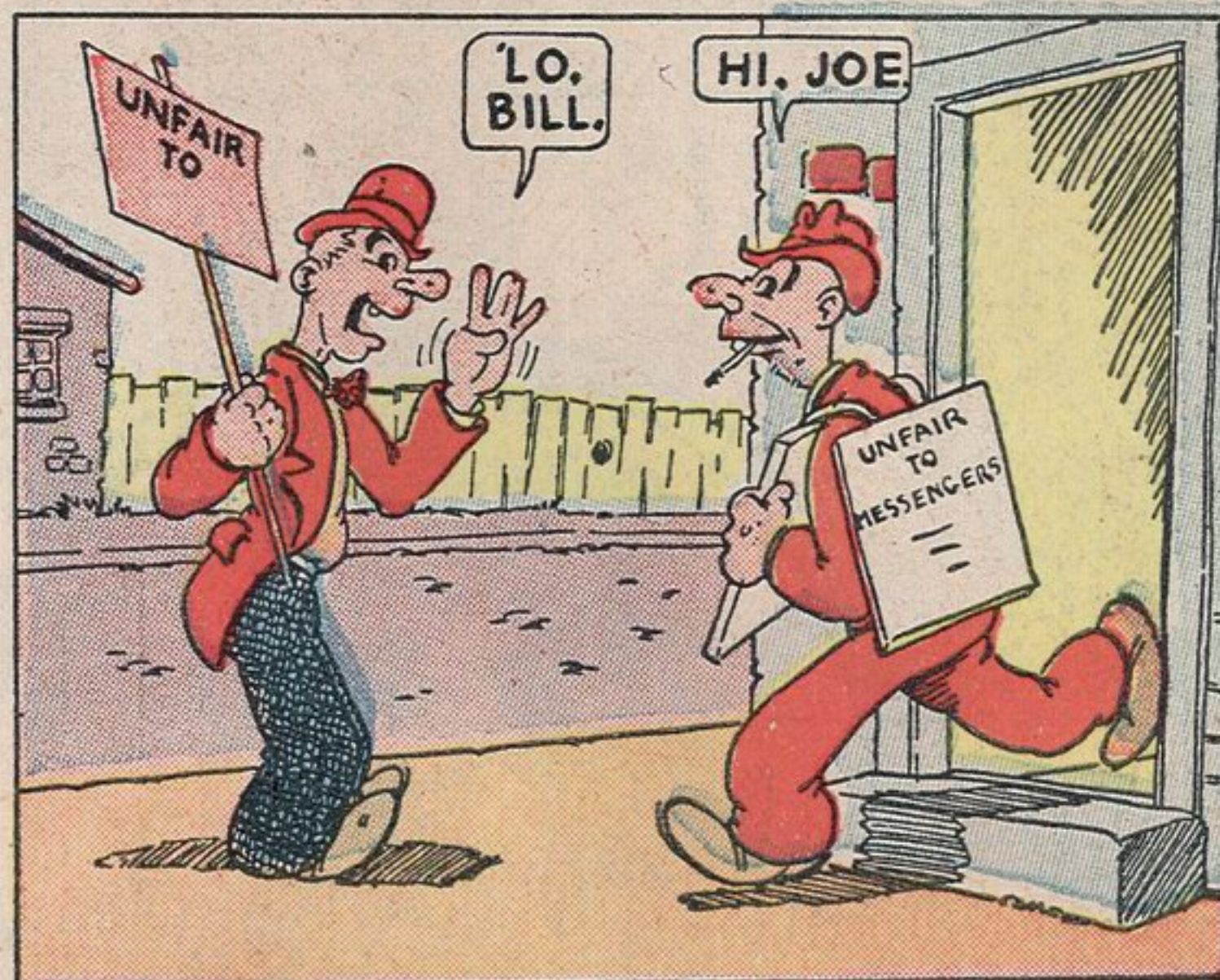
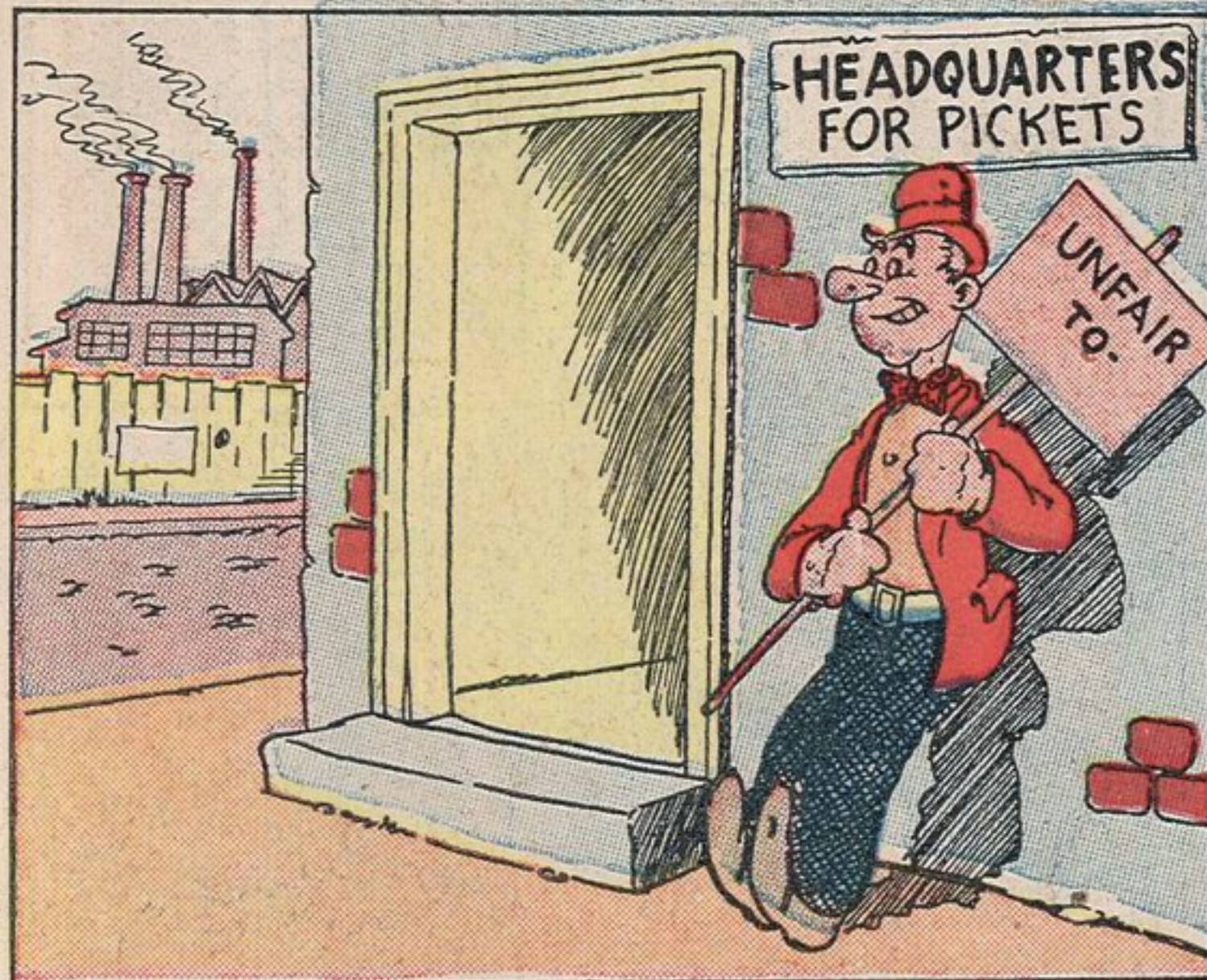
HER ACTION SPEAKS LOUDER THAN WORDS!



KEEP OFF
THE GRASS

JOE TICKET

THE PICKET



Sketches From Dickens

**GRANDFATHER
TRENT**

PROPRIETOR OF
THE
**OLD
CURIOSITY
SHOP**
IS DEVOTED TO

LITTLE NELL,
HIS GRANDCHILD.
FEARING THAT HE
MAY DIE AND LEAVE
NELL IN POVERTY,
HE BECOMES A
SECRET GAMBLER,
AND IS SOON
IN DEBT TO
DANIEL QUILP
A MALICIOUS DWARF.

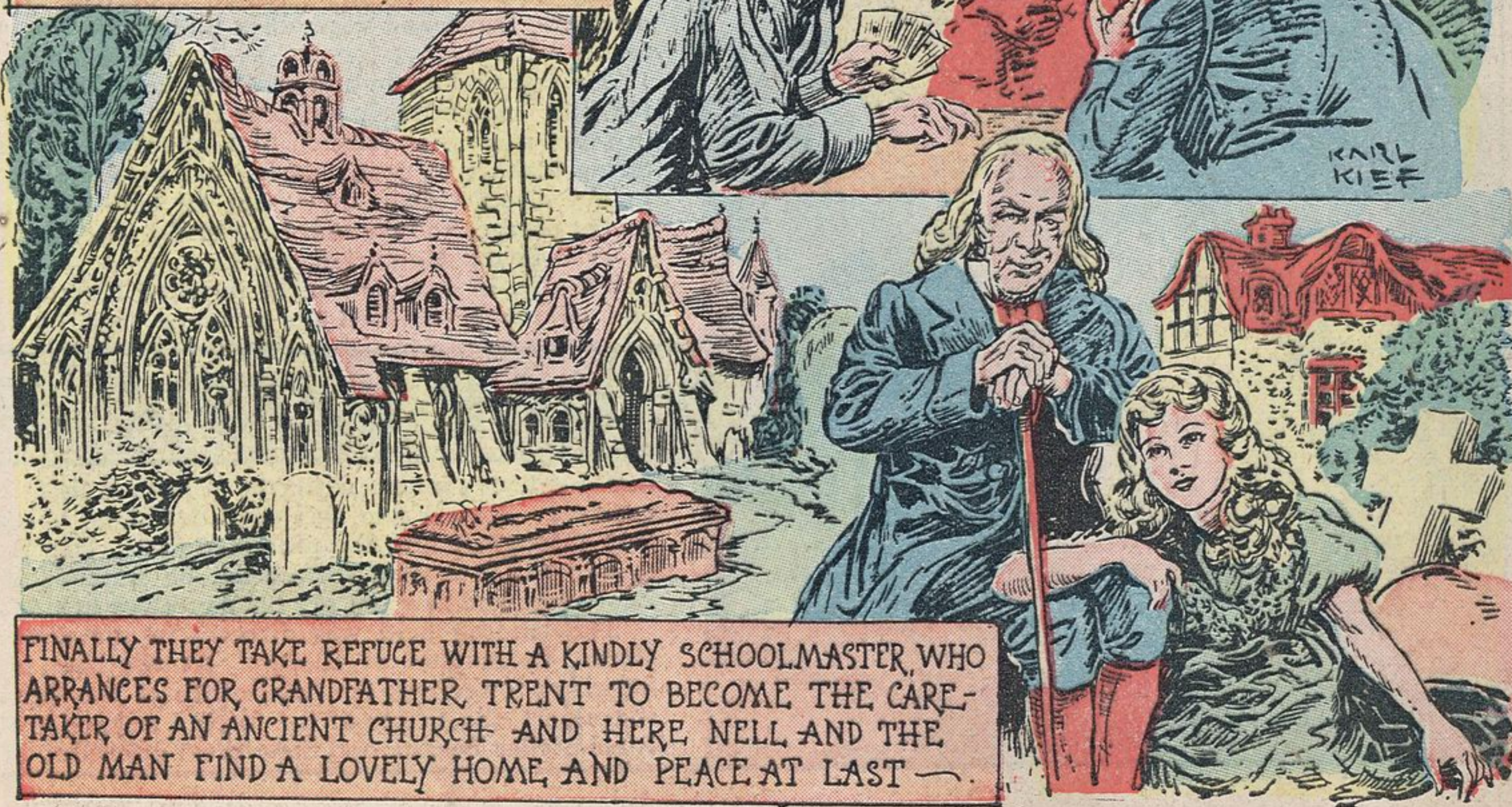
TO ESCAPE QUILP, WHO SEEKS TO IMPRISON
HIM FOR DEBT, GRANDFATHER TRENT TAKES
NELL, DESERTS HIS SHOP AND FLEES INTO
THE COUNTRY BEYOND LONDON —





AFTER MANY HARDSHIPS
AND MUCH WANDERING,
THE OLD MAN AND THE
LITTLE GIRL ARE BEFRIENDED
BY
MRS. JARLEY,
OWNER OF A TRAVELING
EXHIBITION OF WAX
FIGURES. THE WOMAN
MAKES NELL HER ASSISTANT
AND THE GIRL IS HAPPY HERE
UNTIL SHE DISCOVERS-----

THAT HER GRANDFATHER, PERSUADED
TO GAMBLE WITH SOME GYPSIES, IS
TEMPTED TO RECOUP HIS LOSSES BY
STEALING FROM MRS. JARLEY. HORRIFIED,
NELL TAKES THE OLD MAN AWAY AND
THEIR WANDERINGS BEGIN ANEW.



FINALLY THEY TAKE REFUGE WITH A KINDLY SCHOOLMASTER WHO
ARRANGES FOR GRANDFATHER TRENT TO BECOME THE CARE-
TAKER OF AN ANCIENT CHURCH AND HERE NELL AND THE
OLD MAN FIND A LOVELY HOME AND PEACE AT LAST —

TRUE COLORS

by KEN FITCH

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRED GUARDINEER

The powerful rocket ship, with Dan Hastings at the controls, zoomed into the yellowish haze of Venus' atmospheric band. A trail of sulphurous flame streamed out behind him. Dan lessened the rocket feed, slowing the ship to prevent a too great friction in his descent into the broad area of clouds.

He turned his attention to the visor plate and found that he was approaching the most dangerous part of his journey, the proximity of the wide cover of cosmic rays that protected the Sun Country from its enemy, the powerful army of Jovas Grid. For the Sun Country was only the brighter half of Venus. Beyond, on the other side of the Venus world, was the Dark Country, where the sun never shone and the natives were hardy, vicious, grasping, ever watching for a chance to swoop down upon the friendly Sun People and take from them the lands that were theirs by right of inheritance. The Dark Country was Grid's country, but he had pledged his life to make all Venus his.

Dan sent out over his beam transmitter the individual password that had been arranged for him before he made this routine visit to the Venusian rocket base and waited for an opening to appear in the formidable barrier, but no passway through the ray cover resulted.

"The fools!" he muttered. "Why don't they open up? I can't spend forever cruising around out here!"

The combined planning of the worlds of the universe had protected Elboya, the largest and most highly developed of the Sun Countries, because most of the worlds were interested in importing Elboyan products, fruits and vegetables that abounded in her fertile valleys.

He signaled again and still the wall did not open for him. Impatiently he began sending out beams in rapid succession, circled high above the red, sputtering blanket of death, daring not to allow his ship to get closer. Dan knew that he had not enough rocket charges to take him back to the base planetoid, or even to the Mercurian fields.

Finally, in desperation, he signaled Mercury. He had no sooner finished the message than he found

of Elboya. Dan landed easily onto the sunbaked surface of the field, alighted at once and hurried directly to the headquarters of Carlton Hill, the American cosmic engineer, who was detailed to the exacting task of keeping the ray tower ever blasting its sizzling protection over the Sun Country. Dan's blood was boiling as he pushed through the doorway into the massive chart-filled office of the engineer.

"Say!" he exploded, "Carlton's going to hear about this! Why'd it take you two Earth hours to open up for me?"

Then he realized that it was not the cosmic engineer's assistant he was talking to, but Vyona Casa, Hill's beautiful Elboyan secretary, the dark, sensitive, warmly emotional creature, so true to her native ancestry. Dan stepped back a pace, noting the flash of resentment in her eyes and the keen hurt in them when she recognized Dan.

"I'm sorry, Vyona," Dan apologized. "I didn't realize it was you. Where's Carlton?"

He shifted his gaze from Vyona to the wall, thence to the windows and finally to the velvet carpet, his face reddening confusedly, for he had hoped to avoid this meeting. Vyona rose gracefully from the desk where she had been seated, came toward Dan with a sort of weaving stride and extended her hand.

"I've been waiting for you, Dan," she said. "I almost thought you weren't coming."

"It's merely routine, Vyona. You know that, don't you?" Dan hesitated. He hated to hurt this simple, fanciful, Elboyan, who had tried in his last few trips to the country to show a personal interest in him, but he knew his words had not been lost to her quick intelligence. Her cheeks flushed slightly, yet she lost none of her perfect poise.

"Oh, it doesn't matter, really, about that," she drew a handkerchief from her pocket and wiped her eyes. "But what I'm concerned about now is murder—the murder of Carlton Hill!"

Dan stood for a moment, puzzled, his eyes scanning the girl's features, looking almost hopefully for some evidence of ill placed mirth, but her face was tragically calm.

DAN GETS A STRANGE RECEPTION

that he had contact with the Elboyan field headquarters. Soon a gap was opened and he nosed his ship through it into the protected area. Heading on toward the Venusian rocketport, he watched in his visor plate and saw the ray blanket close behind him.

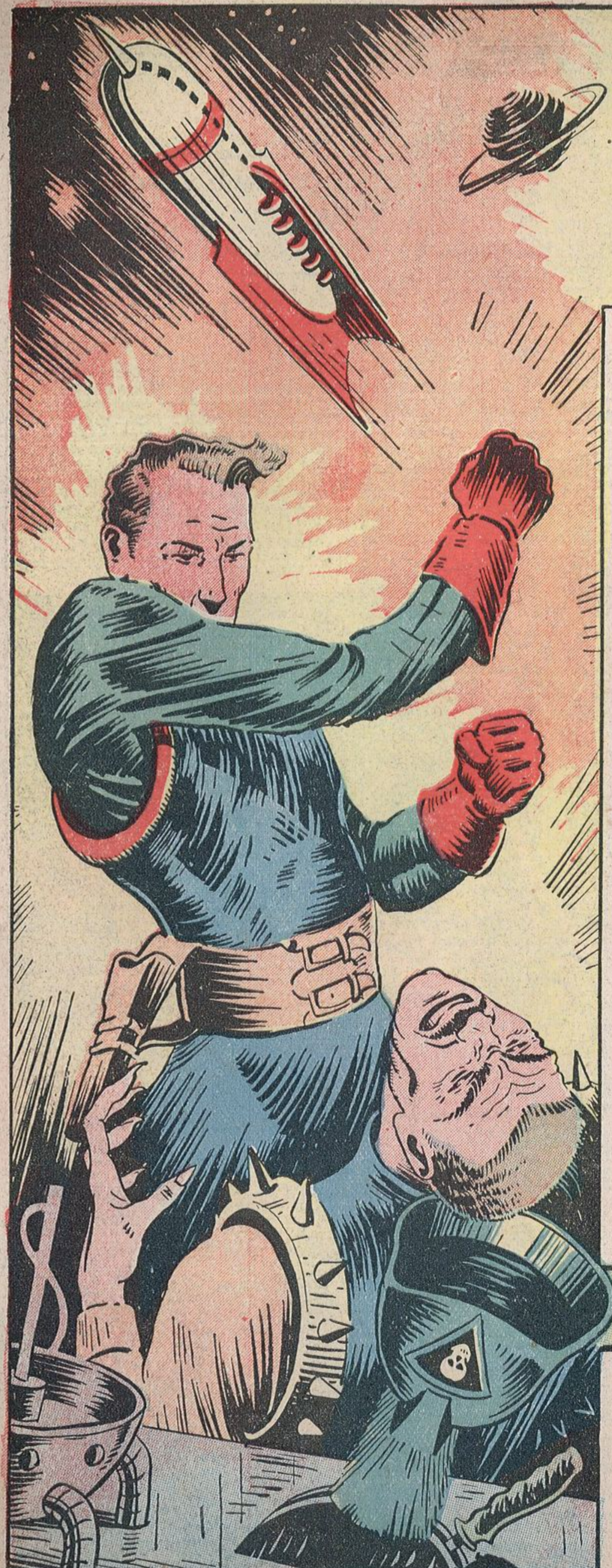
The landing field was directly in the center of Medro, the capital of Elboya. At the base of the huge ray tower was the head office of the Venusian rocketport, the offices of the foreign embassies of the Inter-Stellar League, and the central governing offices

"Murdered! . . . Carlton Hill. . . murdered, Vyona!"

"Yes. It happened yesterday." She was weeping now.

"But how? Why . . . ?"

"He got back here yesterday, early, after a trip into the dark country. He went out of the office on some business, intending to stop at the inter-stellar office for the purpose of sending a report of his visit to Grid to the Mercurian base. Then outside the



transmitting office it happened . . . They called me on the . . . the visiphone . . . Her voice choked intermittently with emotion and she had trouble to continue. "When I got down to him he was dead."

"He had no known enemies?" Dan asked.

Vyona shook her head.

"But I . . . I can't understand. It's quite a shock . . ." Dan pondered thoughtfully. "Where is the body?"

"It's at the morgue," she said. "Disposal will be made tomorrow."

"I'd like very much to see him."

Vyona's lips forced a smile, but her facial expression showed no intent of thought in the words which followed mechanically.

"I'll be glad to go with you, Dan," she said. "But I have some details to attend to right now. Suppose we make it after twilight; it's not quite so warm then. And although no one is usually allowed there at that time. I'm sure I'll be able to arrange it."

"In the meantime," Dan decided, "I'll stop at the barracks and get a little rest."

Vyona walked with him to the door

* * * *

The warm twilight of the Venus Sun Country somewhat lessened the terrific heat of the midday holdover. Medro, the capital city of Elboya, and center of its activities, was a massive metropolis near to the dark country's border, where the short nights were shaded by a hazy twilight, never dark, but less bright than the other inhabited parts of the country.

Dan took Vyona's arm and led her off the sky car platform high above the streets and passways. There was something swift and moving in the forward striding of this forceful girl beside him that was gracefully unhurried, withal. Between them little was said, although Dan could sense a sort of strained

electrification in their association, as if something beyond his control was pending.

Reaching the funereal building that towered high above even their great elevation, they left the tram car and entered the marble corridors through massive gates, where Vyona presented her credentials to a guard, who passed them through after some hesitation. By means of elevators they descended fast and silently to the lowest level, under the land surface. Here in huge refrigerated vaults were the deceased of Medro still waiting burial.

Their footsteps echoed down the long corridors, past heavy black doors. Vyona trembled like a frightened child, clinging hard to Dan's arm. Dan could sense a cold loneliness creeping over him as if the hands of Death were reaching out the black recesses on every side. At last Vyona stopped, drew a key from the pocket of her street jacket.

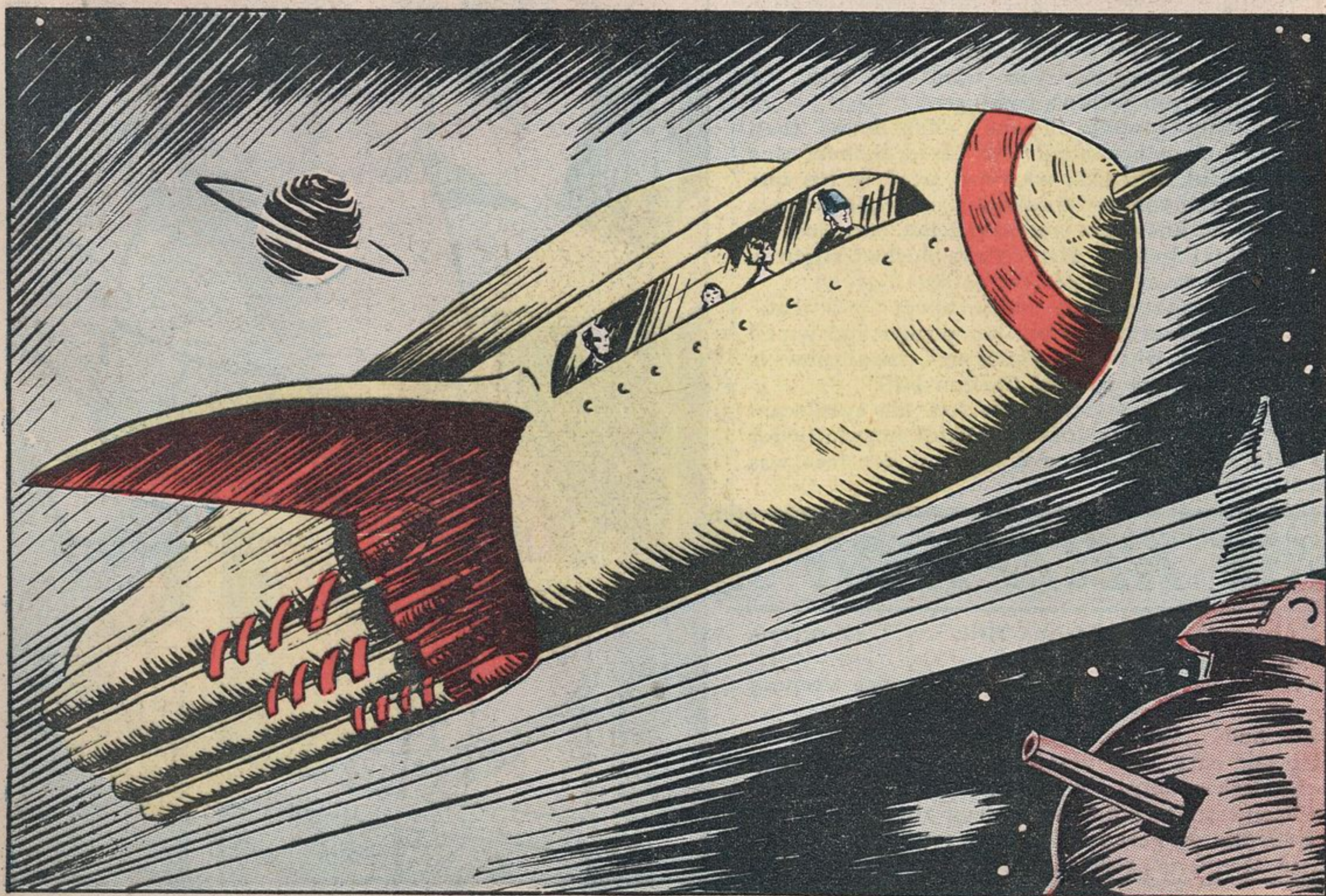
"He's in . . . there," she said, her voice pitched high, as if bordering on hysteria.

"Let's not spend any more time than necessary," Dan suggested. "I see that it'll be hard enough for you, Vyona." She allowed a sob to escape her lips.

"Oh, Dan, he was so kind . . ."

Dan opened the vault door silently, waited for Vyona to step forward, then entered beside her. Carlton Hill's body lay on a table that was covered entirely by a large glass case, looking like a mummy exhibition in one of the great museums. Dan stood reverently looking down at the body. Vyona had crossed the room. She stood with her back to Dan, faced the wall and wept uncontrollably.

"I don't like this business, Vyona, not one little bit," Dan mumbled, more to himself than to the girl. She offered no response and actually Dan had hardly expected one. Nevertheless, he looked in her direction merely from the mandate of habit and at once stood still in mute surprise.



Vyona was standing there at the wall, her mouth agape, seemingly frozen to the spot. From an opening in the wall near where she stood, the cruel vicious face of Jovas Grid smiled grimly, a gnarled hand held a ray gun at her. Dan moved his hand quickly to his own holster and immediately Grid blazed at him, shattering the glass case over the corpse to bits with a tremendous crashing. Dan ducked behind the pedestal; Vyona shrieked and Grid shot out the dim light!

Immediately Dan sprang toward the trap door. He could hear Vyona's voice trying to speak past a muffling hand. He dove into the general direction of the noise of men and struck out wildly, daring not to flash his ray gun. For men were gripping him even now, choking him . . . dozens of them, clawing like cats that can see in the darkness. He was close enough now to hear Vyona struggling, when suddenly something cracked down hard on his skull and a ray gun flashed. Then the lights went out for him.

* * *

Dan came to in the darkness with a sickening numbness in the top of his head and a painful stiffness in his body that told him he had lain there on the floor for some time. He was cold and weak and only slowly did his thoughts clear up.

Rising slowly to his feet, he took a small flashlight from his pocket, focused its rays upon the walls and ceiling. Not a single evidence of a doorway! The panel had been replaced in the wall! Dan began to run his fingers lightly over the imitation wood graining of the metallic barrier between him and Grid's unsuspected avenue of access to the vault. He must use the greatest possible caution, for he was certain that Grid had left him for dead.

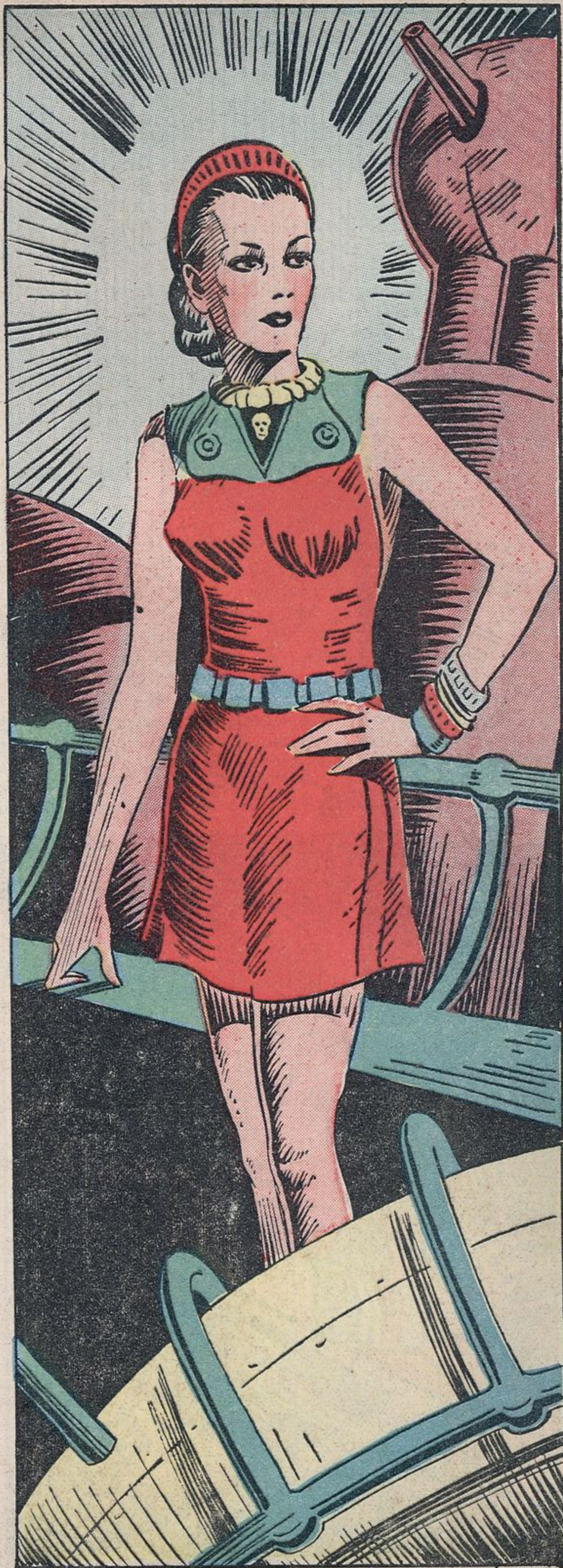
Then, tapping gingerly over the surface, he noticed a hollow sound over a small area of the panel. It was plain that all locking and unlocking of the passageway had been done from the outside, so risking the danger of being heard, Dan drew his ray gun and shattered the metal, burning around the edges until he could push the panel outward.

He stepped out into the tunnel. It was dark and damp and the smell of freshly dug earth struck his nostrils! The tunnel had been dug in from the main passage, an underground roadway that led from all parts of the city to the ray tower and was constructed under Medro as an avenue of escape to the residents of the city in case of an attack from the air. Dan marveled at the ingenuity of Grid in cutting a passageway to the morgue vault for his meetings with Carlton Hill—for he was certain now that Hill had had contact with the war lord of the Dark Country.

Dan had never suspected Hill of being in league with Grid. But how could the great ray blanket have been shut down to allow those from the Dark Country to enter? And the fact that Vyona had thought Grid to be in the Dark Country gave him every reason to believe that Hill, inadvertently or otherwise, had given him entrance.

He'd have to work fast, for he knew that if he didn't find Vyona at once her life would not be spared by the unscrupulous enemy. Perhaps even now it was too late! Nor had he any idea as to how much time had passed since he had been struck, and he expected that at any minute someone would come to check up on his and Vyona's absence. Their pass to the vault had been limited to the equivalent of two Earth hours!

Furthermore, to protect Vyona, he'd have to handle this job single handed! If others learned of Grid's activities they'd start pursuit, which would be disastrous to the girl's safety, for Grid would stop at





nothing. Dan reached the underground roadway, dark and deserted and started into a half run, depending on his keen sense of direction to lead him to the tower.

* * * *

With his ray gun leveled, hoping for the good fortune that had brought him thus far, Dan waited inside the automatic elevator until the indicator showed him he had reached the control room of the ray tower. If Jovas Grid was inside the control room, on the other side of the metal elevator guard door, he would have heard Dan's ascent and doubtless he would be standing ready for him.

Dan pressed the button and the guard door opened, revealed Grid there, his ray gun already drawn! At the moment of his recognition of Dan he snarled and his gun blazed. But Dan, anticipating this, had stepped back into the protection of the elevator and the rays burned harmlessly into the metal behind him.

Then Dan fired, his rays burning so close to Grid's hand that the war lord twitched and spoiled his own aim. Dan sprang forward, covering the other.

"Your game is up, Grid," Dan growled in Grid's own language. "You might as well admit it!"

Suddenly one of Grid's confederates came from behind one of the dynamos, blazed his gun in Dan's direction. Dan swerved, let the man have the full force of his ray fire and the Dark Countryman crumbled in his tracks. But Dan's aim had turned from Grid and immediately the enemy gun fired, grazed Dan's shoulder. Dan, in turn shot Grid's gun from his hand, but the burn from Grid's fire momentarily had paralyzed Dan's senses and he dropped his own weapon.

Grid was quick to seize the opportunity. He rushed at Dan, catching up a small piece of metal as he approached.

"Not yet, Hastings," he hissed, bringing down the metal heavily on Dan's shoulder, causing a numbness the length of Dan's arm.

Dan shot out a right that caught Grid flush in the face, sending him spinning about. Then Dan followed up his advantage by springing at Grid, allowing the force of his body to land full in the other's wind. Grid clawed and grappled murderously at Dan's throat, brought his huge bony hand down across Dan's face, cutting off his breath.

Grid all the time was sizzling curses from the tongue of the Dark Country and he pressed his bony fingers hard on Dan's throat. Dan struggled, choked, then wrenched his body desperately, writhing out of the other's death grip, caught Grid by the hair of the head, rose to his feet, dragging Grid after him into an upright position. Grid rushed madly at Dan with a roar of rage and Dan coolly let go a hard right that caught the war baron between the eyes. Grid toppled for a moment, then sank to the floor with a groan.

Dan straightened himself, breathing heavily, when a voice behind him spoke.

"You're not through yet, Dan. You have me to deal with!"

Dan wheeled about, unwilling to believe his ears and found himself facing Vyona, her lips drawn finely into a thin line, her eyes blazing.

"You, Vyona! What are you doing? I thought

"You thought you were going to have everything your own way, didn't you?" There was triumph in the girl's voice, a triumphant note that could come only from vengeance of the heart. "You thought you had only to arrive on the scene and Elboya would be safe! But you didn't reckon on Vyona!"

"Don't, Vyona! You don't . . . you can't know how wrong you are!"

Vyona's voice trilled shrilly. "Wrong? You think I'm wrong to accept the power of the empress of Elboya? I'm wrong to accept the honor of being the wife of Jovas Grid, overlord of the Sun Country?"

Dan could not suppress a chuckle as he looked down on the crumpled person of the war lord, prone on the floor of the control room.

"He looks like an overlord," he observed with evident sarcasm. "How does he expect to overcome Elboya?"

"Perhaps you wonder how Grid got into the country?"

"I did wonder," Dan answered. "But now I can see it was you."

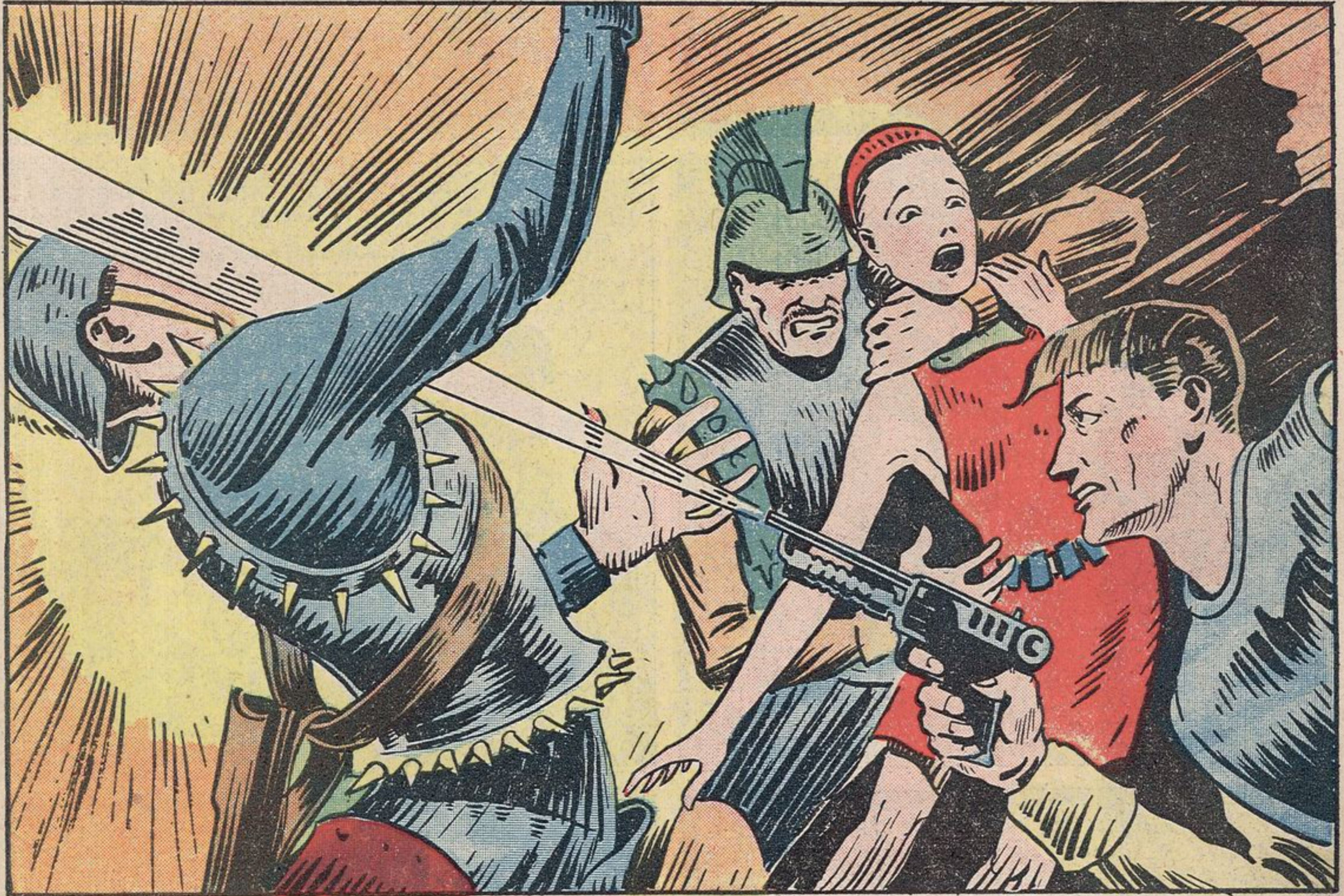
"And if I have been able to get him through the ray wall, I will have no trouble now in passing his

sputtering of the rocket ships. He went to the window, while Vyona waited, her gun leveled. Dan turned, laughing, and Vyona contracted her brow into a frown.

"Now YOU look, Vyona . . ."

She hurried anxiously to the tower window. "Oh!" she gasped, "You . . . you . . ." But in her excitement she had forgotten about the gun she had leveled at Dan, who moved quickly, wrested it from her. "Earth squadrons!" she exclaimed.

"From the Mercurian base," said Dan. The girl swayed, caught herself. "Stronger and greater than any force that Grid could ever muster!" He waited a moment for his words to take effect, then added, "I didn't fight Grid because I was afraid he'd conquer Elboya; I was afraid for you. But when you



men."

"His men!" Dan exclaimed. The girl's eyes shone with mad luster.

"Yes, a whole squadron! A plot was hatched down in the vault where Carlton Hill was laid after Grid murdered him!" She went toward the great dynamos, began turning off the generators. "See?" she said. "You may have wondered why it took so long to let you into the country. That was because I had to let Grid know you were coming!" Dan took a step forward and Vyona's gun came up threateningly.

"Vyona, you're a little fool!" Dan's voice showed his exasperation.

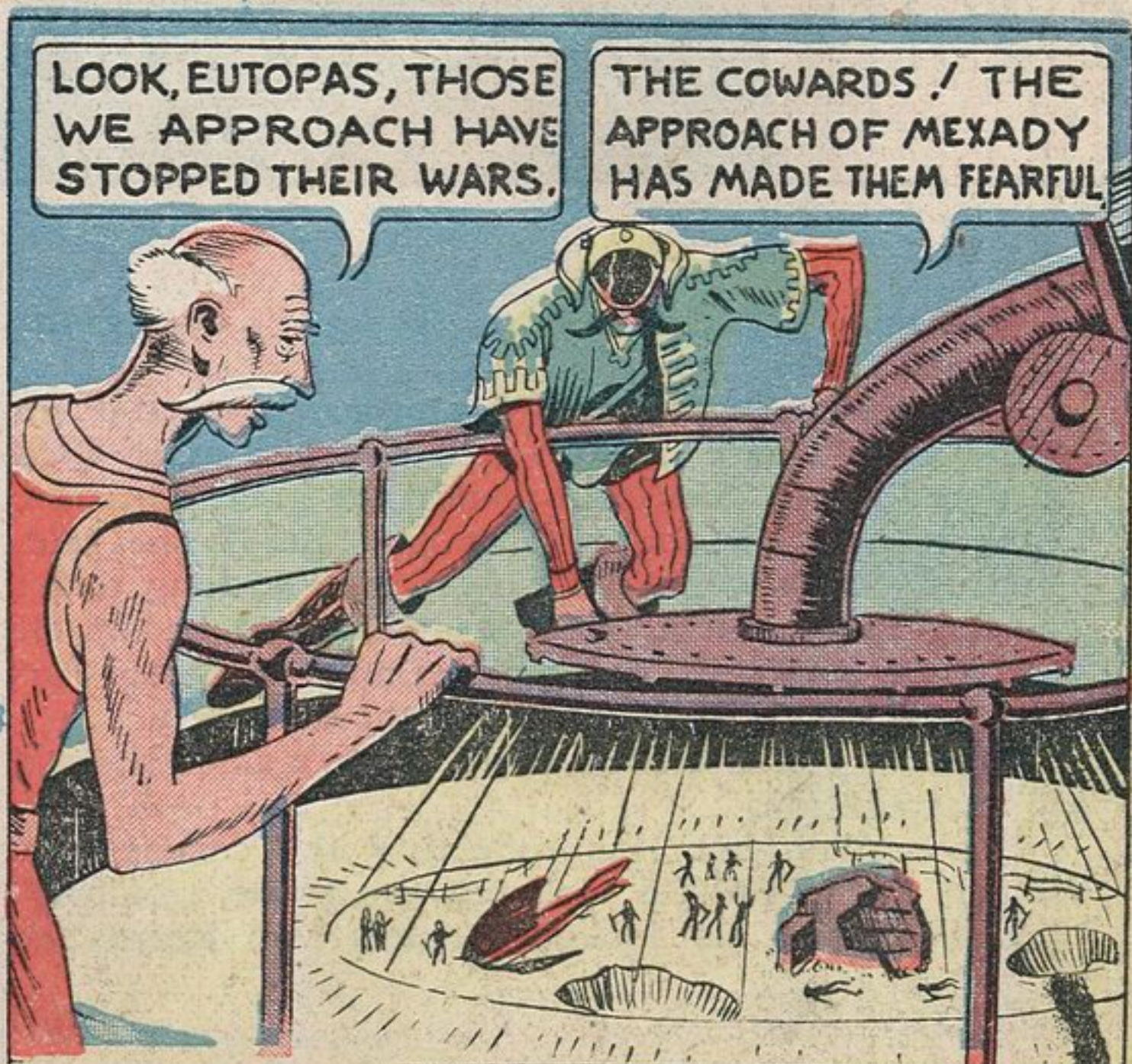
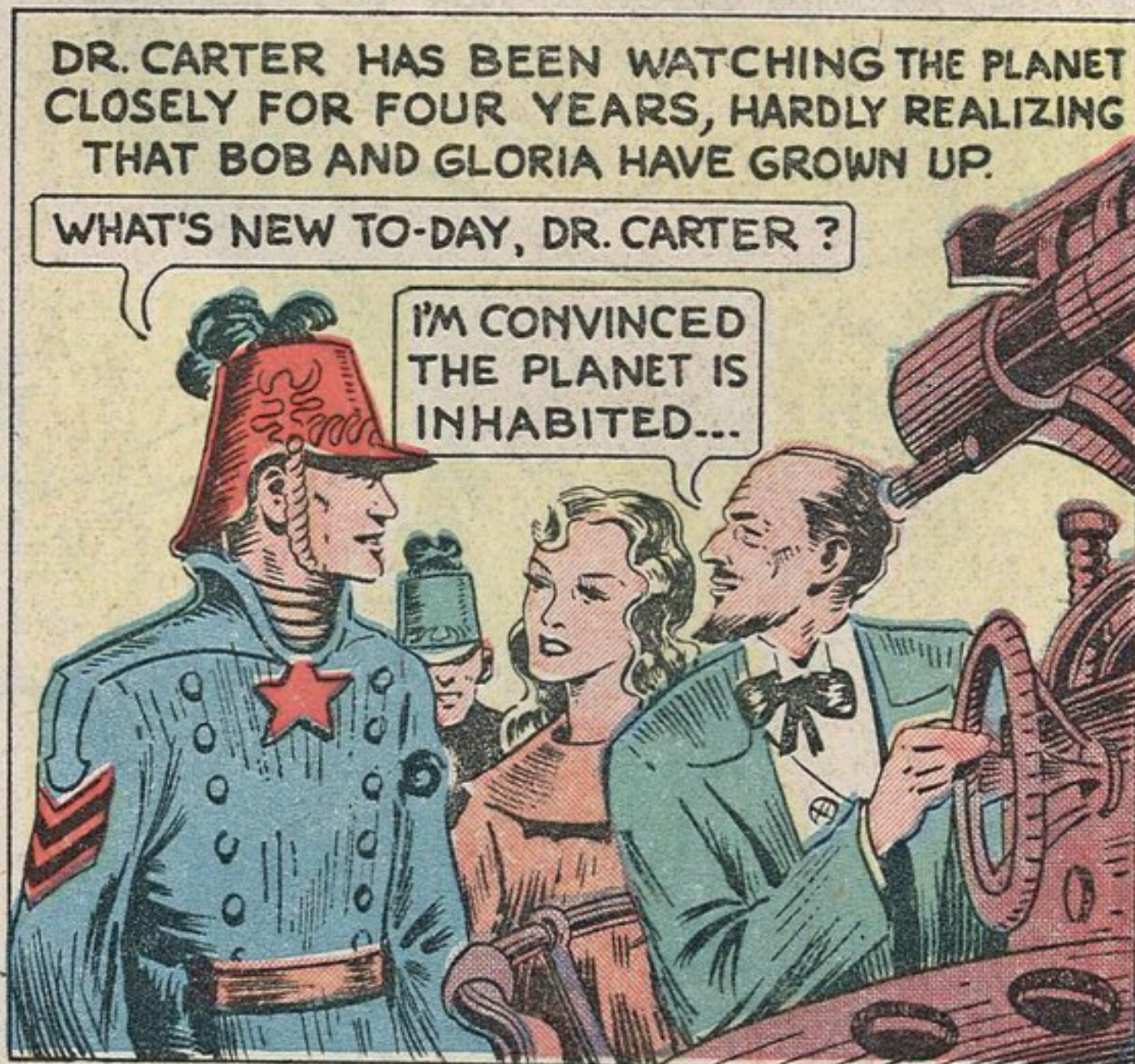
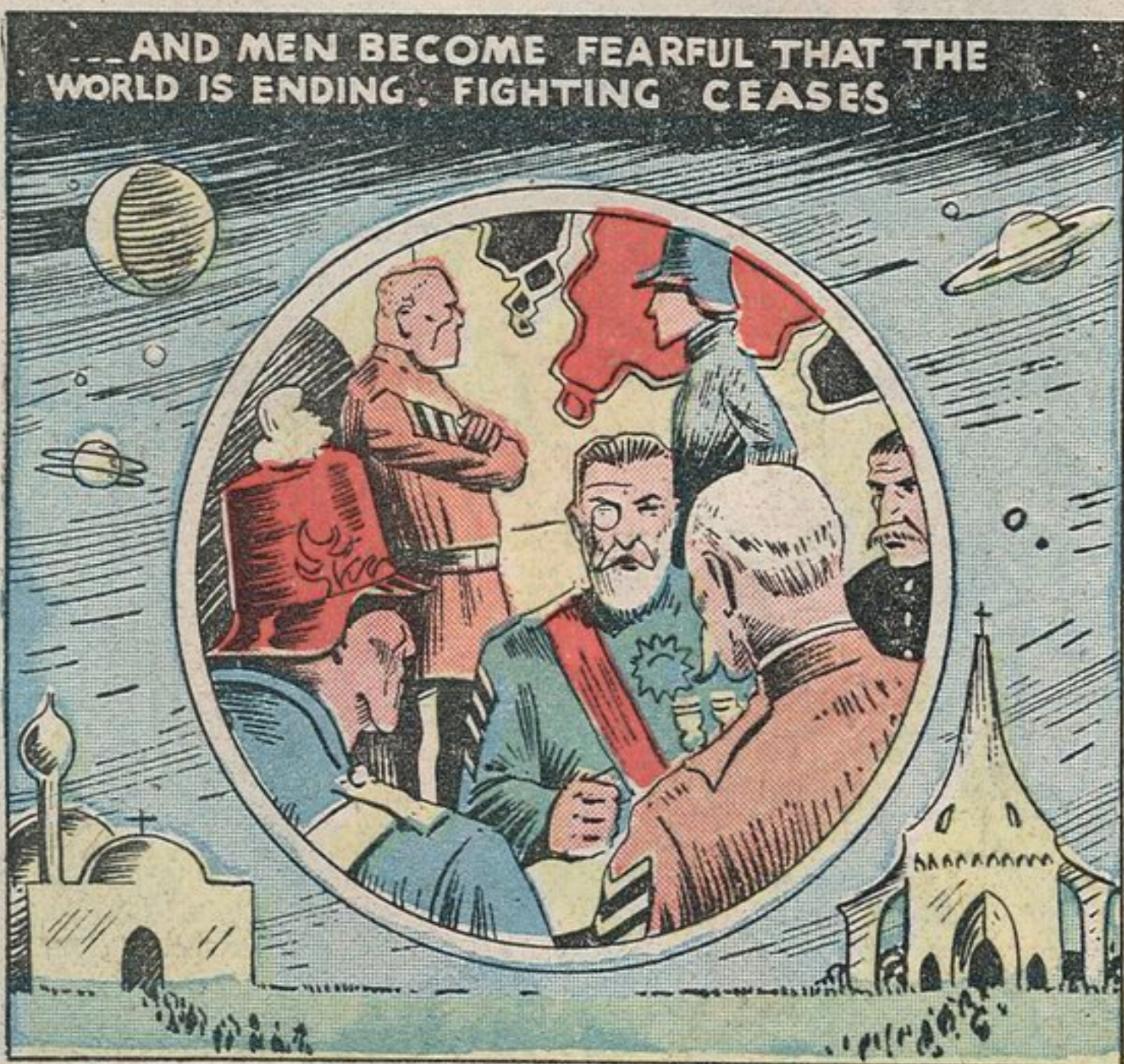
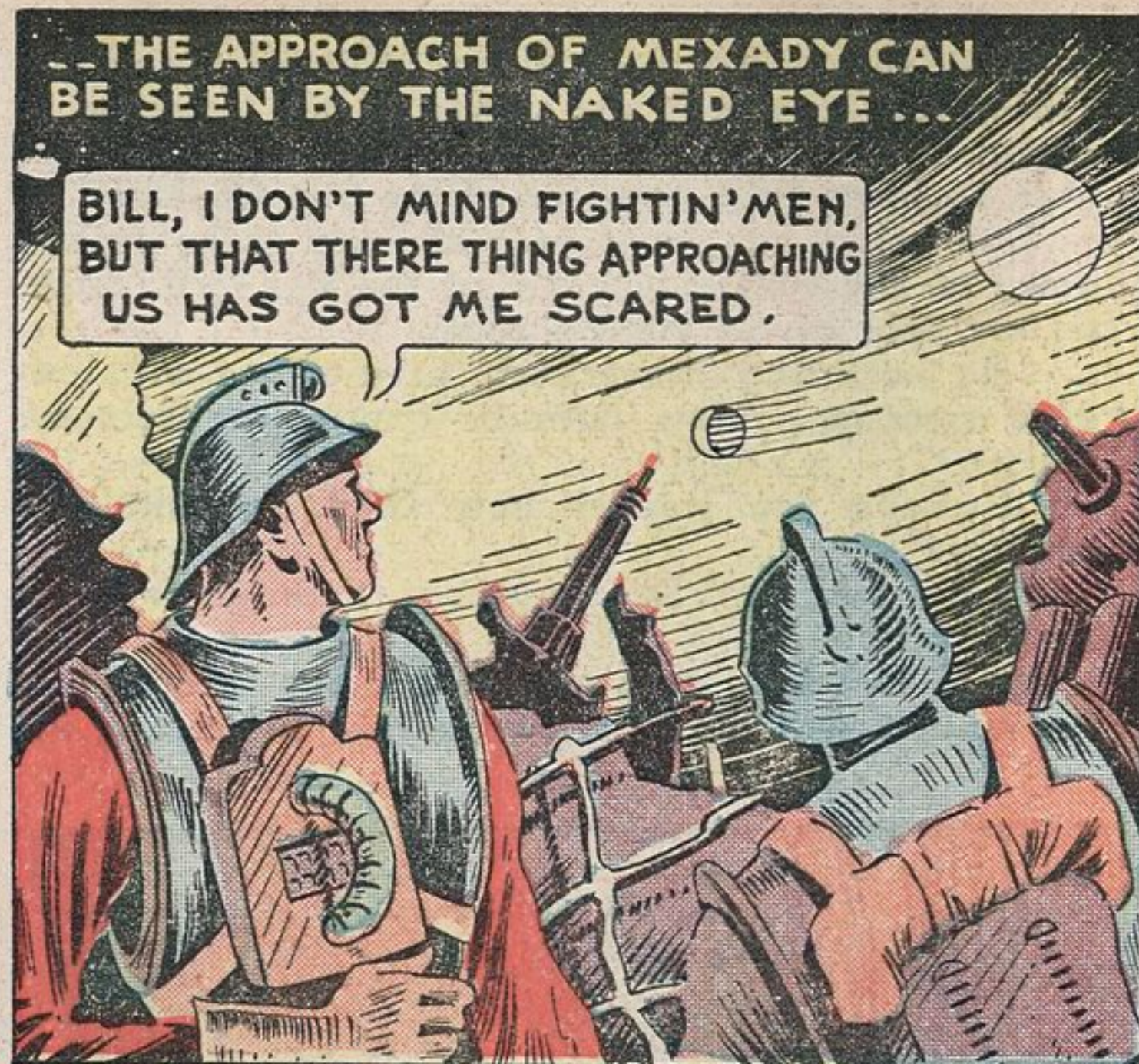
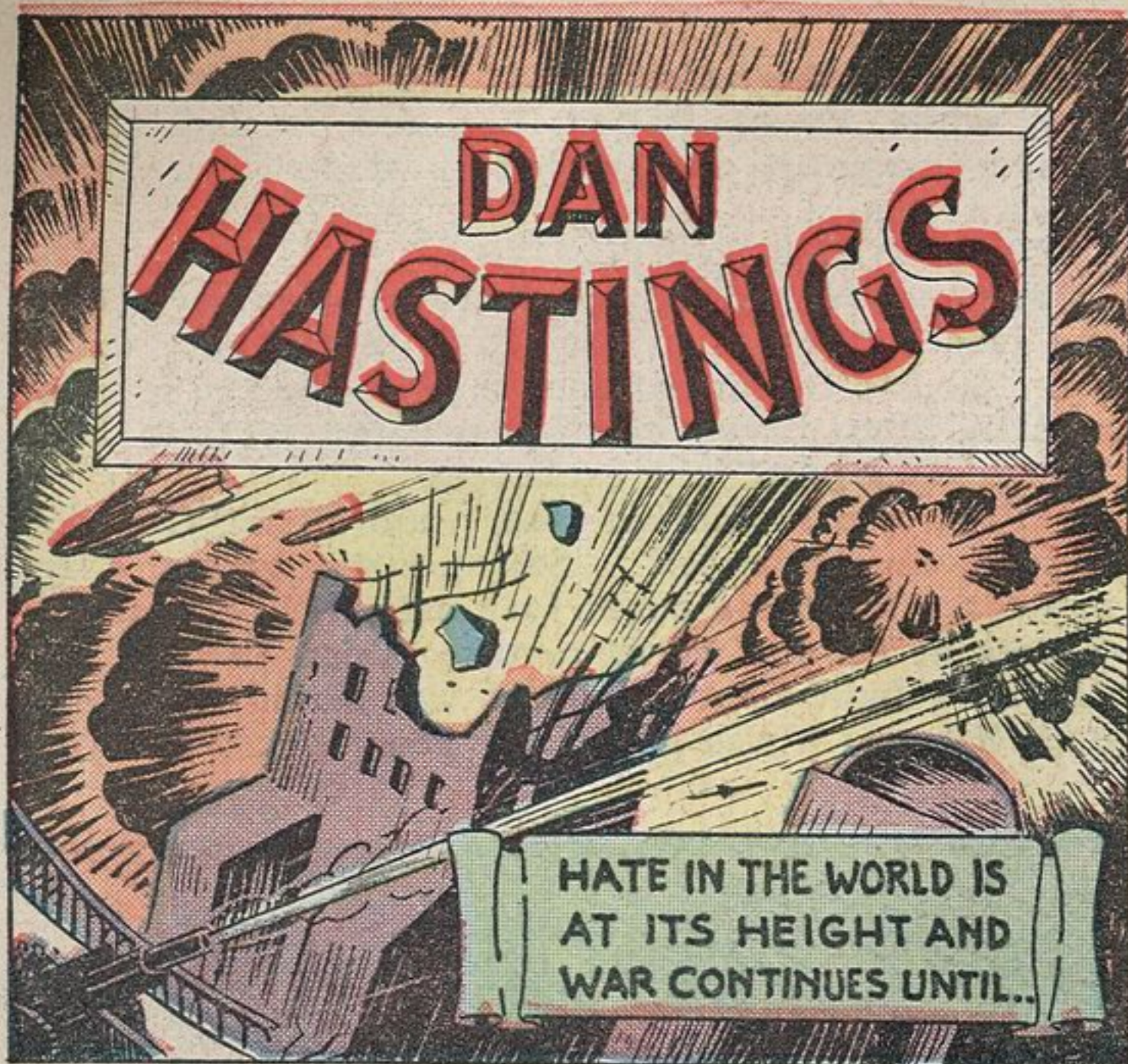
She smiled, her lips reflecting the sureness of victory. "Am I? Go look out the tower window!"

Even before he looked outside Dan heard the

showed me your true colors, it made things a lot easier for me. When I couldn't get into Elboya through the ray wall, I signaled for help, knowing there were rocketship maneuvers in this vicinity from the American base."

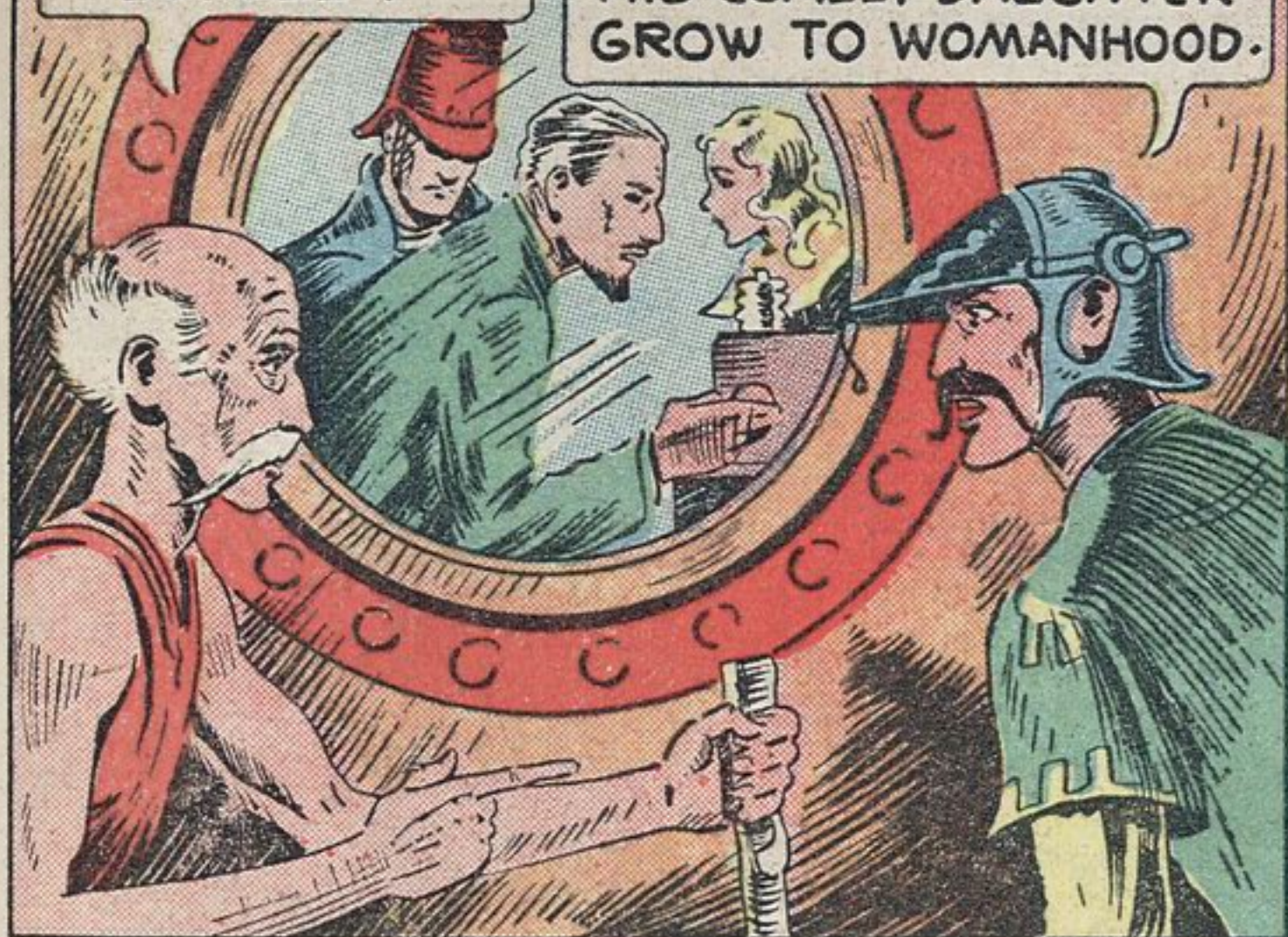
Already there were men getting ready to come up into the tower room. Dan could hear the automatic elevator machinery beginning to grind. Vyona stood white, trembling.

Dan spoke softly, almost sympathetically, saying, "I know you're not inherently a criminal, Vyona, and I know you've learned a lesson. You can't escape punishment, even if you be allowed to go free; your conscience will torture you a thousand times more than any prison chains. However, I'll recommend mercy . . ."

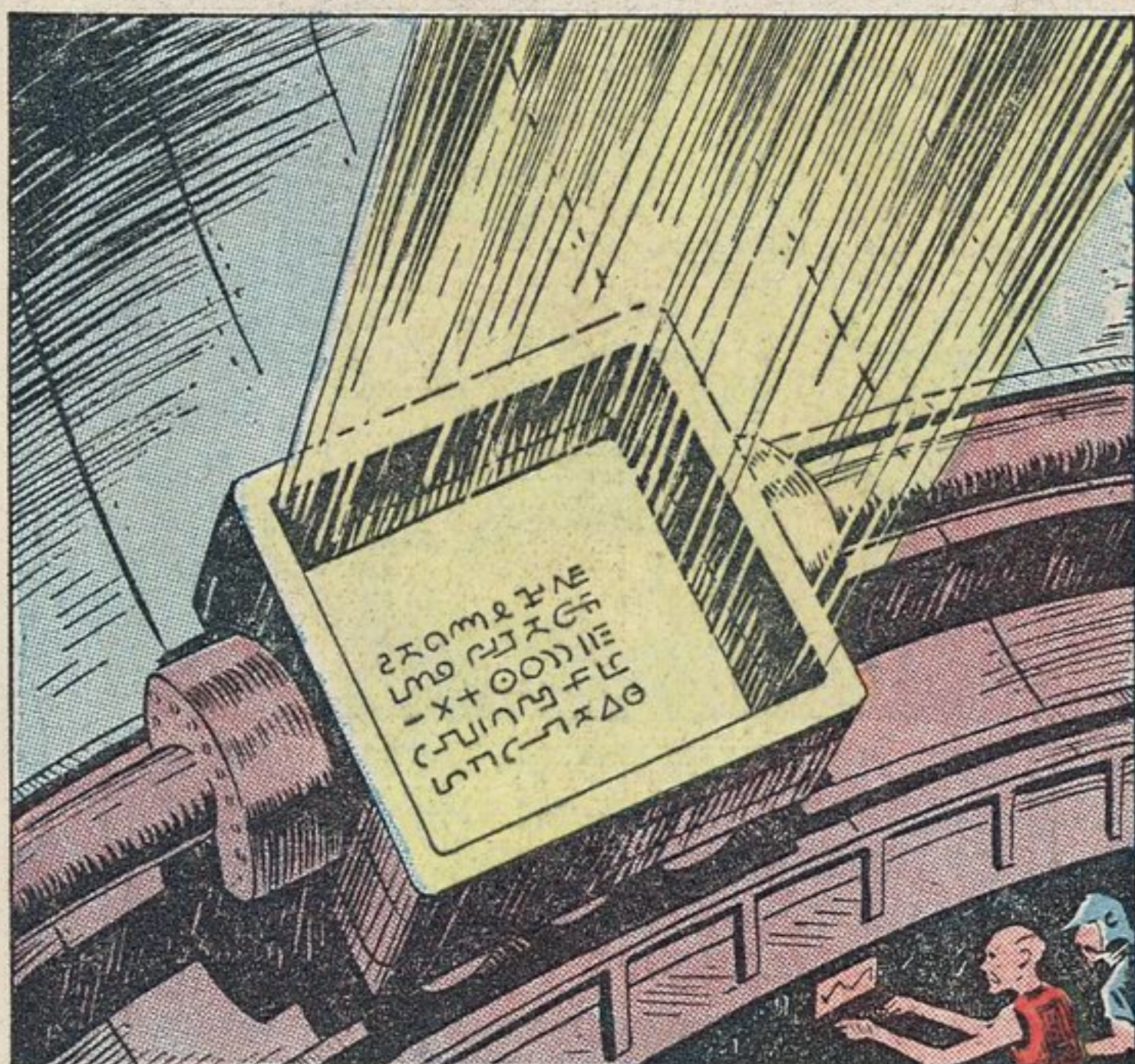


AND ONE OF THEIR
FRAIL RACE IS TRY-
ING TO CONTACT
US. SEE ?

IT IS THE ONE WHO HAS
BEEN WATCHING US FROM
THE FIRST AND I'VE NOTICED
HIS COMELY DAUGHTER
GROW TO WOMANHOOD.



AS A WIFE SHE'LL SERVE
ME WELL, I'M SURE. CON-
TACT THEM, URSULIS !
SEND A GREETING ! THEY
MUST NOT SUSPECT !



DAN ! BOB ! GLORIA ! IT'S
A MESSAGE FROM THEM !
TELL THE WORLD, BROAD-
CAST THE NEWS !!!

DON'T TELL ALL, DR.
CARTER. WITHOUT
FEAR WE WILL
SOON BE AT WAR
AGAIN.

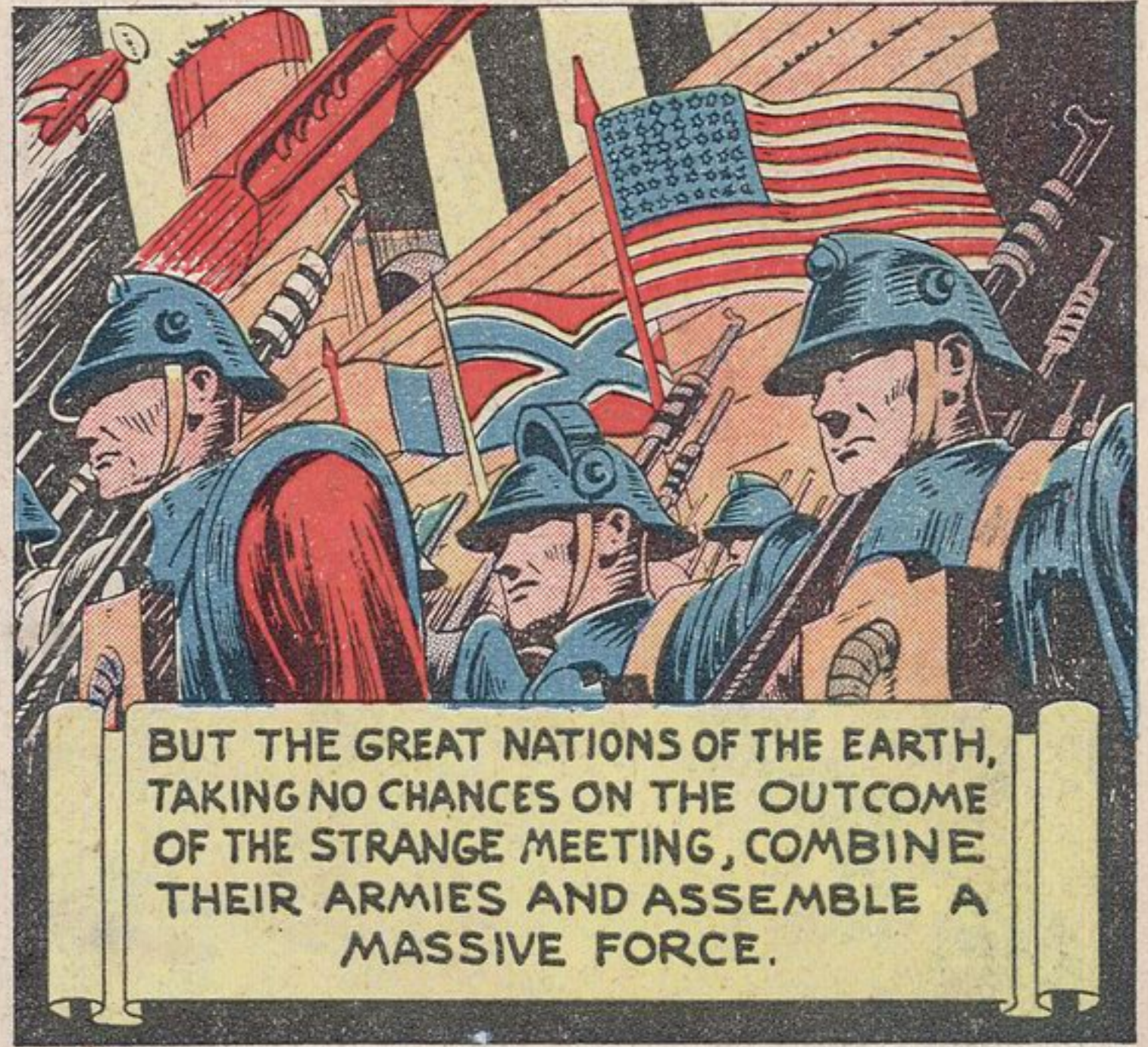
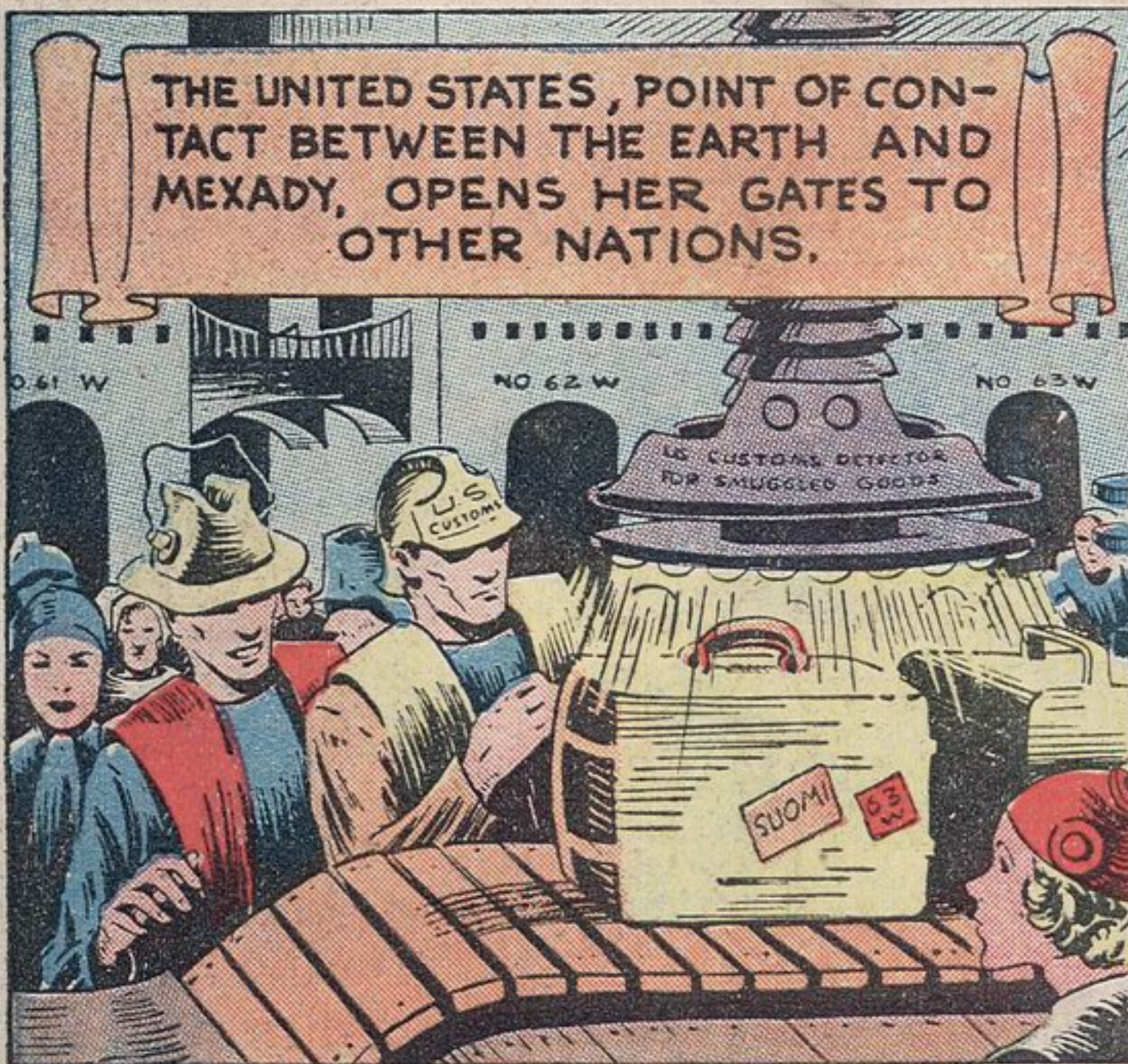
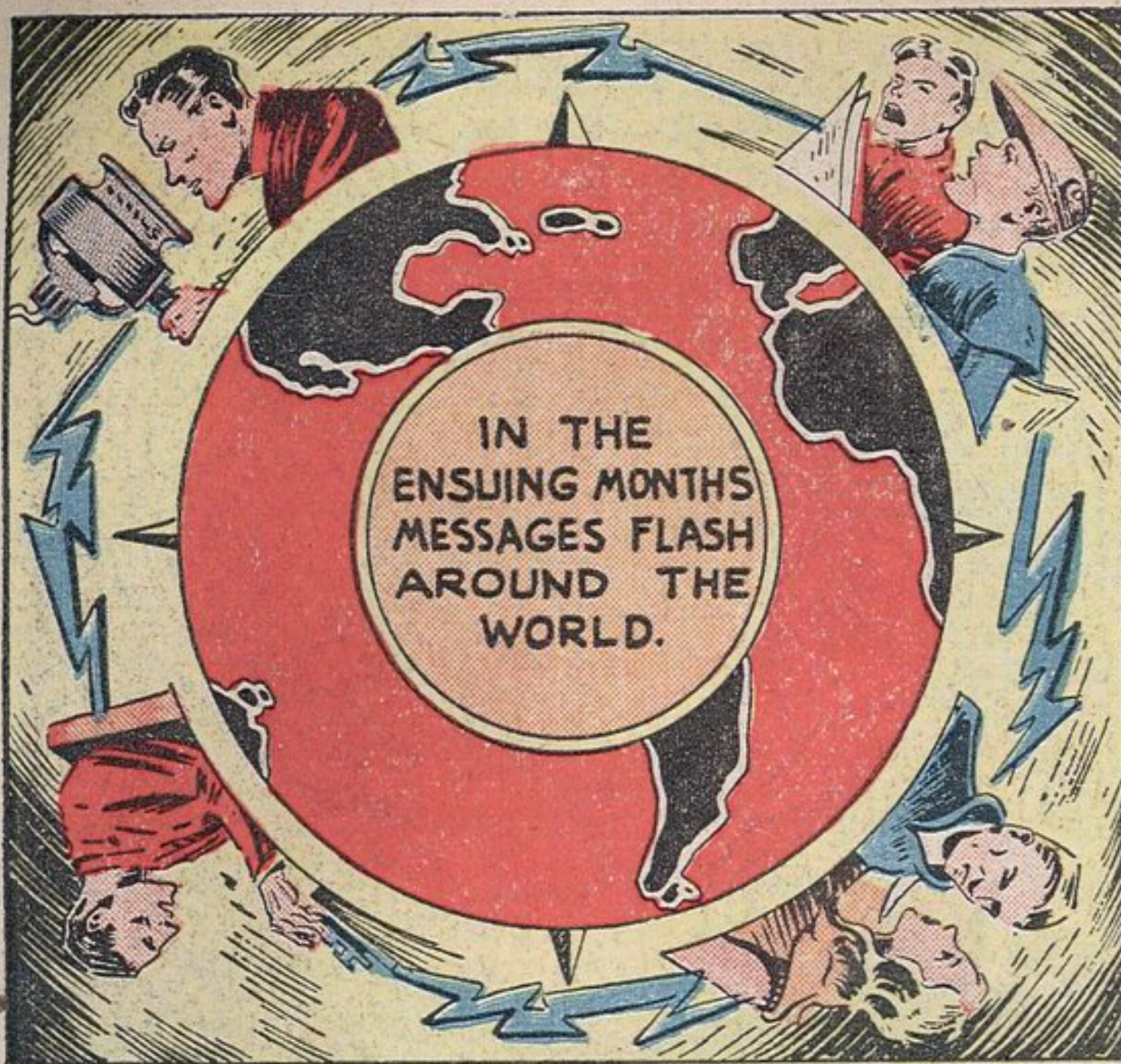


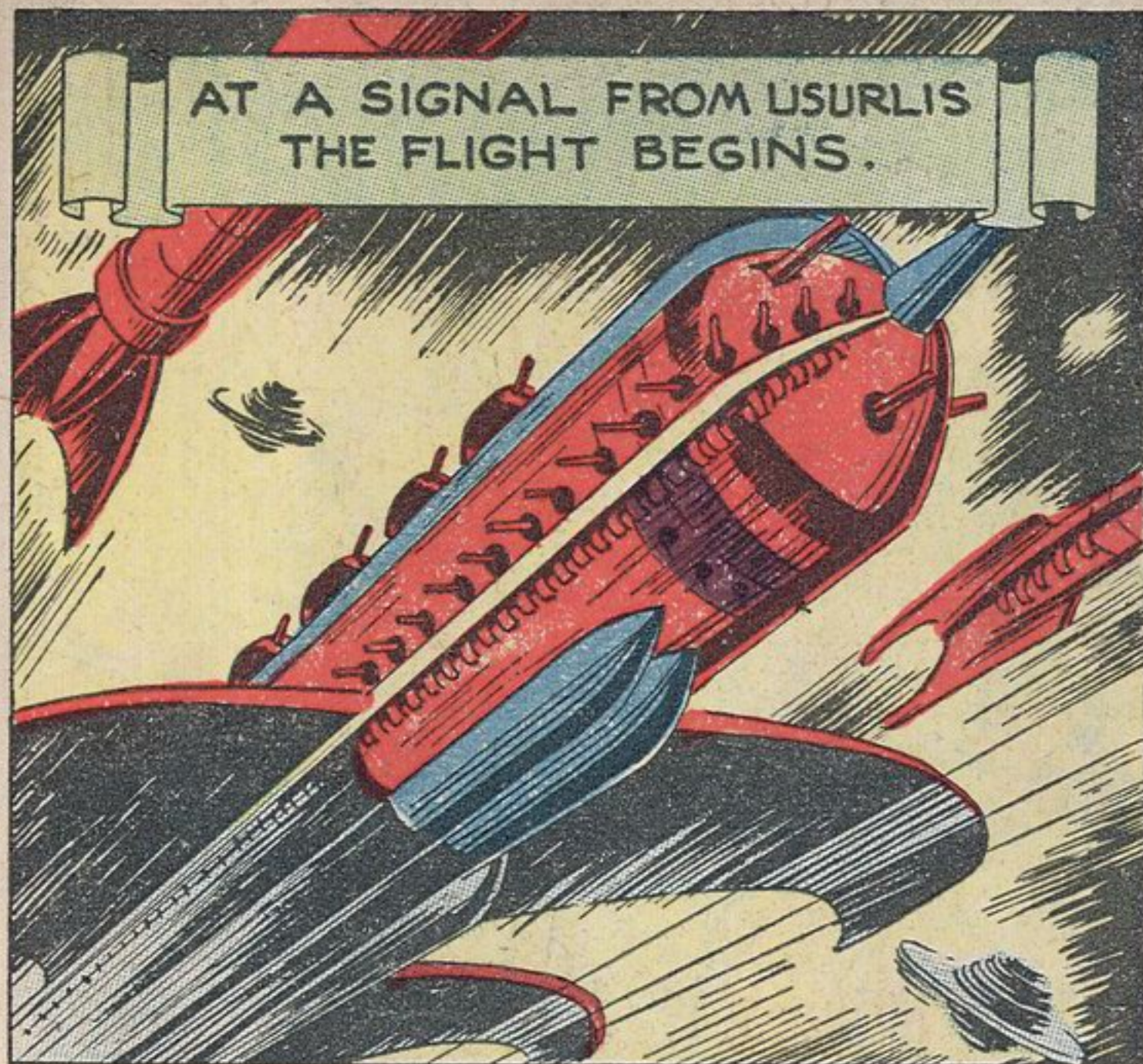
AND IN THE COURSE OF TIME.

AND THERE YOU SEE THE PLANET
STOPPED IN SPACE, FOR THERE
IS NO COMET-LIKE TAIL TRAIL-
ING IN THE HEAVENS. A MAR-
VELOUS PHENOMENON OF
SCIENCE ... !

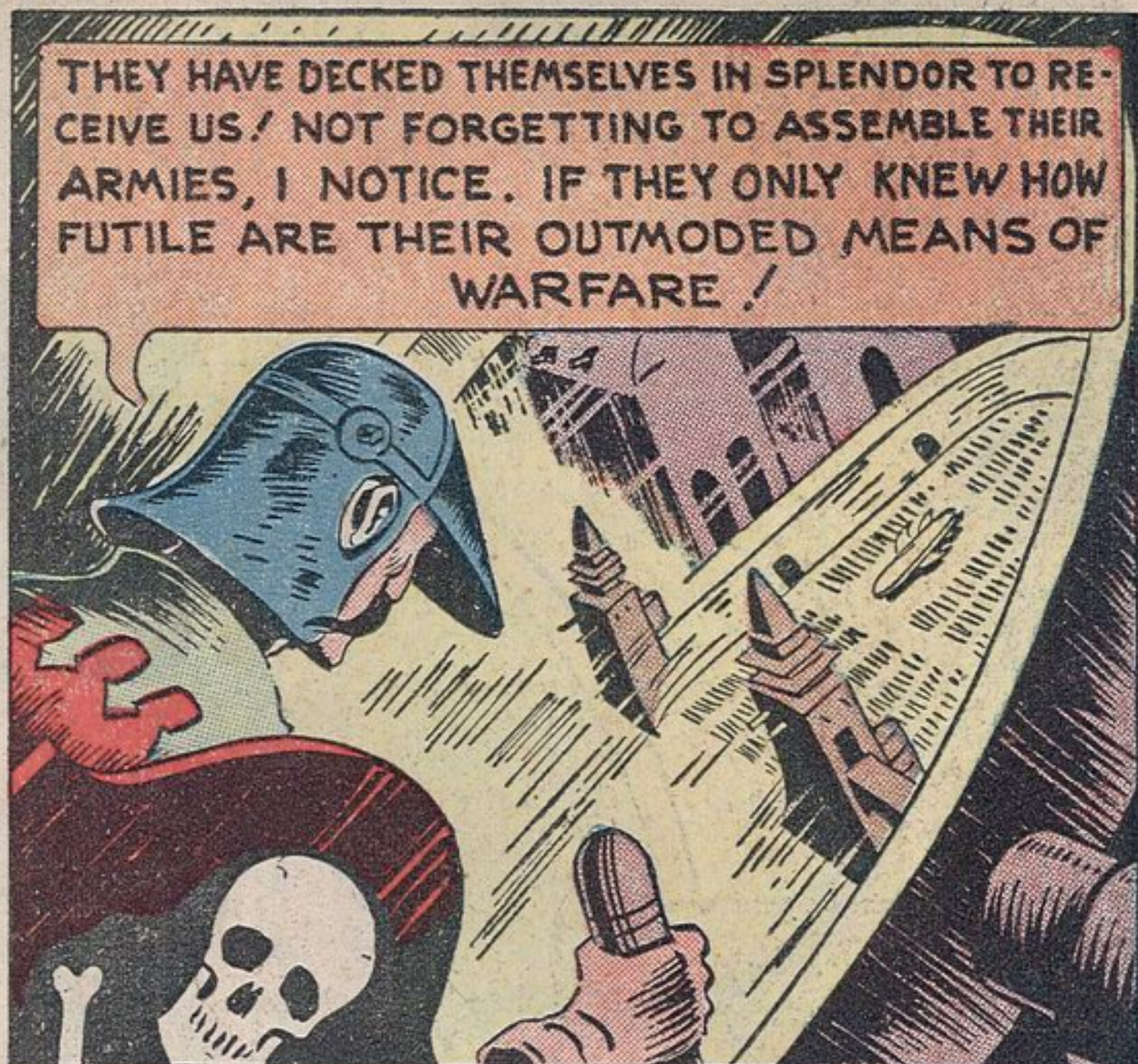


YOUR NAME WILL GO DOWN
IN HISTORY DR. CARTER.

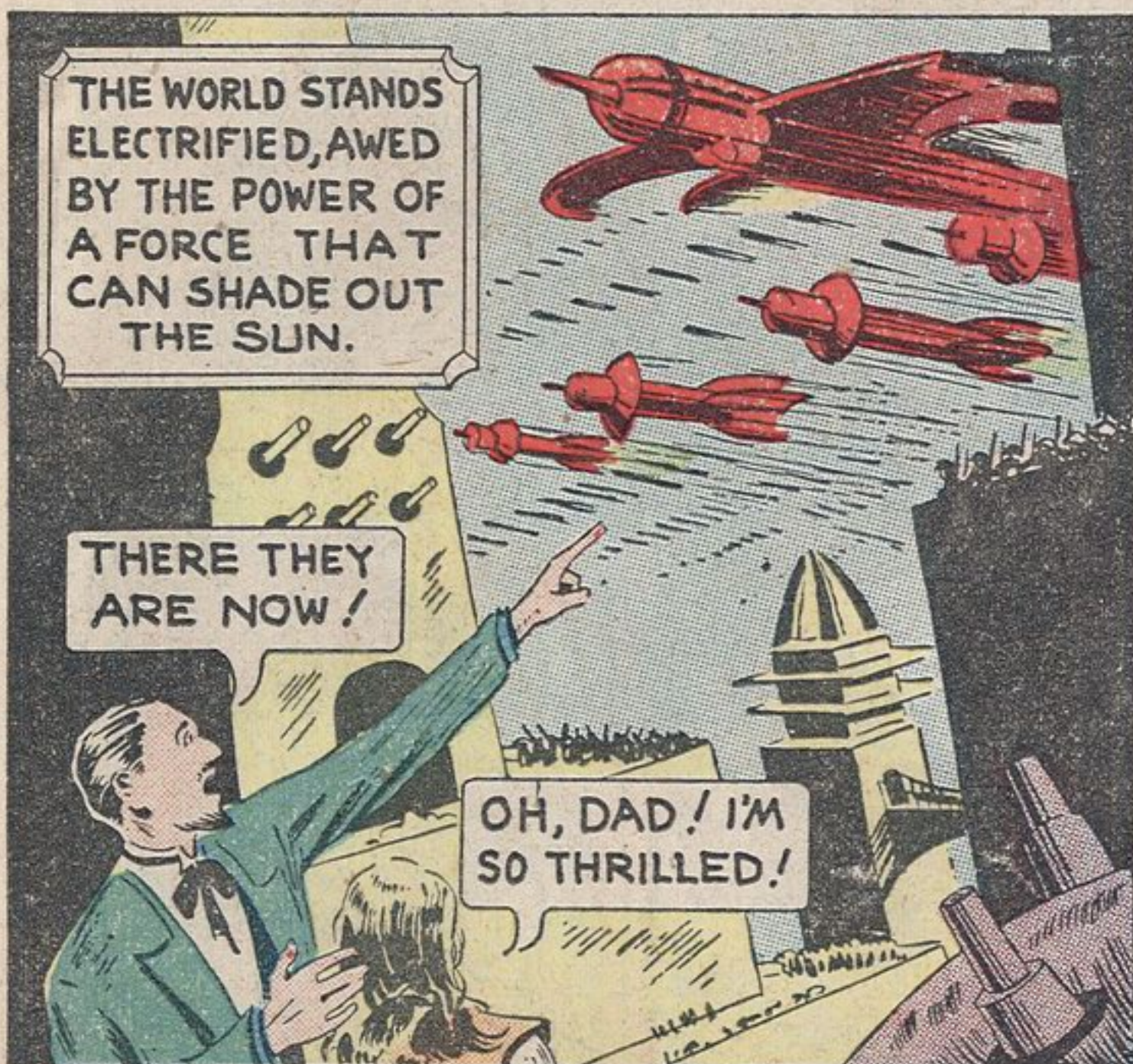




AT A SIGNAL FROM USURLIS
THE FLIGHT BEGINS.



THEY HAVE DECKED THEMSELVES IN SPLENDOR TO RE-
CEIVE US / NOT FORGETTING TO ASSEMBLE THEIR
ARMIES, I NOTICE. IF THEY ONLY KNEW HOW
FUTILE ARE THEIR OUTMODDED MEANS OF
WARFARE !



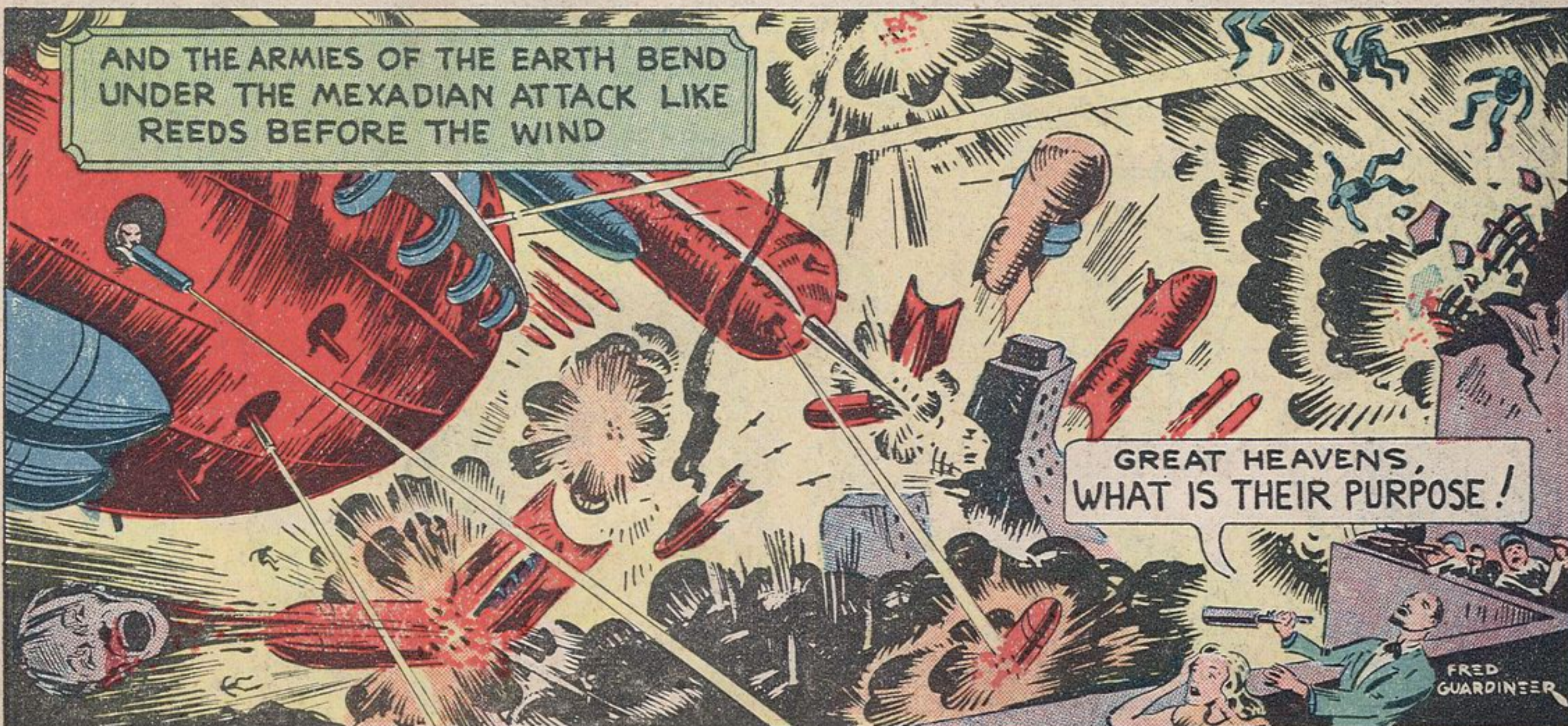
THE WORLD STANDS
ELECTRIFIED, AWED
BY THE POWER THAT
CAN SHADE OUT
THE SUN.

THERE THEY
ARE NOW !

OH, DAD ! I'M
SO THRILLED !



THE ARMIES ASSEMBLE ON THE FIELD AND
AN ESCORT RISES TO MEET THE VISITORS.



AND THE ARMIES OF THE EARTH BEND
UNDER THE MEXADIAN ATTACK LIKE
REEDS BEFORE THE WIND

GREAT HEAVENS,
WHAT IS THEIR PURPOSE !

FRED
GUARDINEER

WORDS THAT RING THROUGH THE MISTS OF TIME

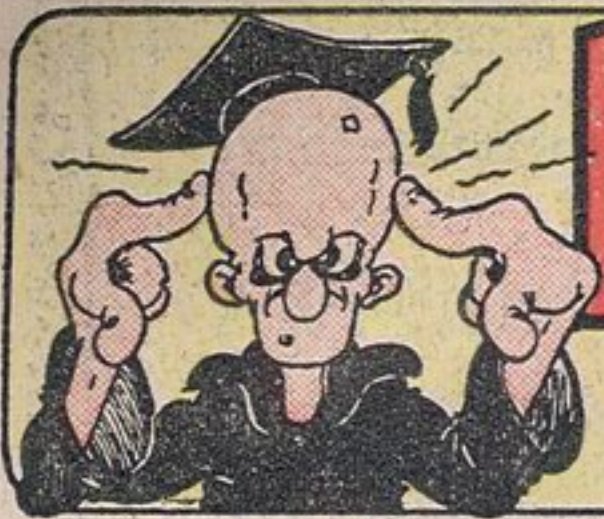
BY
H.C. & A.D. KIEFER





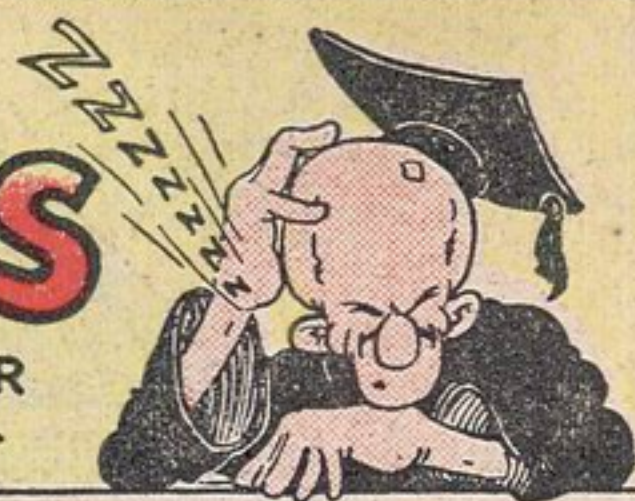
CORNELIA, MOTHER OF
CAIUS AND TIBERIUS
GRACCHUS, KNOWN AS
THE GRACCHI, WAS A
PATRICIAN, BUT VERY
POOR, IN WORDLY GOODS.

ONE DAY THE WEALTHY CLAUDIA, WISHING TO IMPRESS CORNELIA WITH THE GREAT VALUE OF HER POSSESSIONS, CALLED UPON HER, DISPLAYING HER JEWELS AND ORNAMENTS—"AND NOW, CORNELIA, WHERE ARE YOUR JEWELS?" SHE ASKED WITH SNOBBISH SUPERIORITY. DRAWING HER TWO SONS TO HER, CORNELIA REPLIED: **THESE ARE MY JEWELS.**



Brain Teasers

ADDRESS ALL ANSWERS TO THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE, OR
IF MORE CONVENIENT TO YOUR LOCAL MORGUE.



WHAT BOOK DOES THIS
REPRESENT ?

HOW ARE YOU,
OLIVER ?

GREAT, BUT DON'T
TWIST MY HAND.



FIRST PRIZESIX BOXES OF BURNT
OUT MATCHES.
SECOND PRIZE ...TWO PASSES TO THE
LOBBY OF YOUR
NEIGHBORHOOD THEATER.

WHAT IS THE NAME OF
THIS CITY ?

HELLO CHIC, YOU
LOOK GREAT.

Aw GO ON, YOU
KNOW I'M ILL.



FIRST PRIZE FOUR BOXES OF USED
FIRECRACKERS.
SECOND PRIZE... THREE EMPTY POP
BOTTLES.

WHAT WELL KNOWN BALLPLAYER
IS REPRESENTED HERE ?

HOW IS THE BABE
THIS MORNING ?

SHE'S FINE. SHE'S OUT
WITH HER SISTER RUTH.

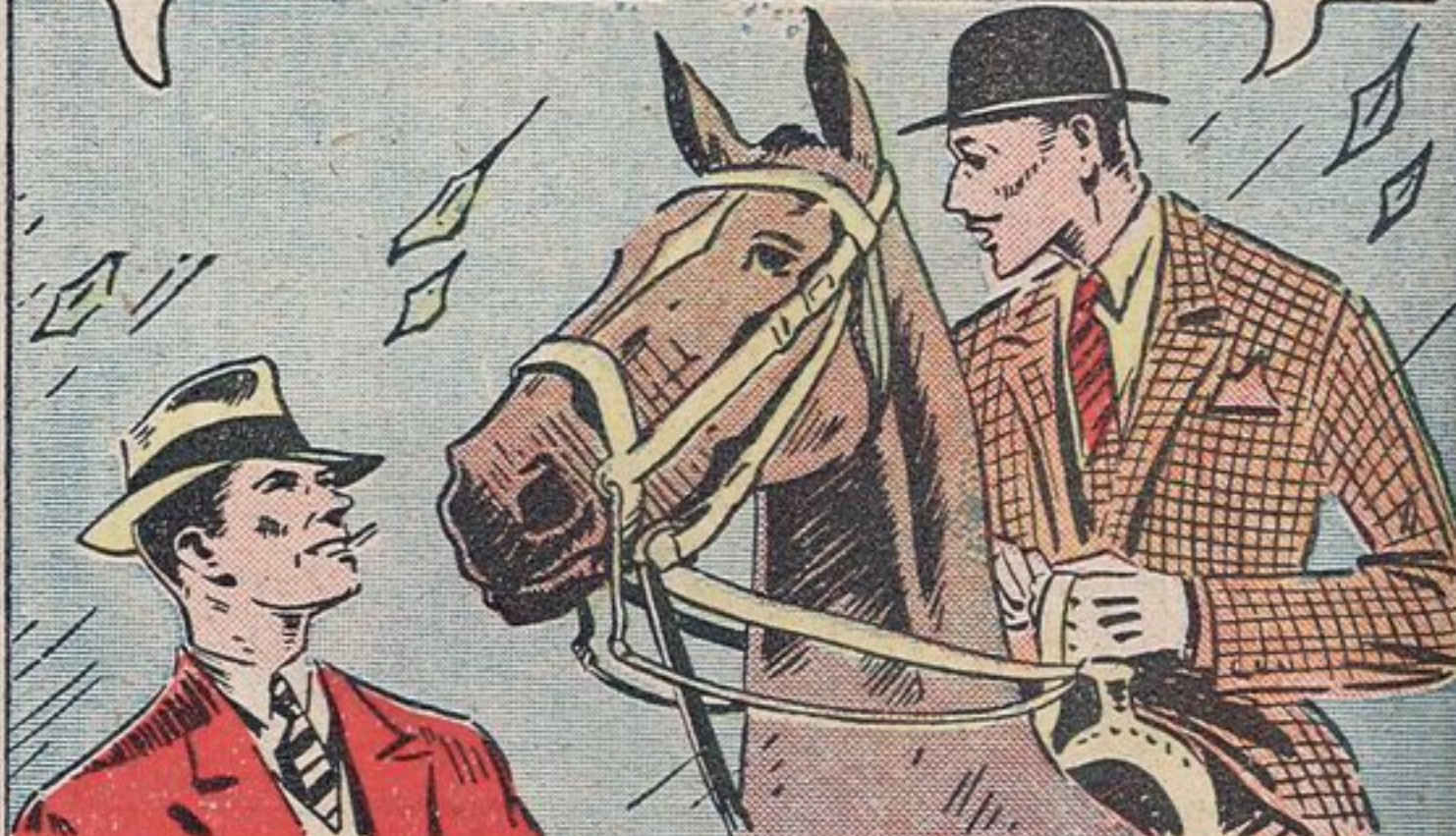


FIRST PRIZETWO POUNDS OF WHITE
LAMPBLACK.
SECOND PRIZE ...A CHEWING GUM DOOR-
MAT.

WHAT RADIO COMEDIAN
IS THIS ?

HELLO, EDDIE —
WHERE YOU GOING ?

I'M TAKING A CANTER
THROUGH THE PARK.



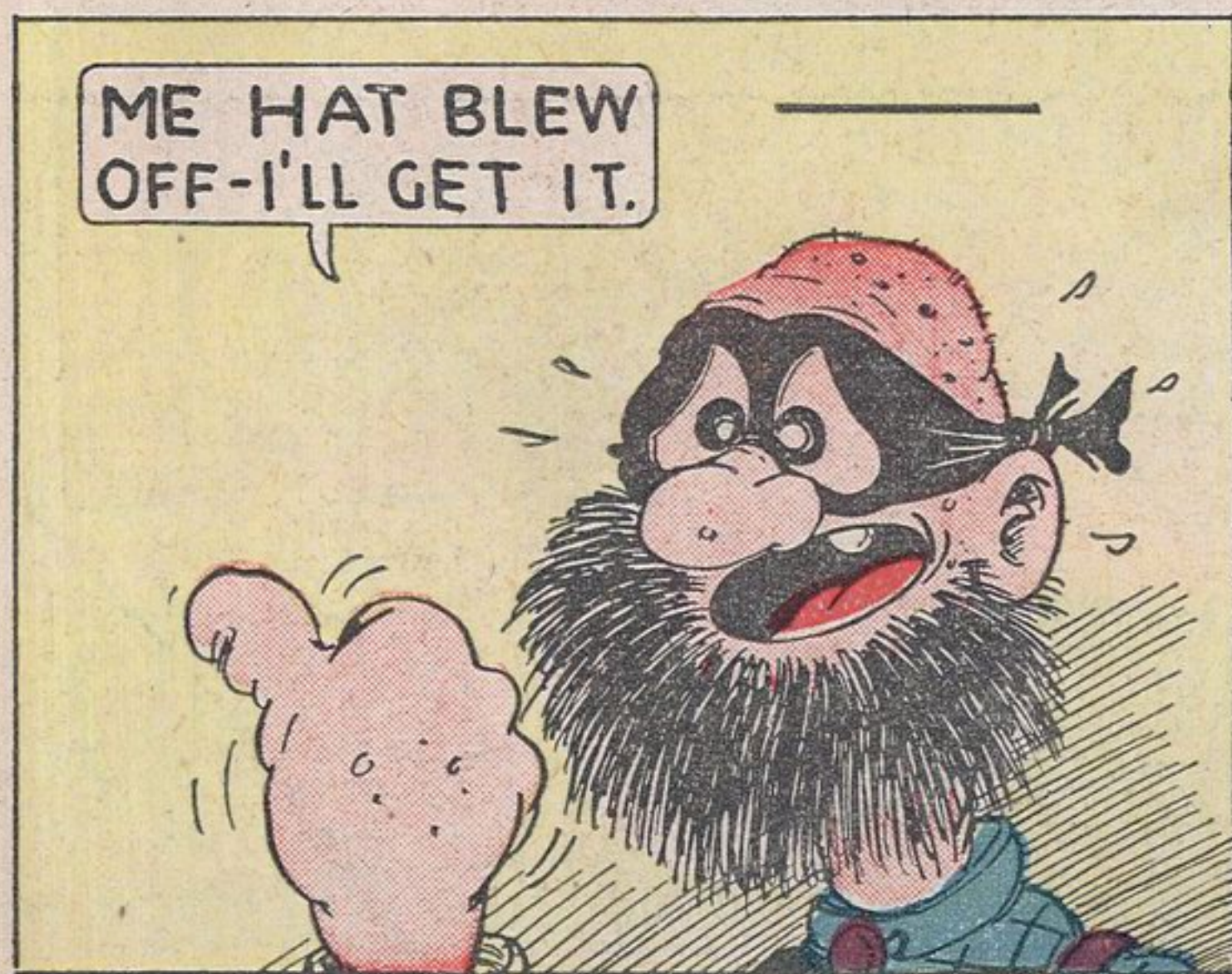
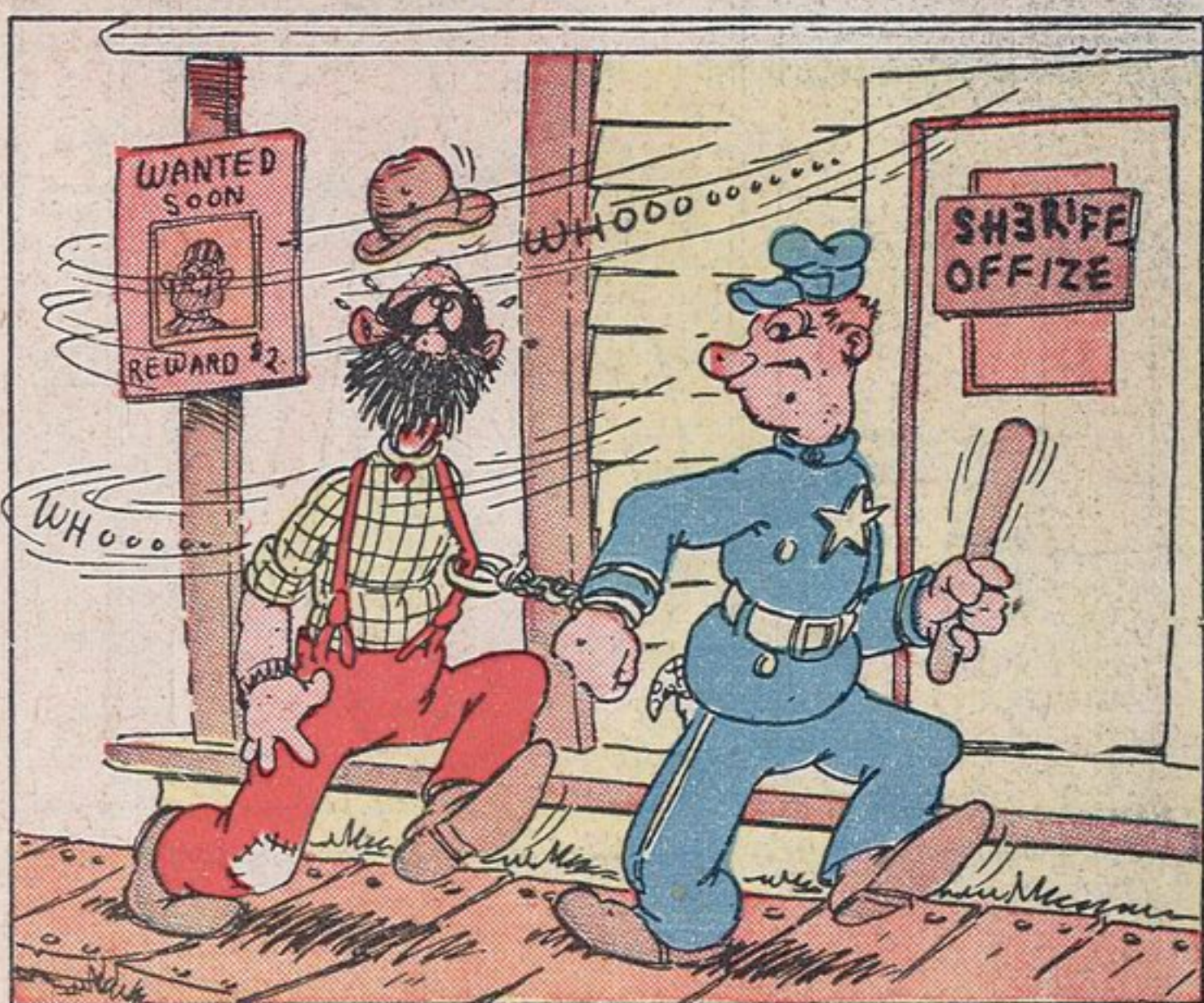
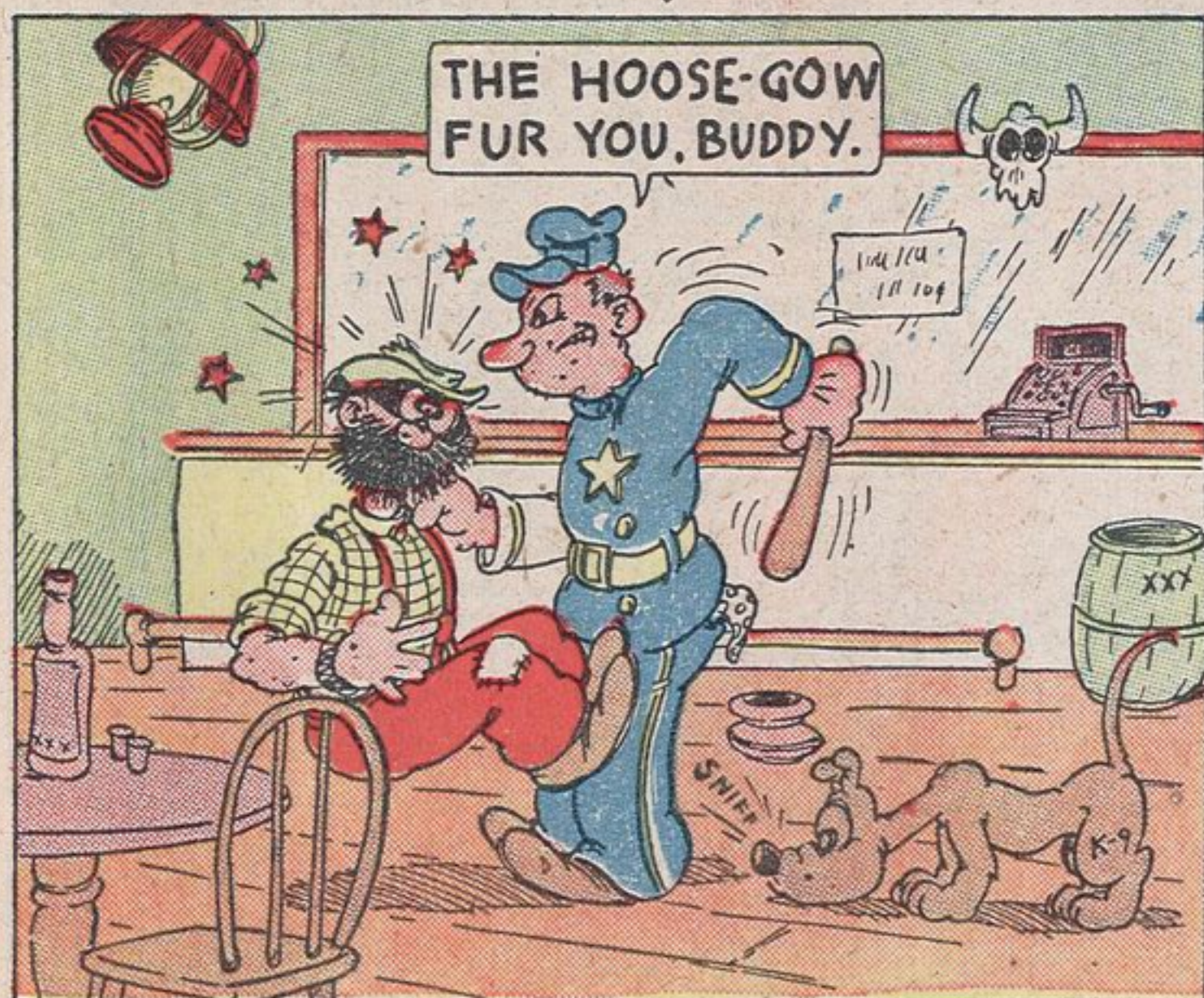
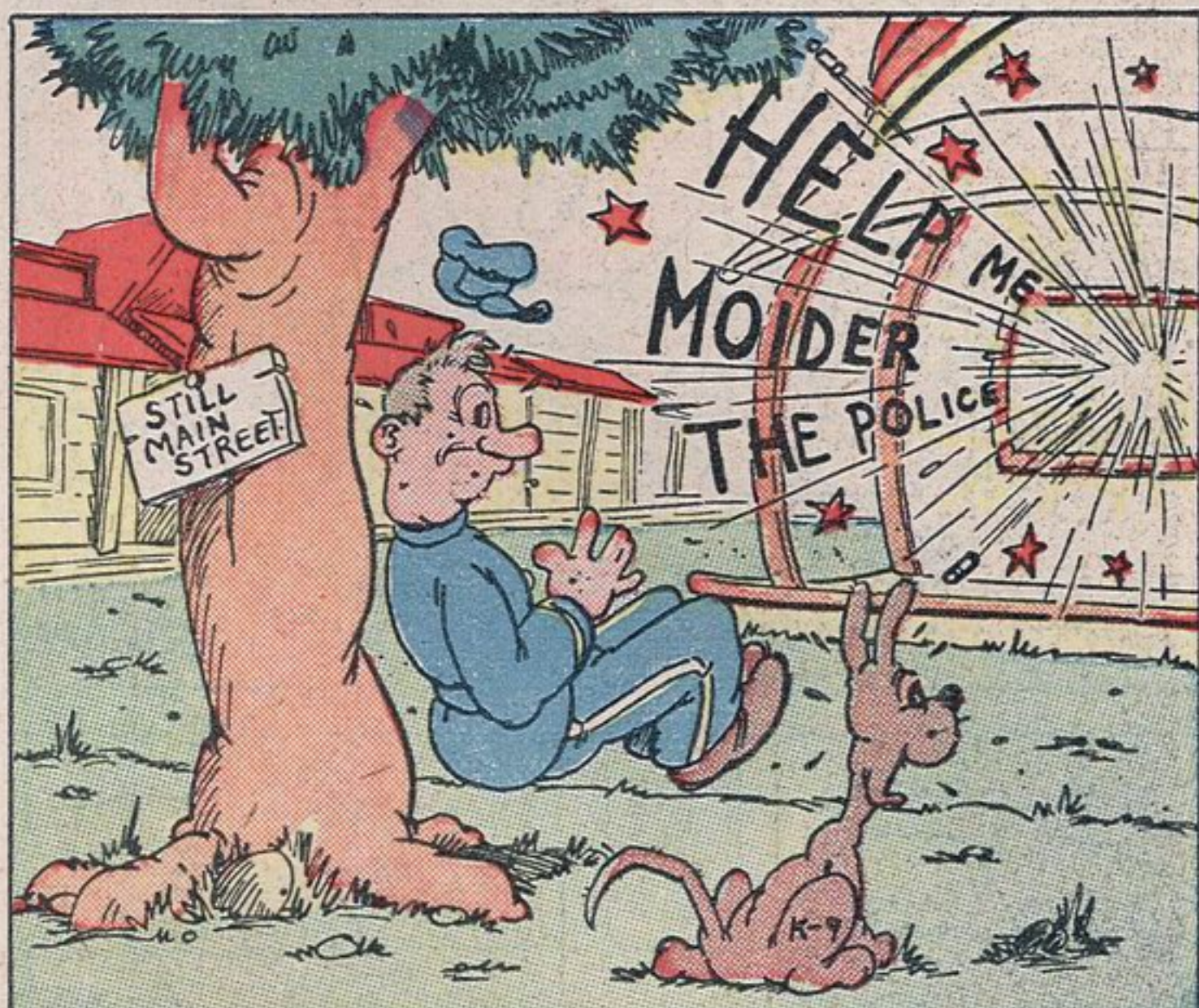
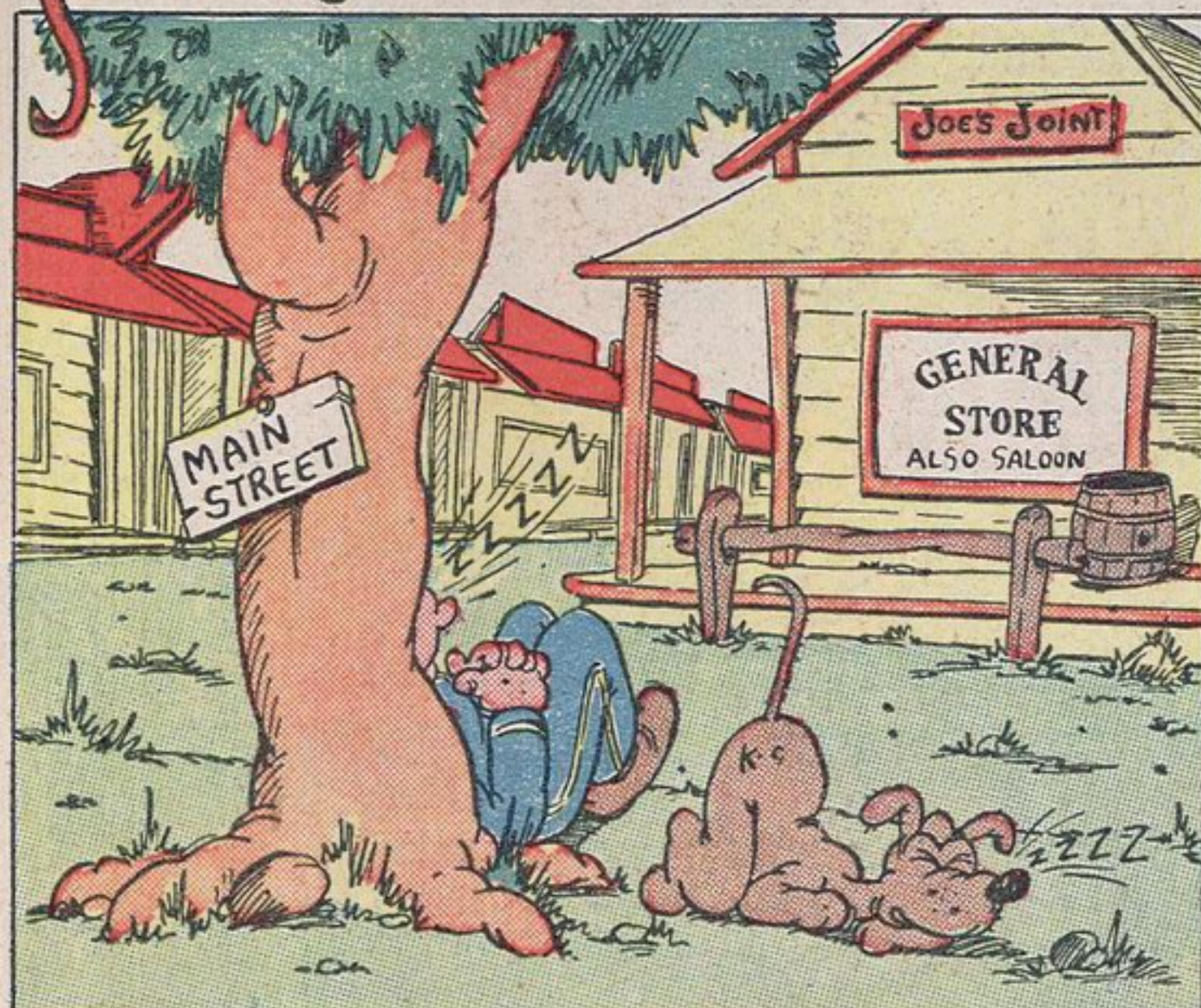
FIRST PRIZE TWENTY-FIVE CANCELLED
TWO CENT STAMPS.
SECOND PRIZE TWO PASSES TO YOUR
FAVORITE FIVE AND TEN
CENT STORE.

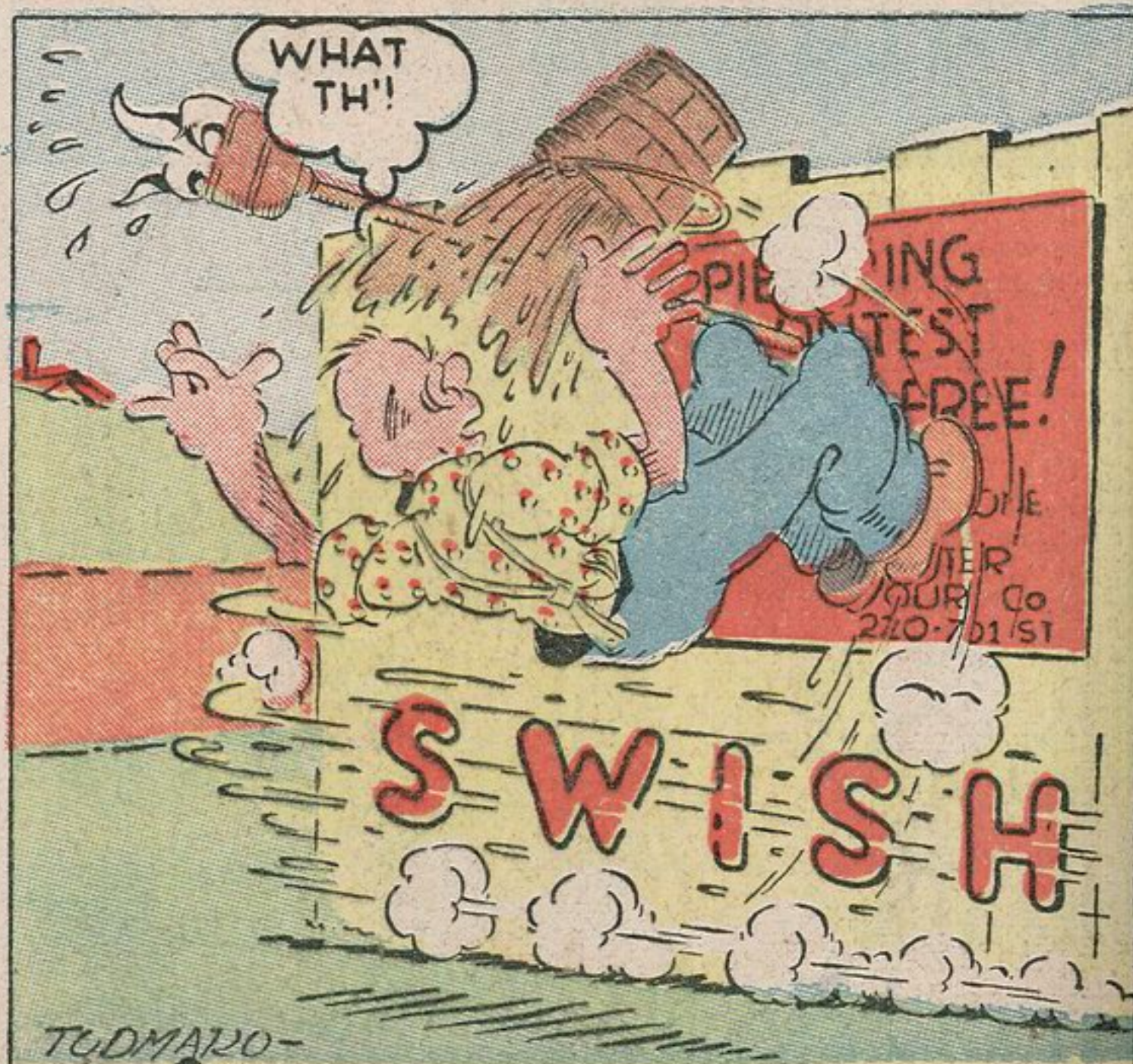
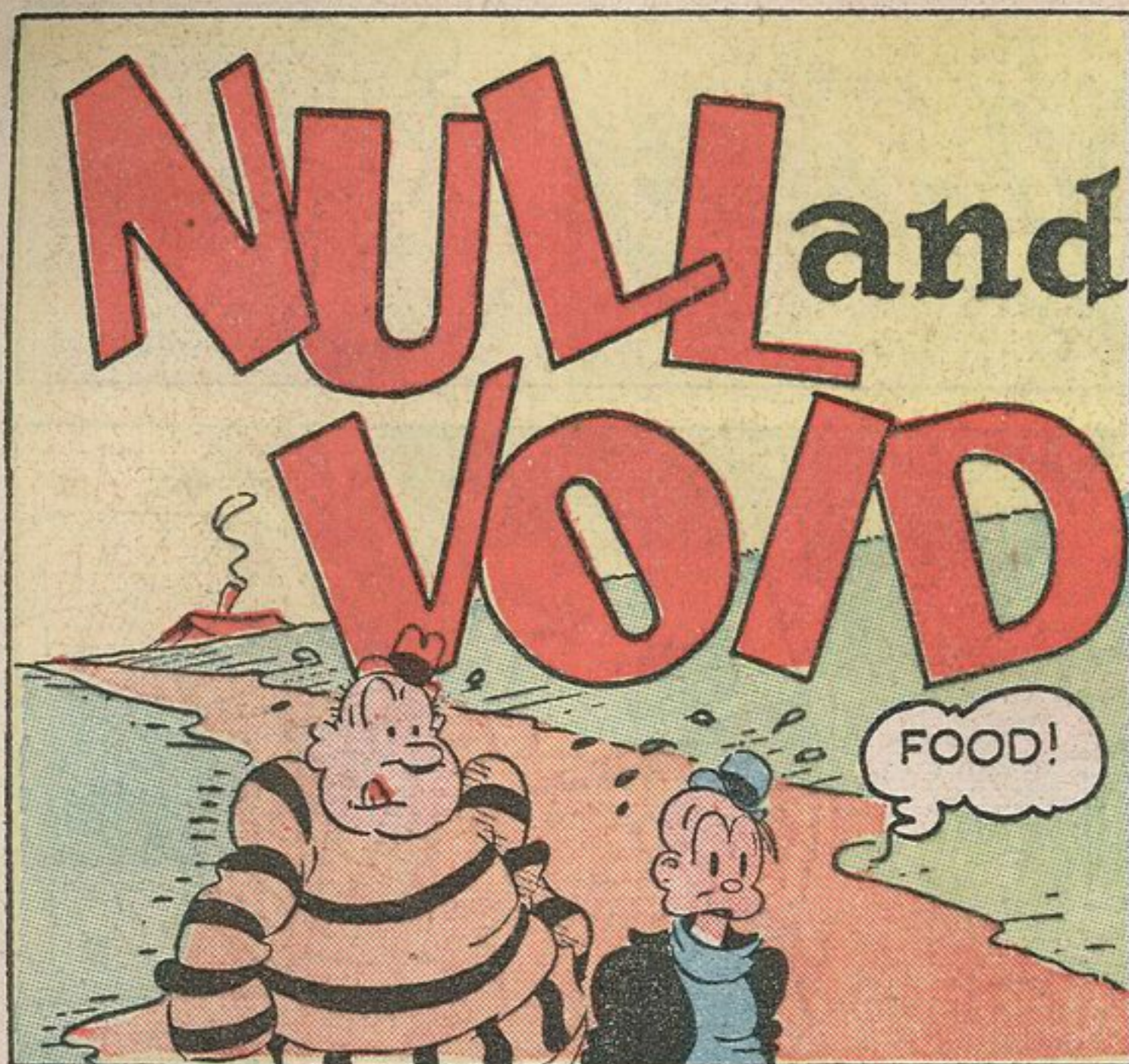
Officer Clancy

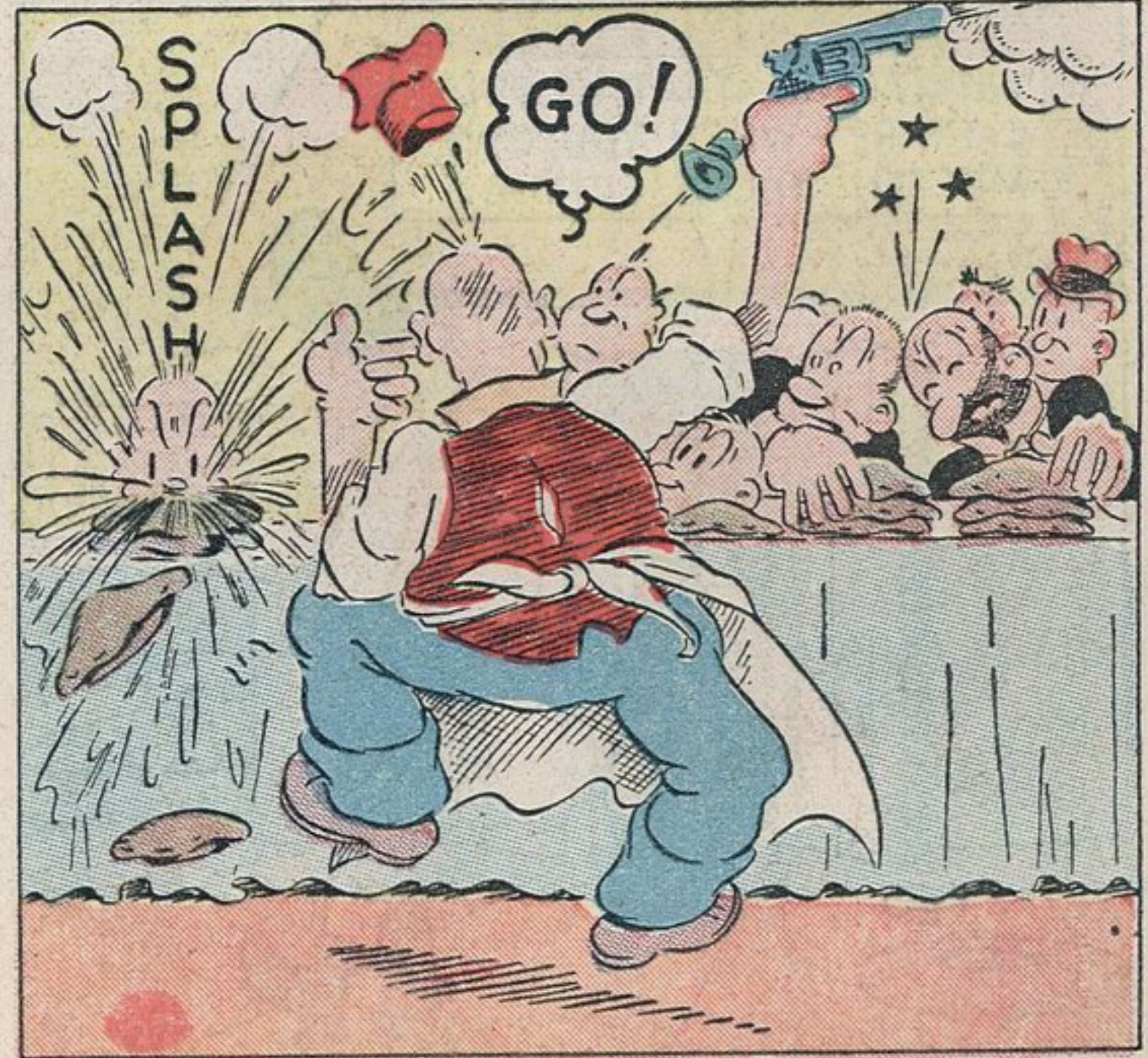
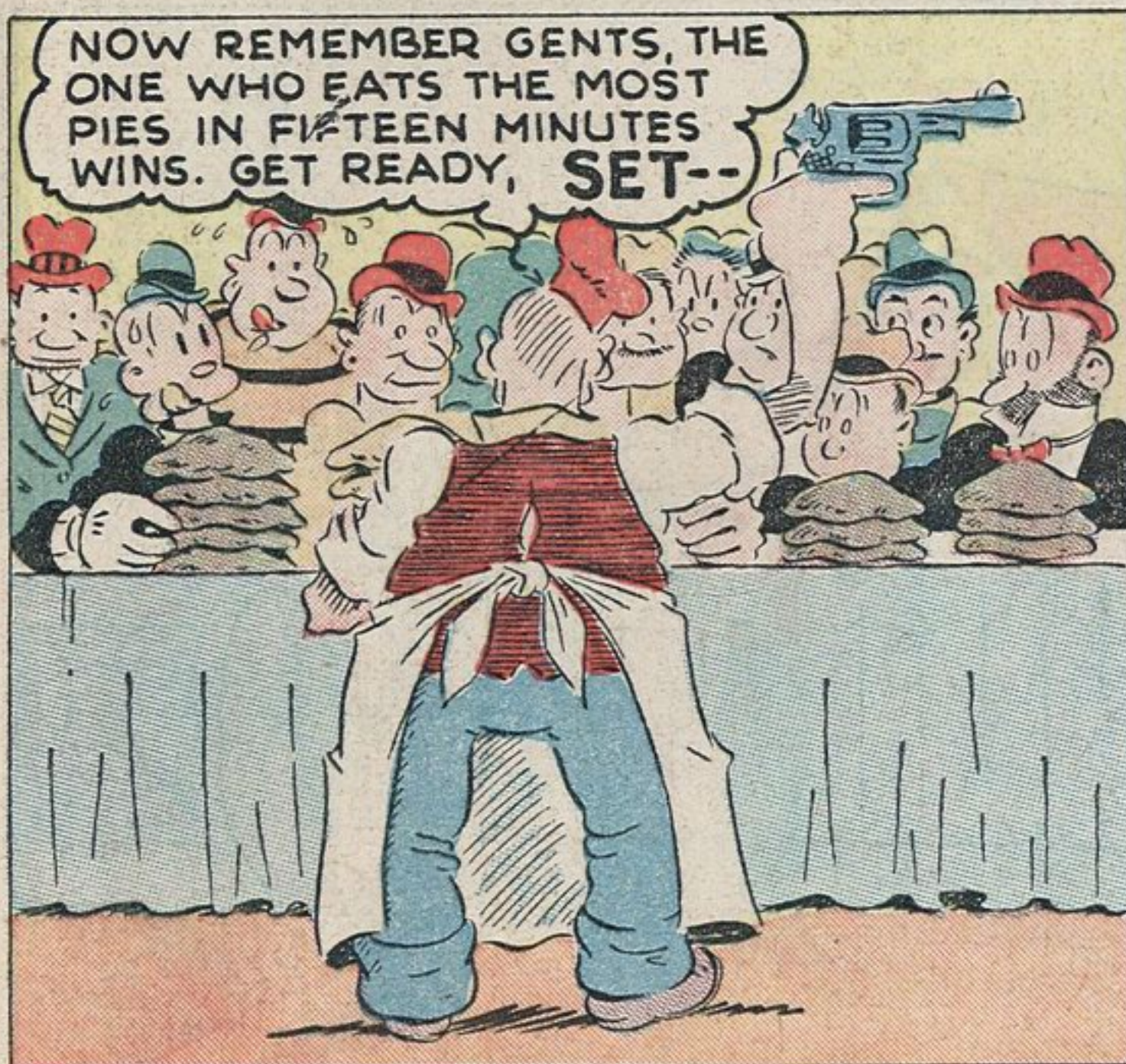
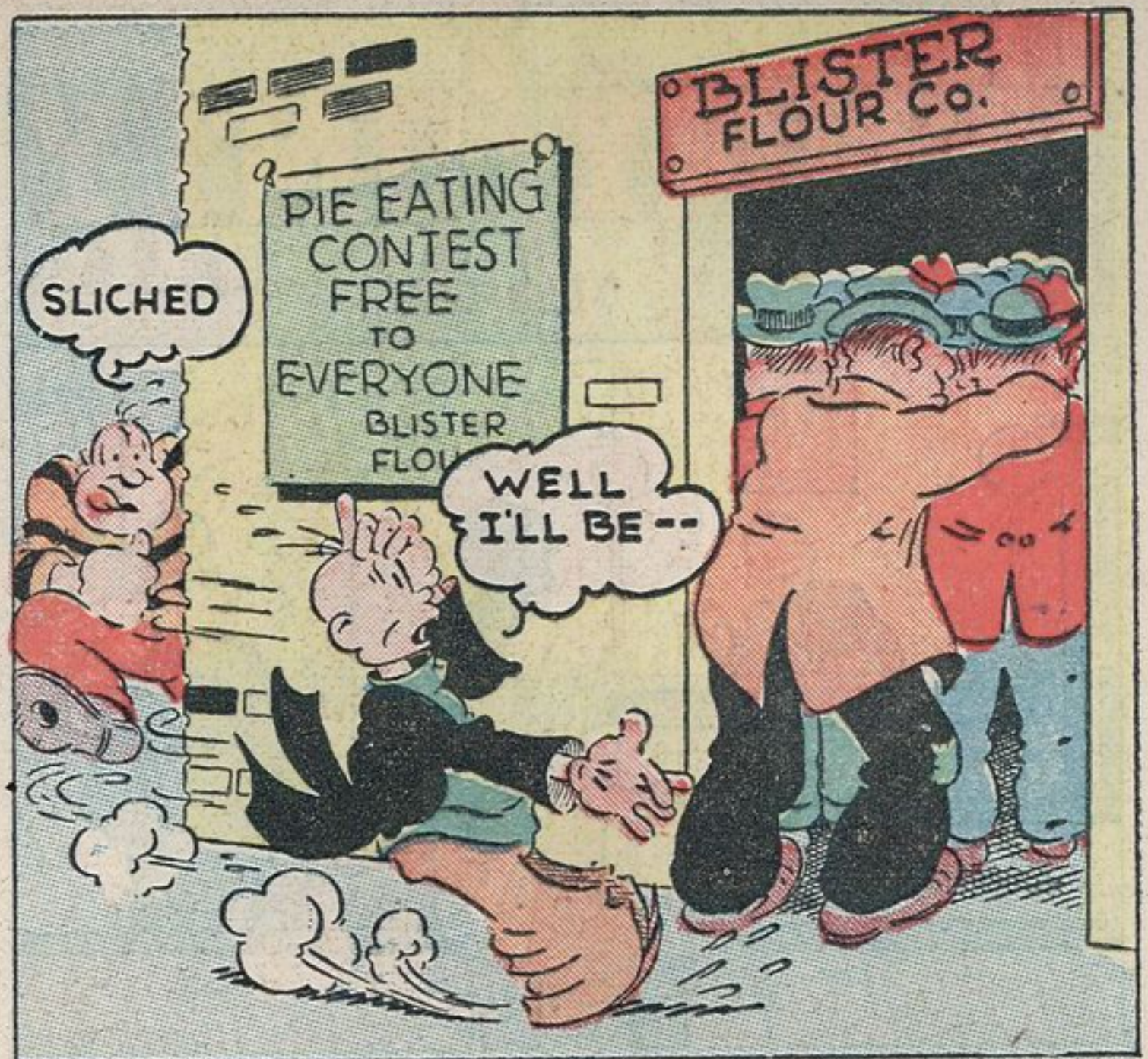
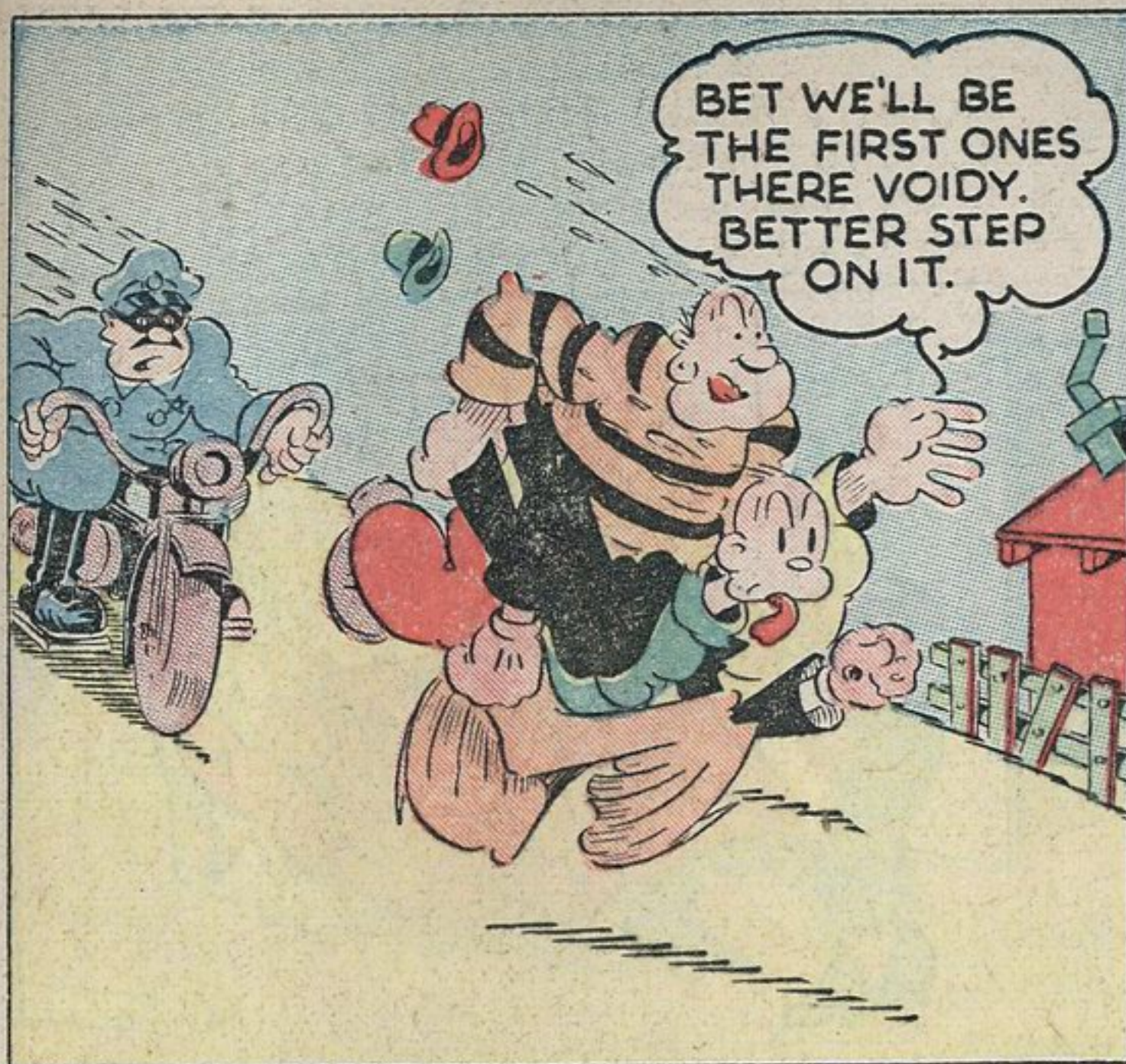


POLICE DOG K-9

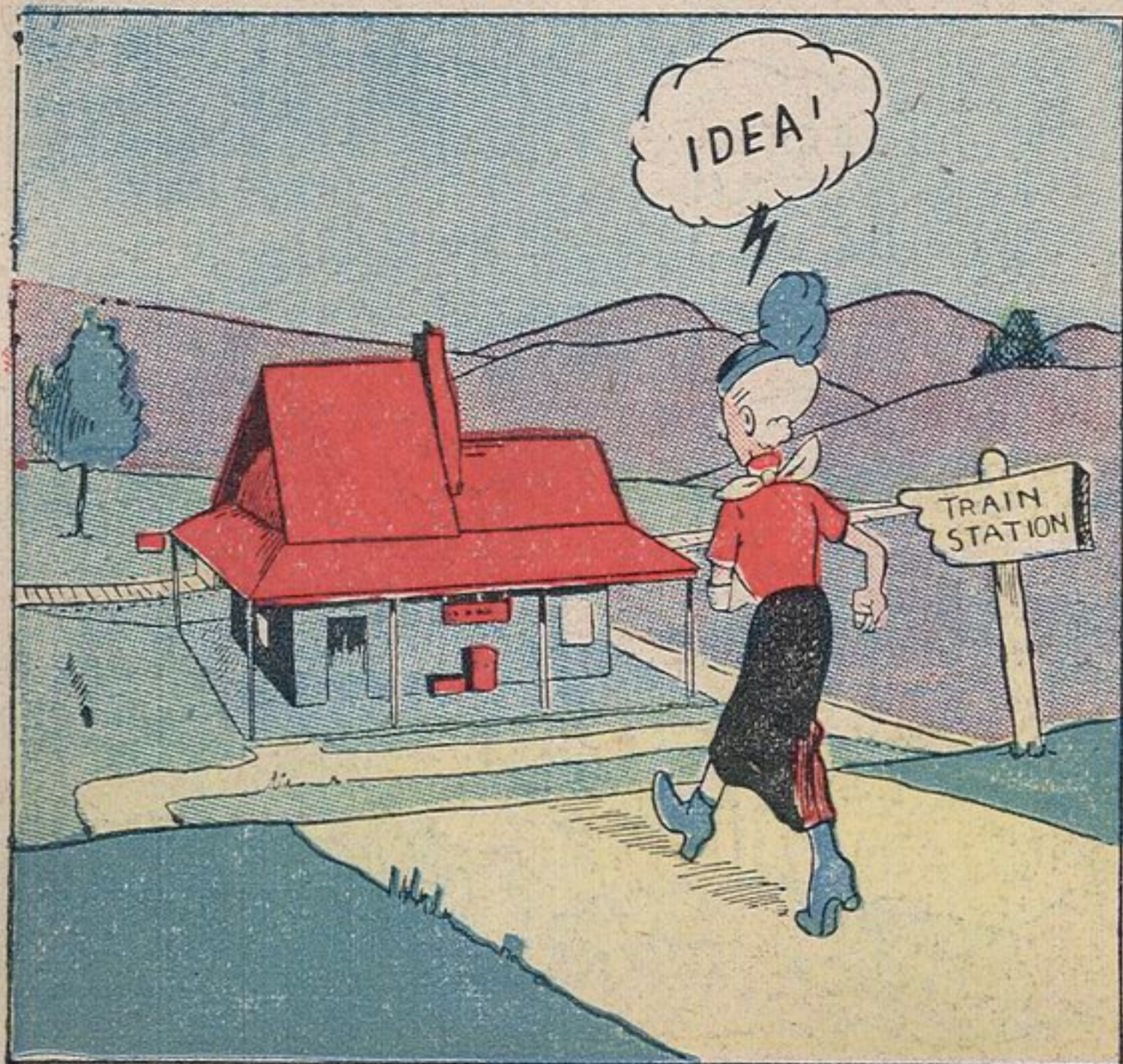
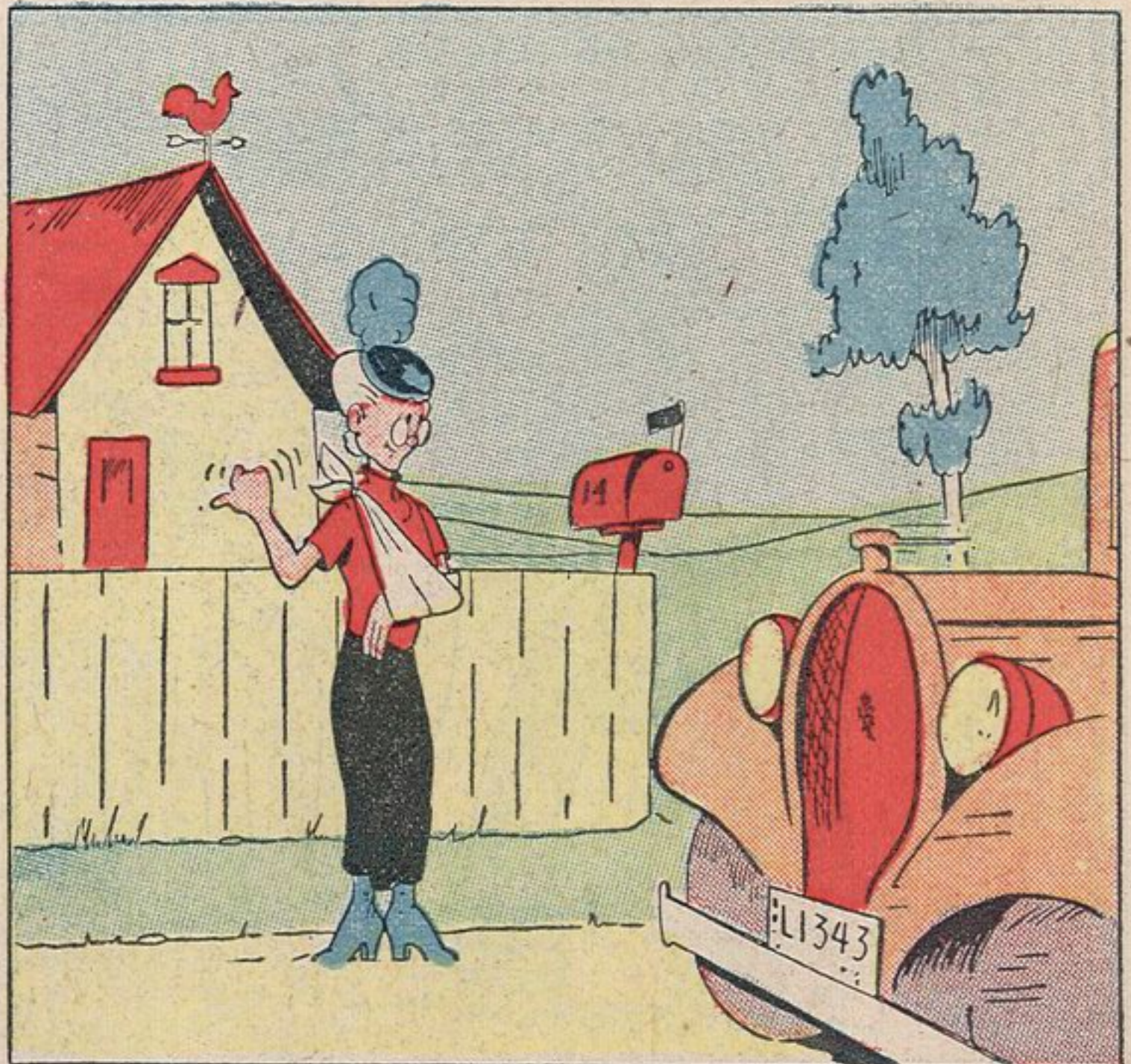
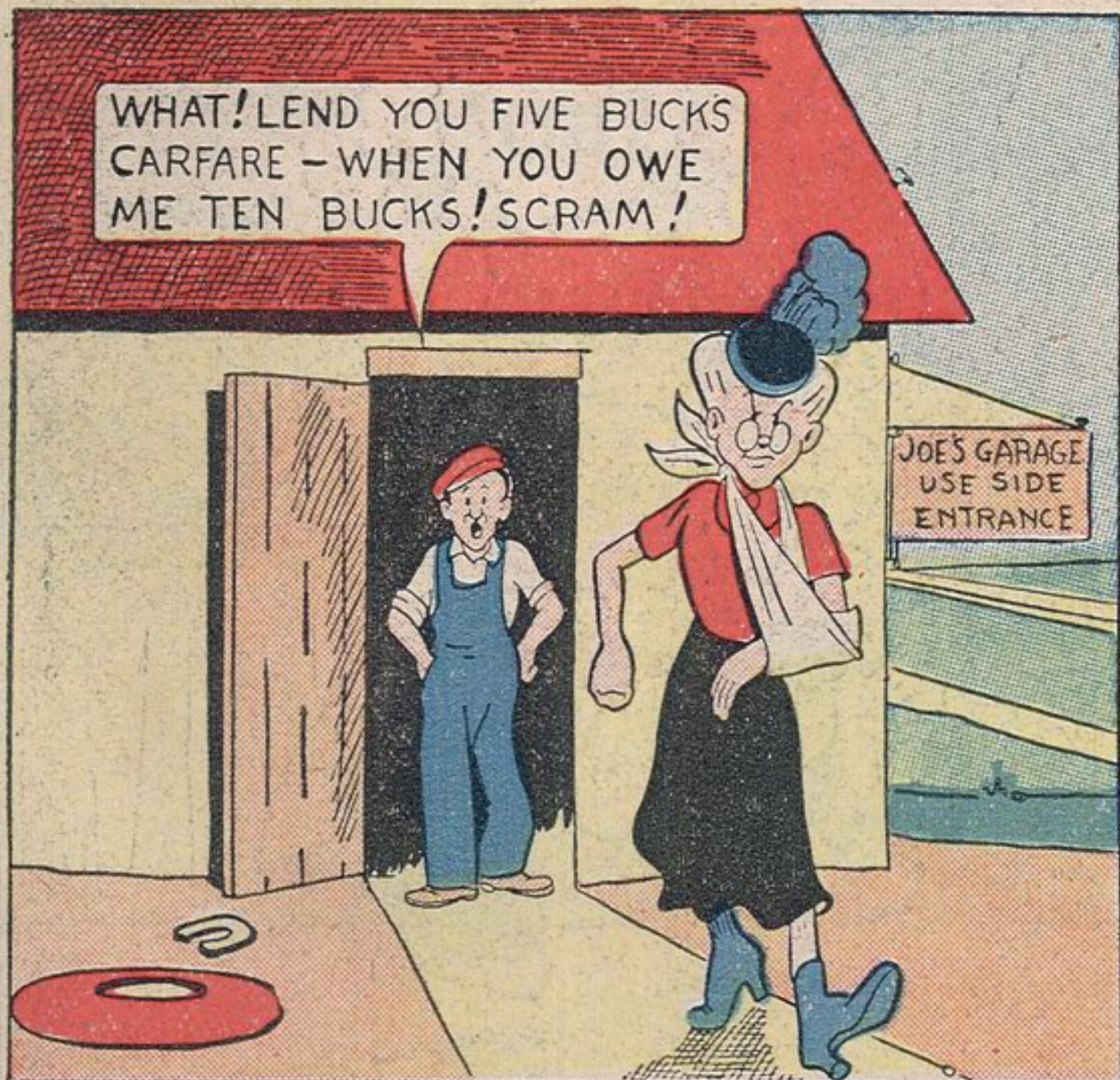
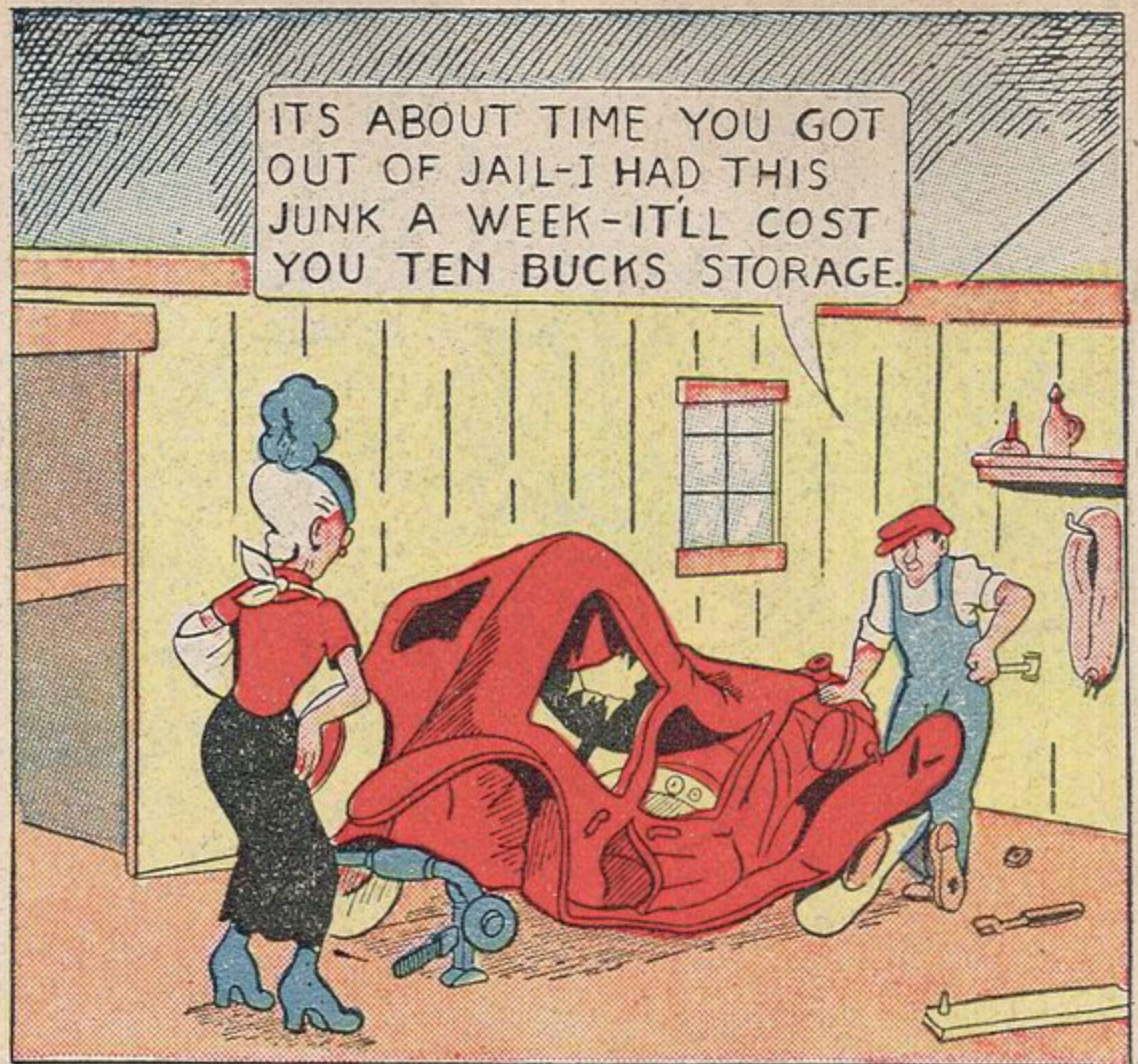
54 40 OR FIGHT

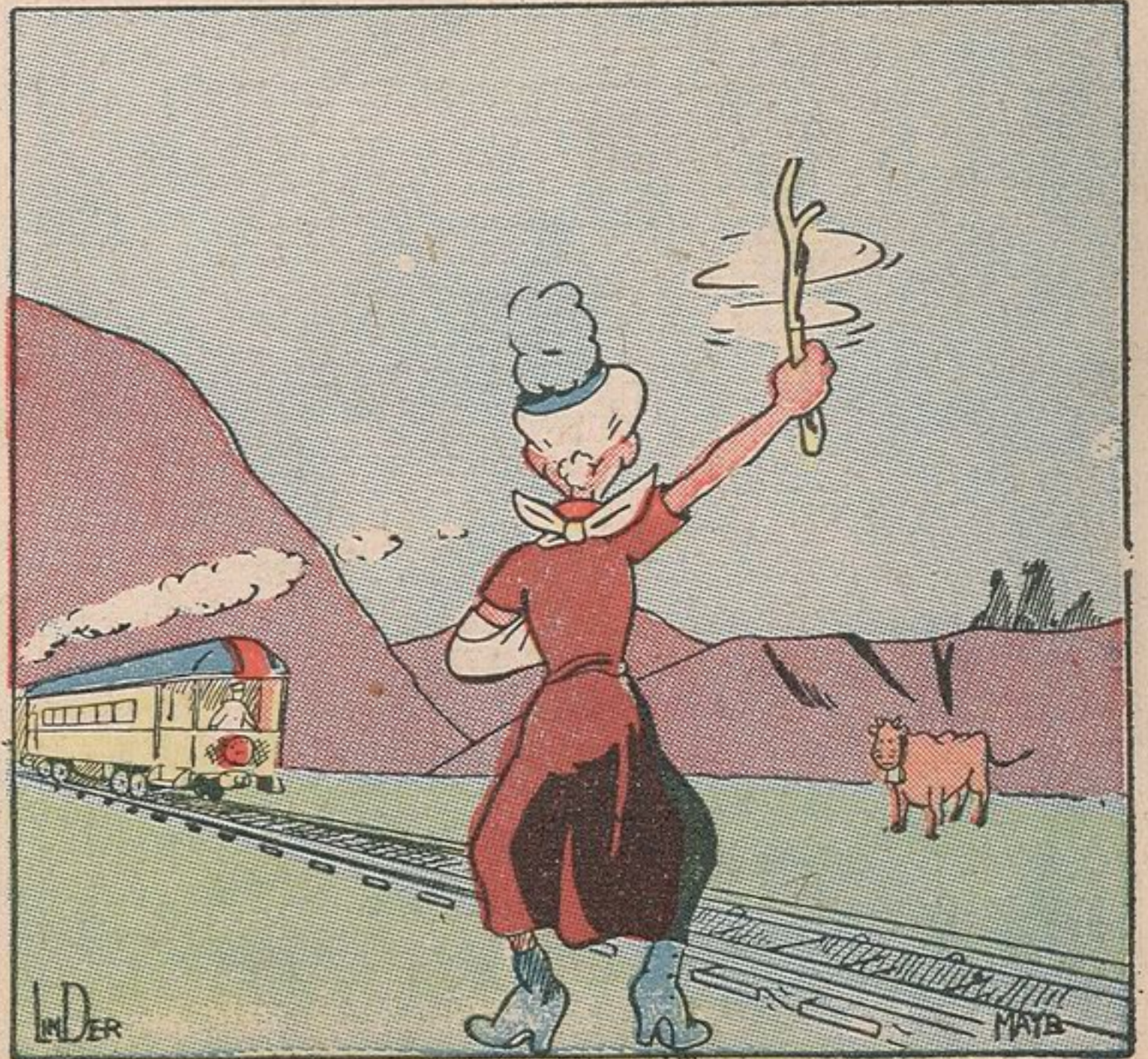
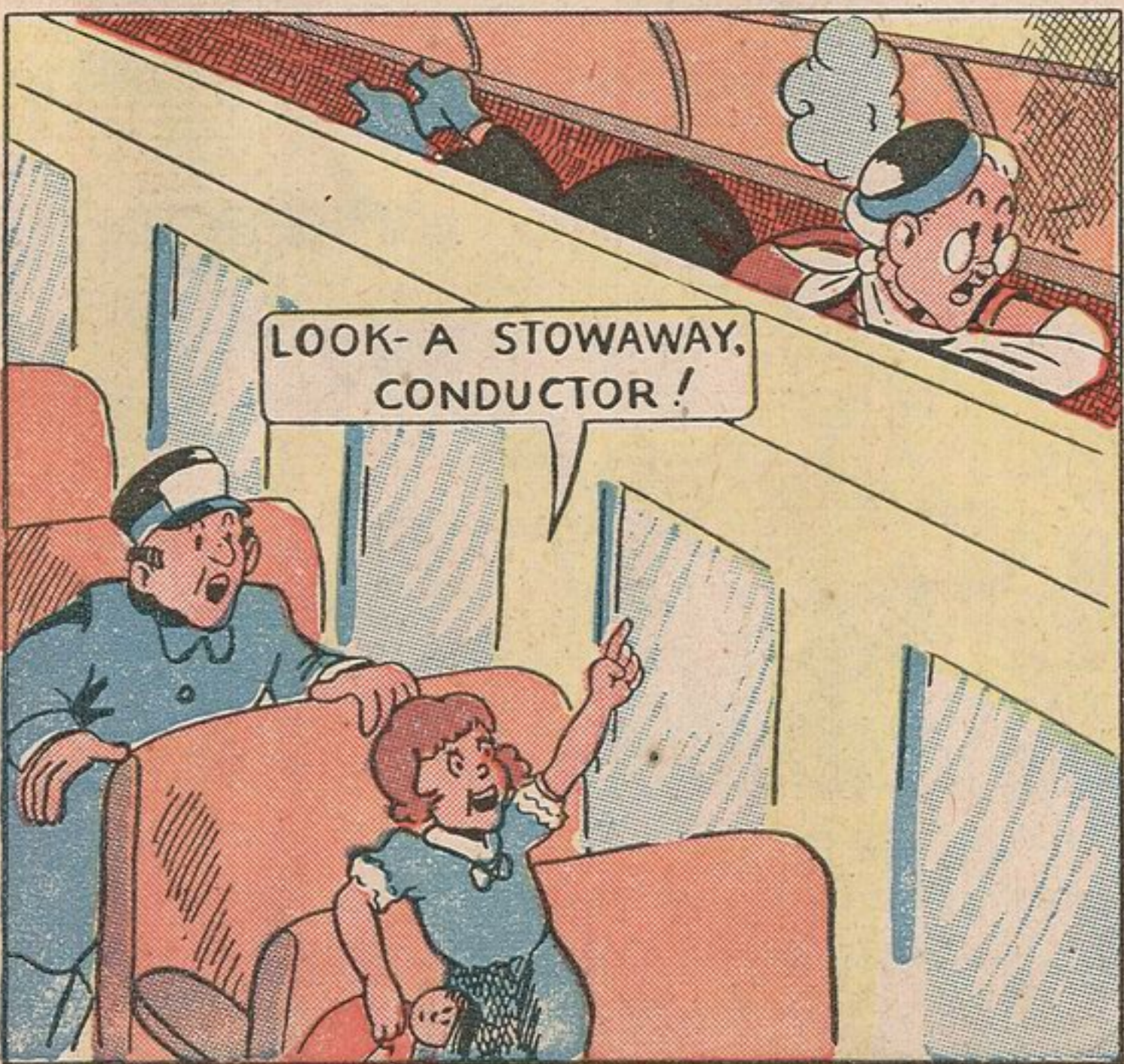
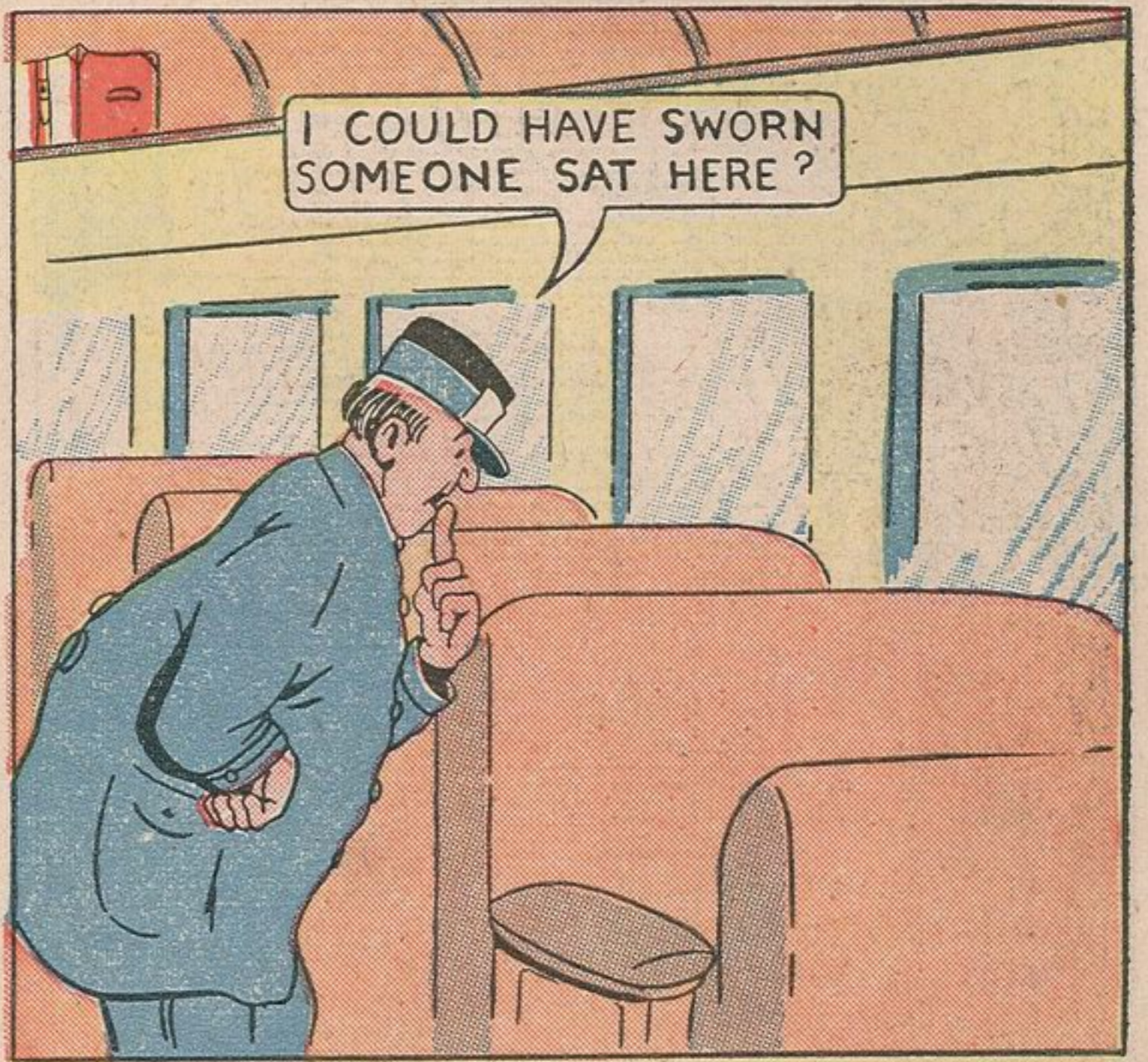
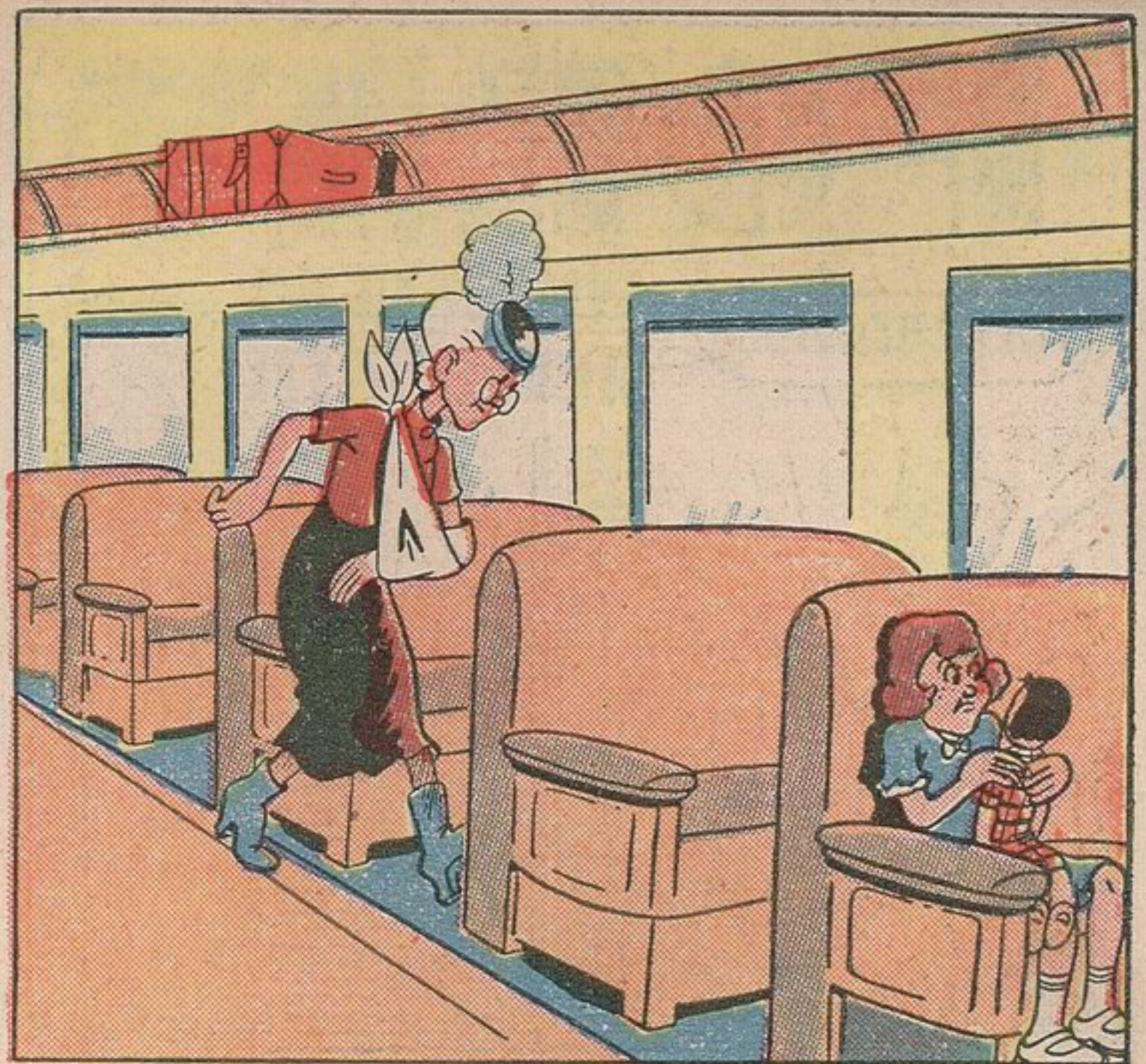
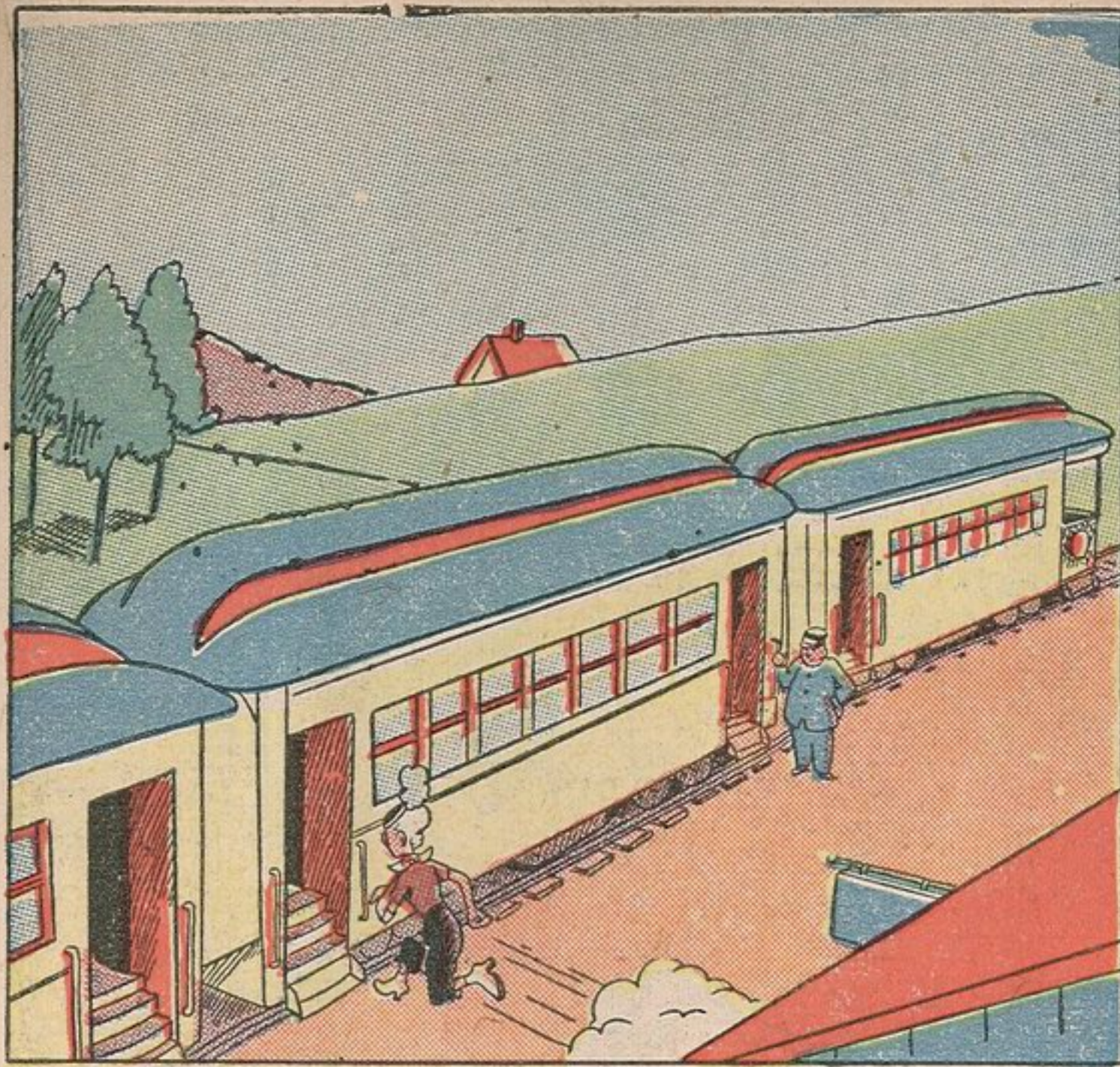






PENNY AUNT





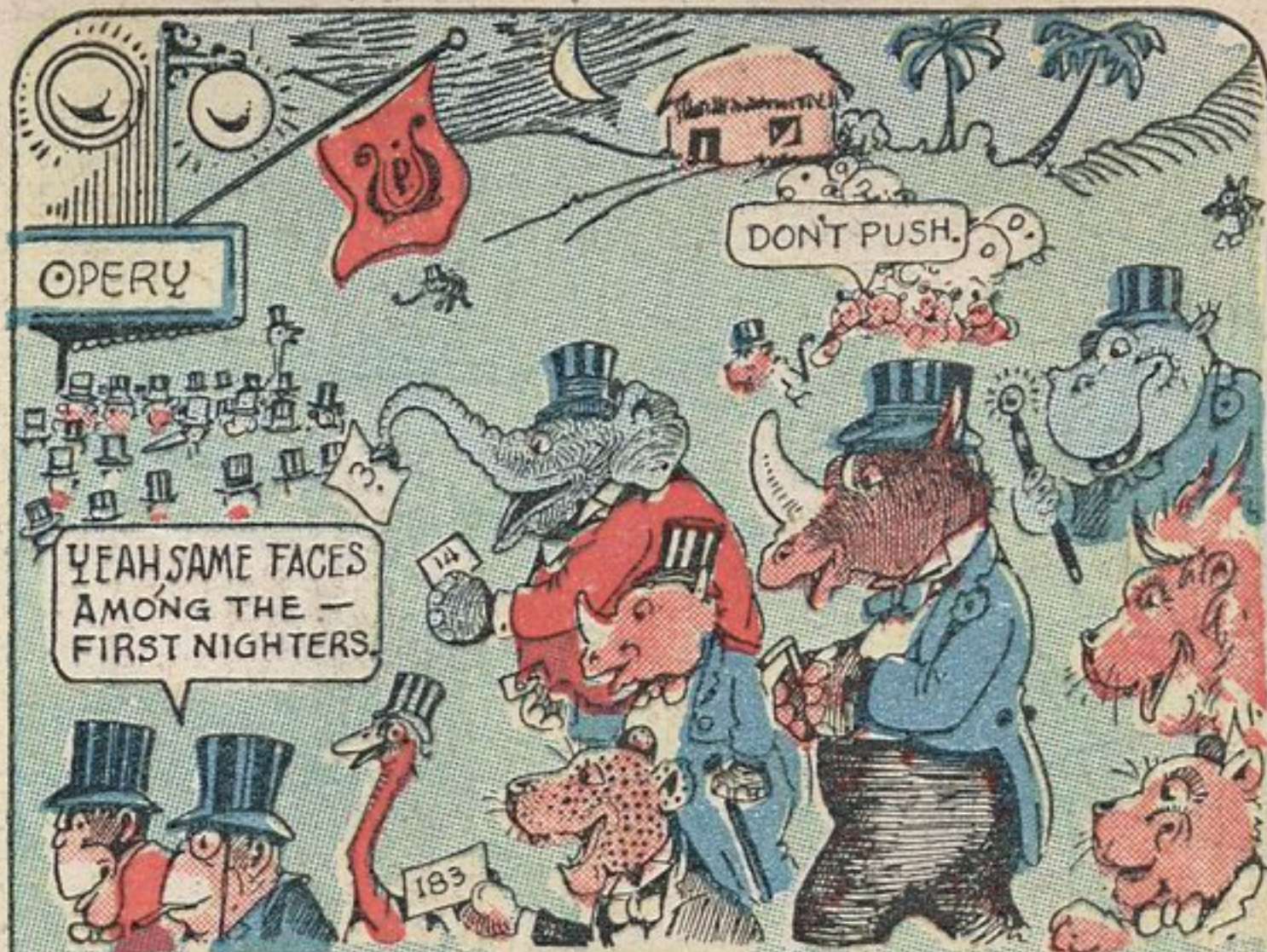
POKEY

ITS BY REQUEST

FORGETS TO
REMEMBER



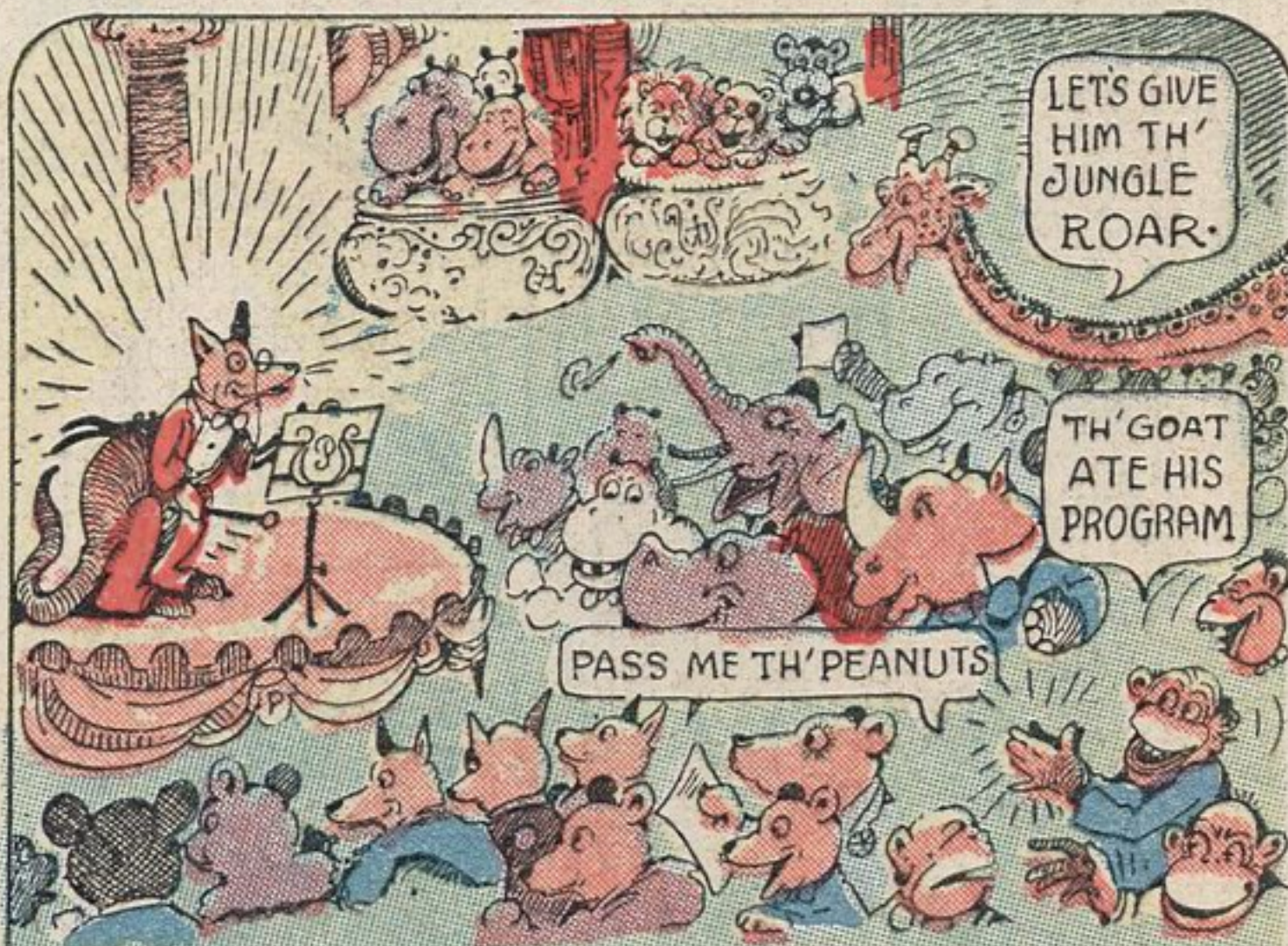
TO NIGHT
CONCERT
BY POKEY'S
"SYMPHONIC
ORCHESTRA"



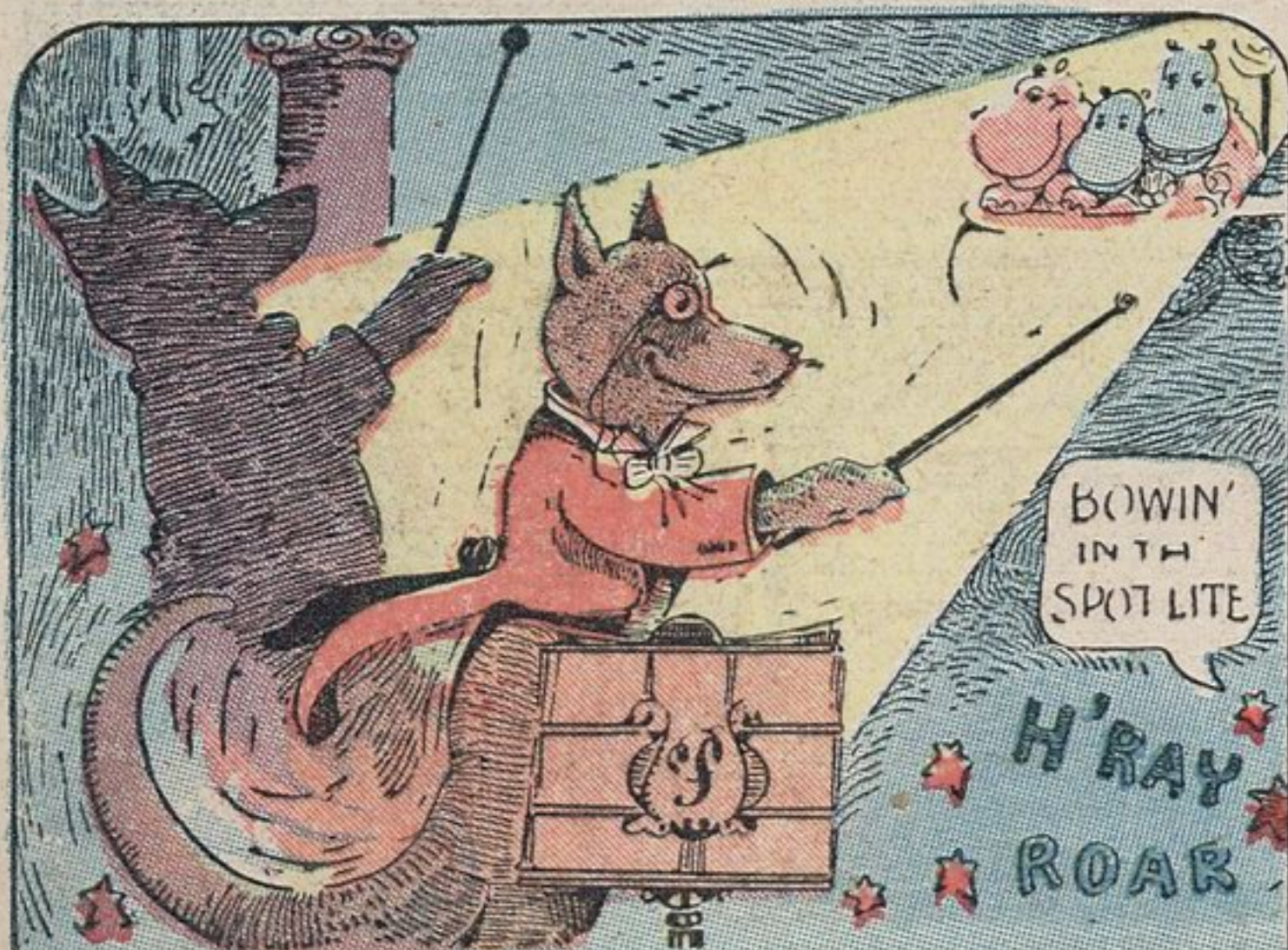
CONCERT NIGHT IN "JUNGLE TOWN"
WAS QUITE A SWELL AFFAIR.
MUSIC LOVERS BY THE SCORE—
SOCIETY WAS THERE!



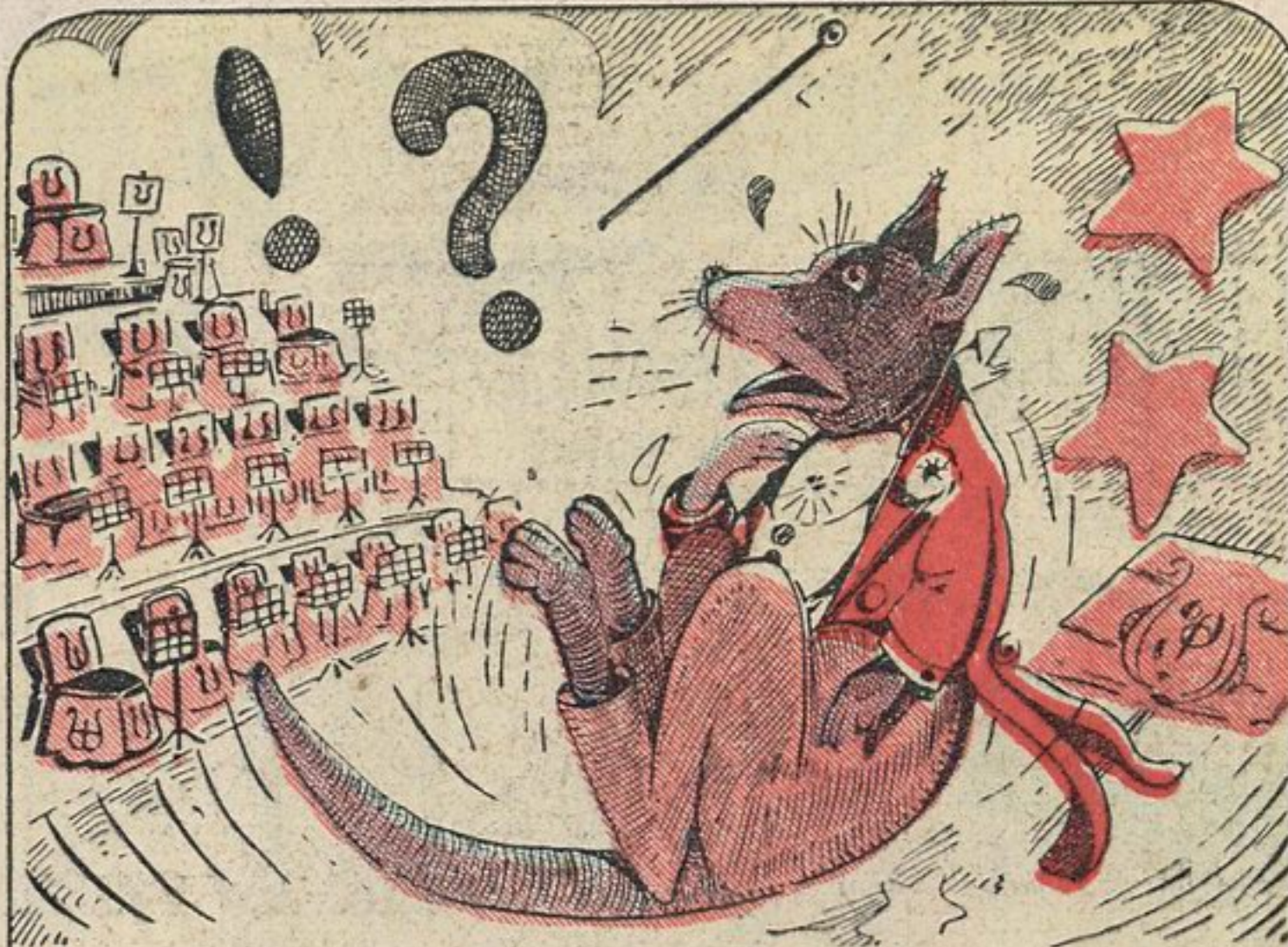
IT WAS POKEYS NIGHT TO ENTERTAIN
THIS MUSIC LOVING GROUP.
FOR HE WAS THE LEADER
OF THIS SYMPHONIC TROUPE!



POKEY STEPPED UPON THE STAGE
TO DEAFENING APPLAUSE.
"JUNGLE TOWN" JUST ECHOED
TO ITS THUNDEROUS ROARS!

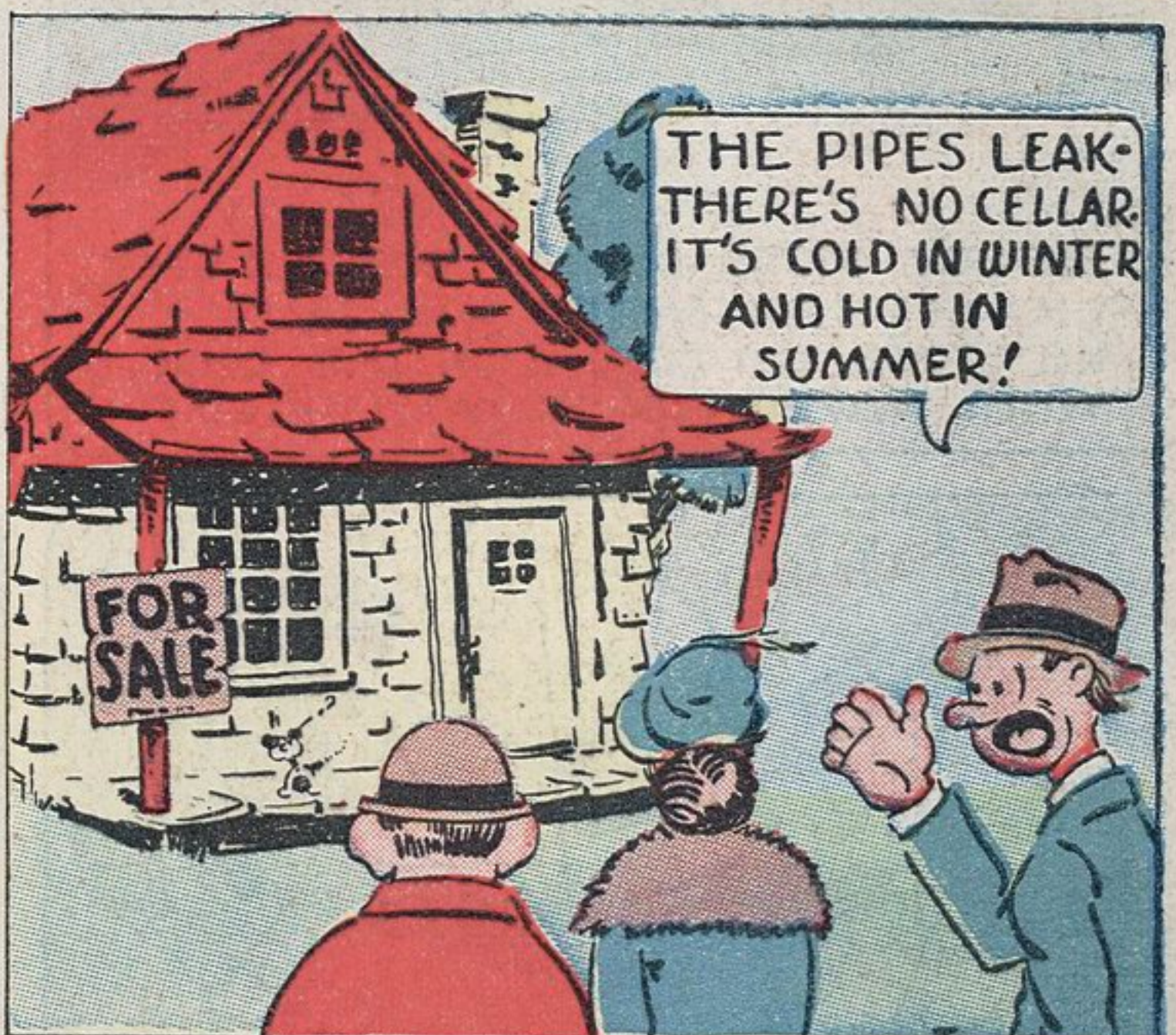
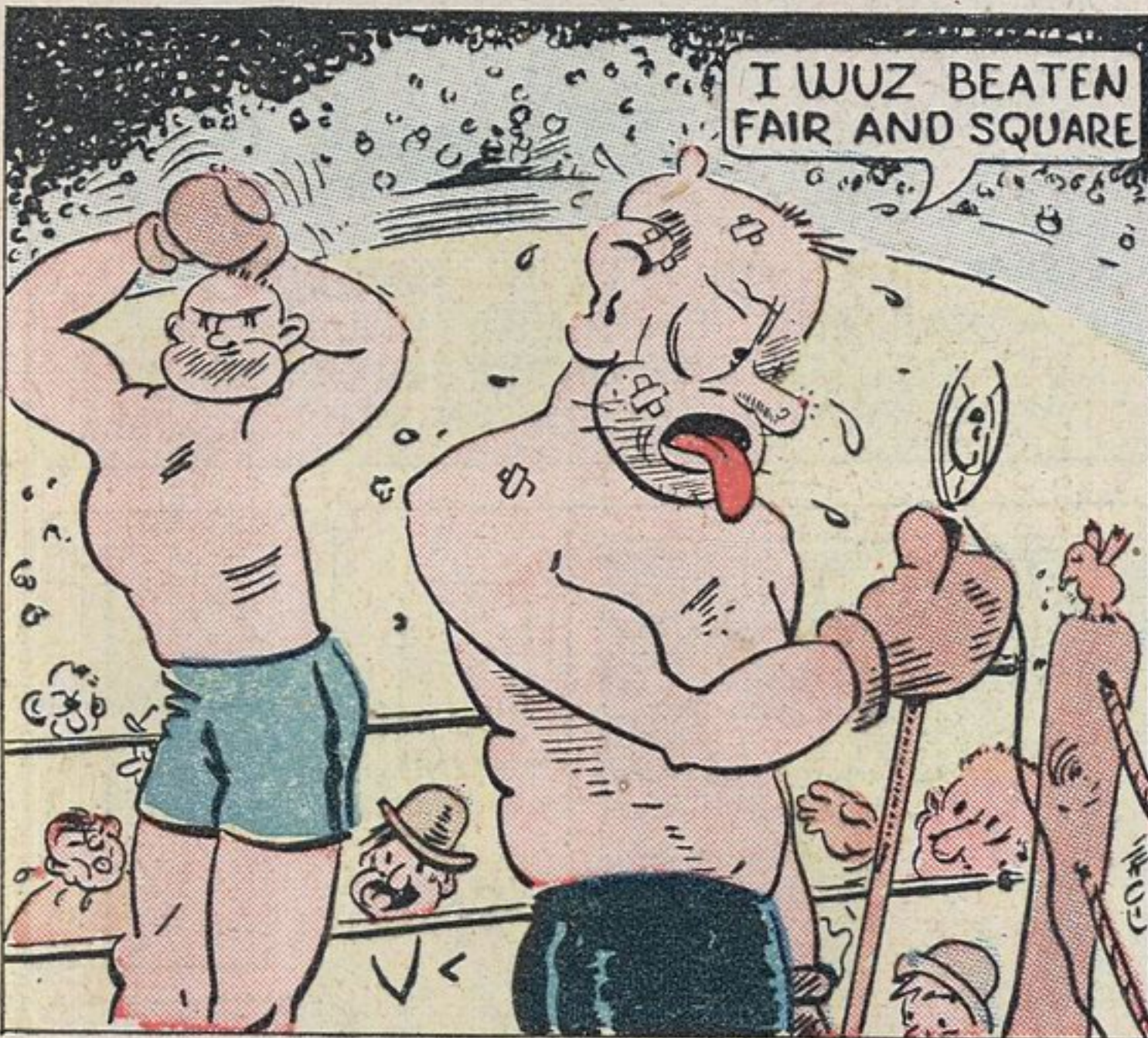
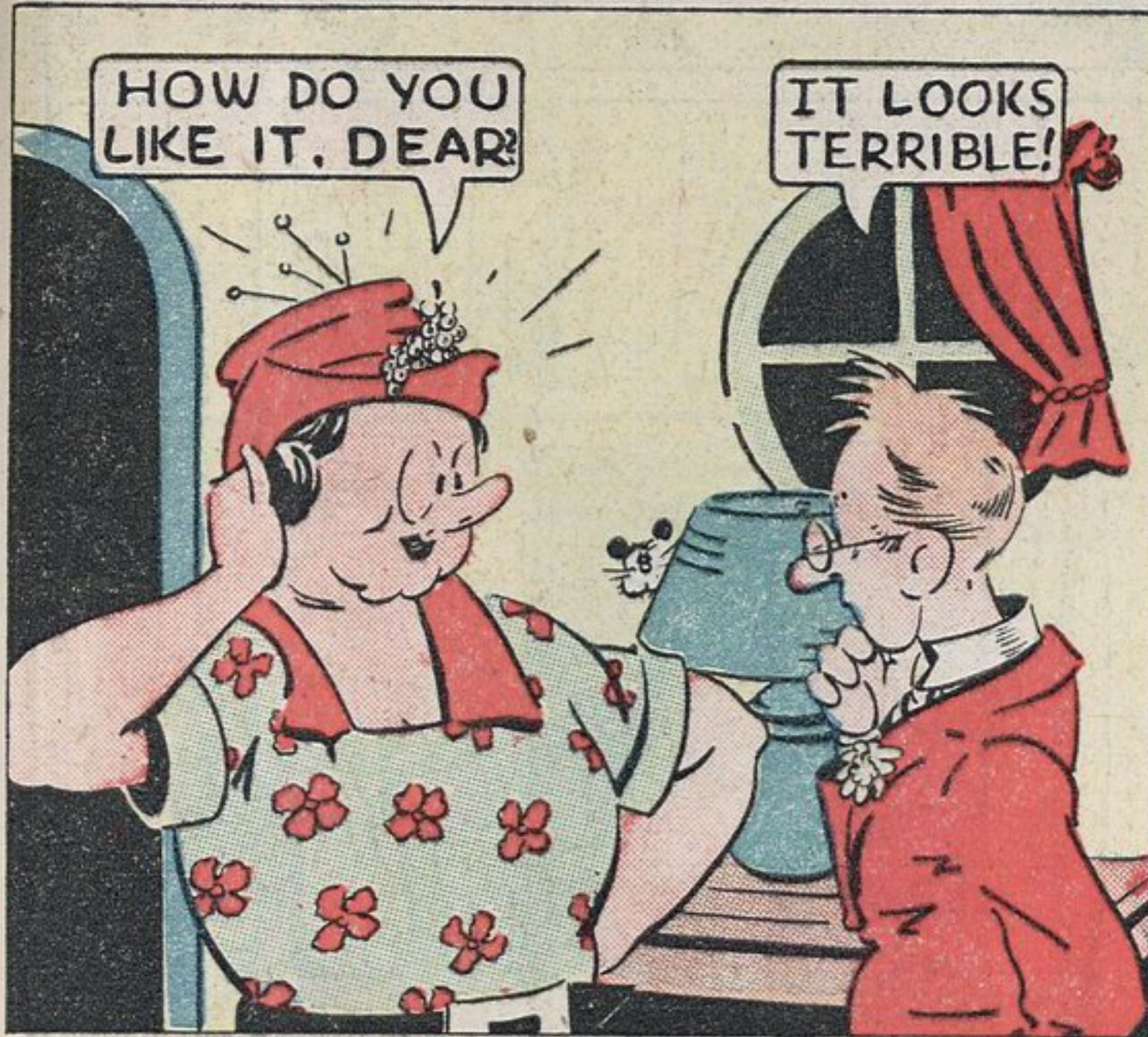


POKEY BOWED TO LEFT AND RIGHT.
AMID THE CHEERS AND DIN.
LIFTED HIGH HIS BATON,
FOR THE SHOW WAS TO BEGIN.



POKEY NEARLY FAINTED,
WHEN HE SAW UPON THE STAND
NAUGHT BUT EMPTY PLACES—
HE'D FORGOT TO BRING HIS BAND!

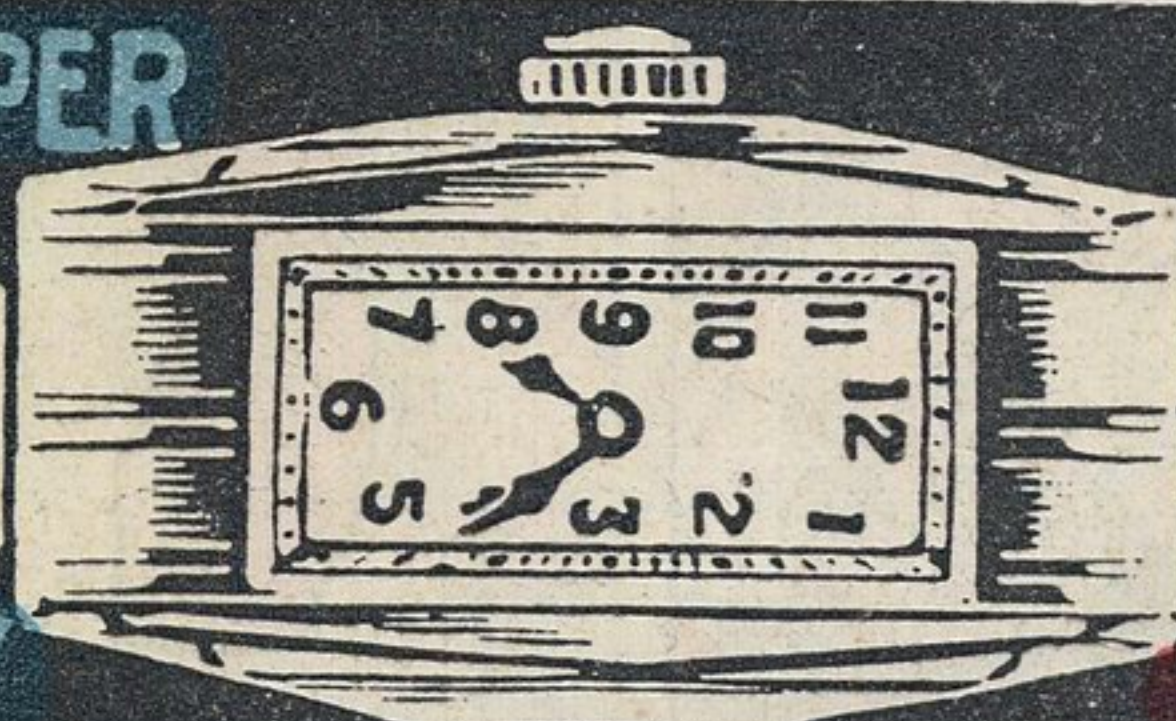
Nothing BUT THE TRUTH



FINE TIMEKEEPER



SEND NO MONEY



GIVEN



WE TRUST YOU

This dainty Wrist Watch with neat bracelet—YOURS for selling our QUALITY PERFUMES to friends at only 10c a bottle and remitting per Premium List. Special: Large list of other Premiums for selling only 30 bottles. It's EASY! Send Post Card for Perfume—TODAY. KING HILL COMPANY, Desk 434, 850 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.

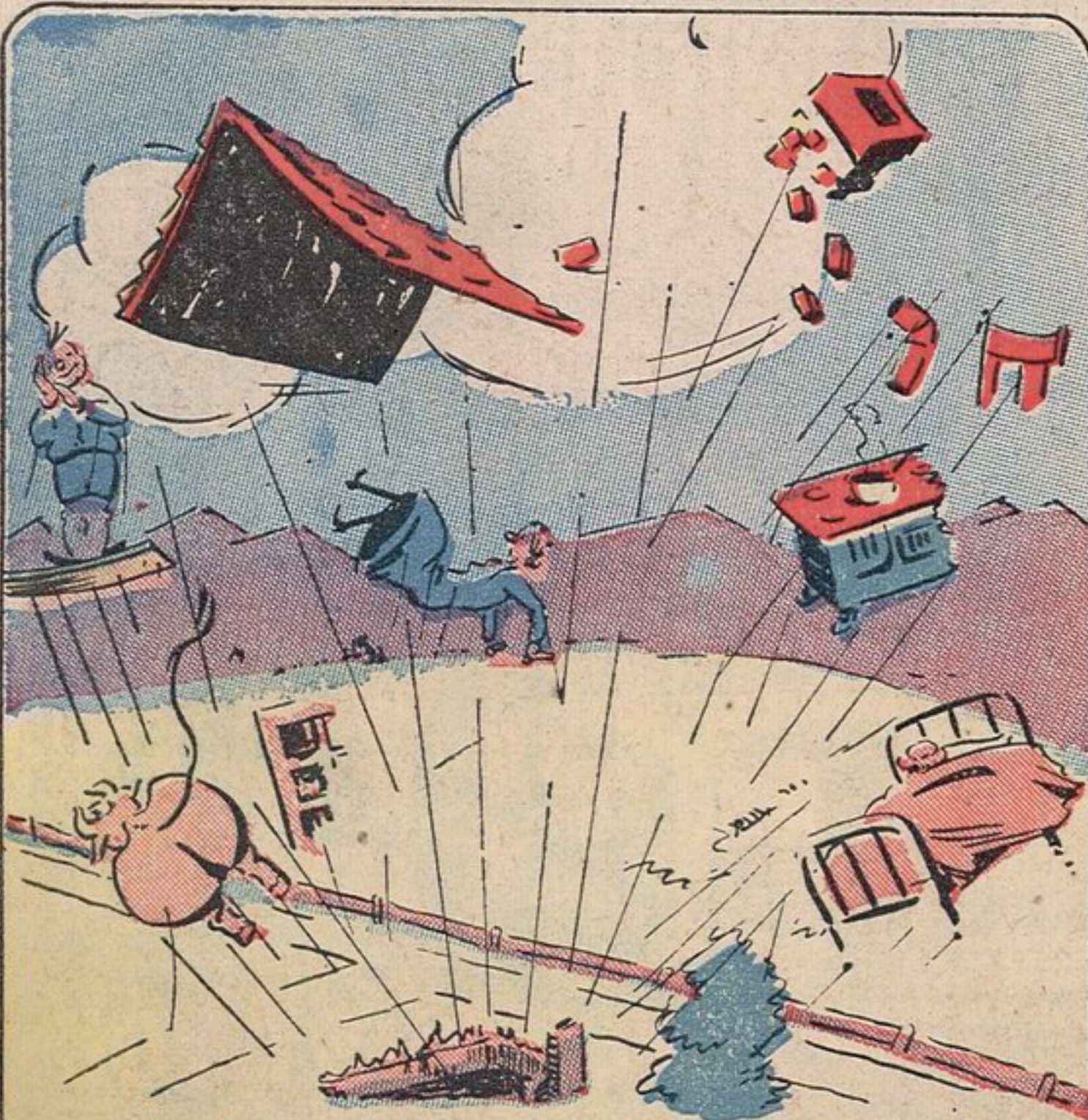
JINGLE JINGLE



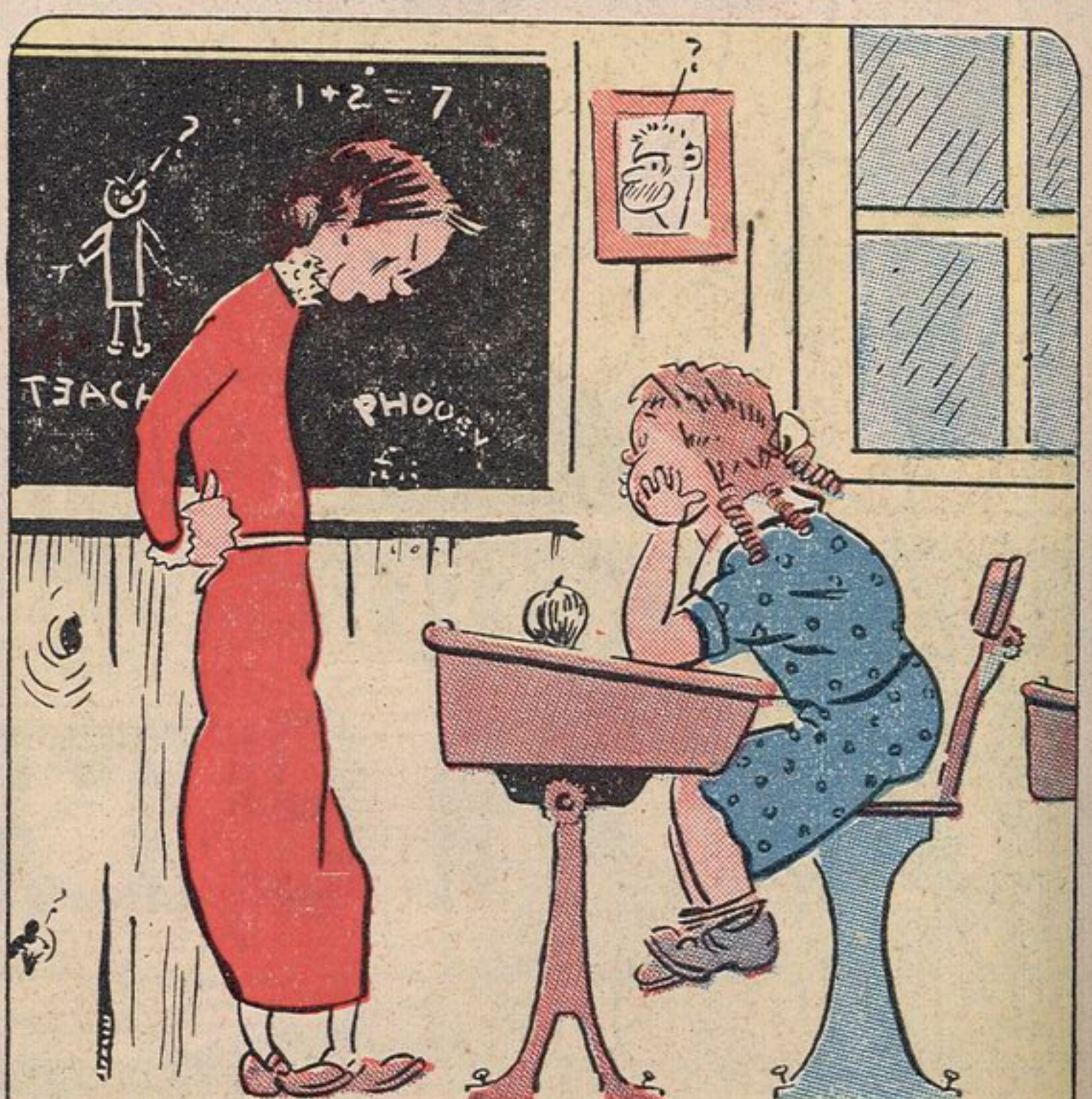
THE BOY STOOD ON THE BURNING DECK,
THE AIR WITH SMOKE WAS FILLED!
HE STOOD TOO LONG UPON THE DECK.
WHAT HAPPENED? HE WAS KILLED!



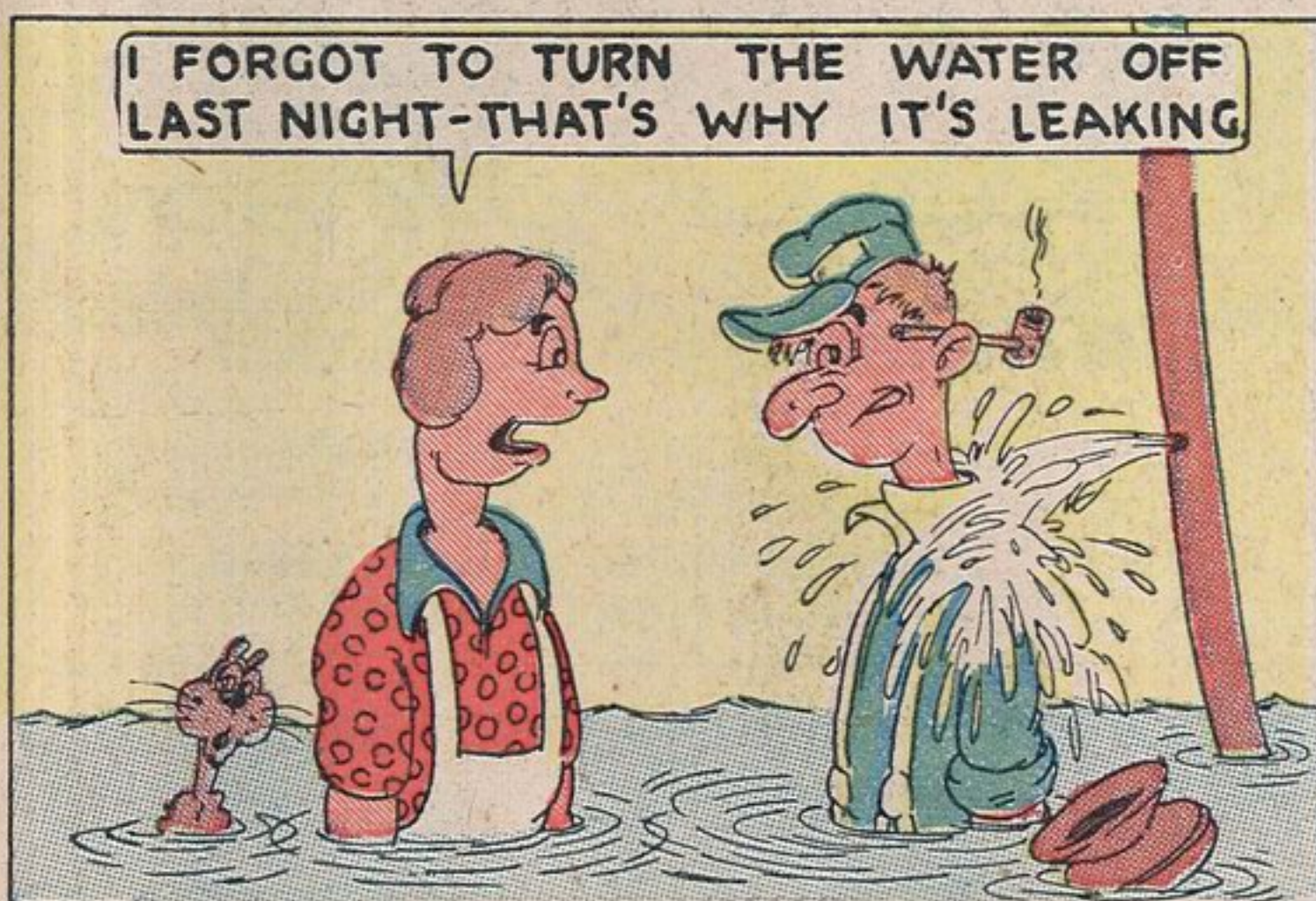
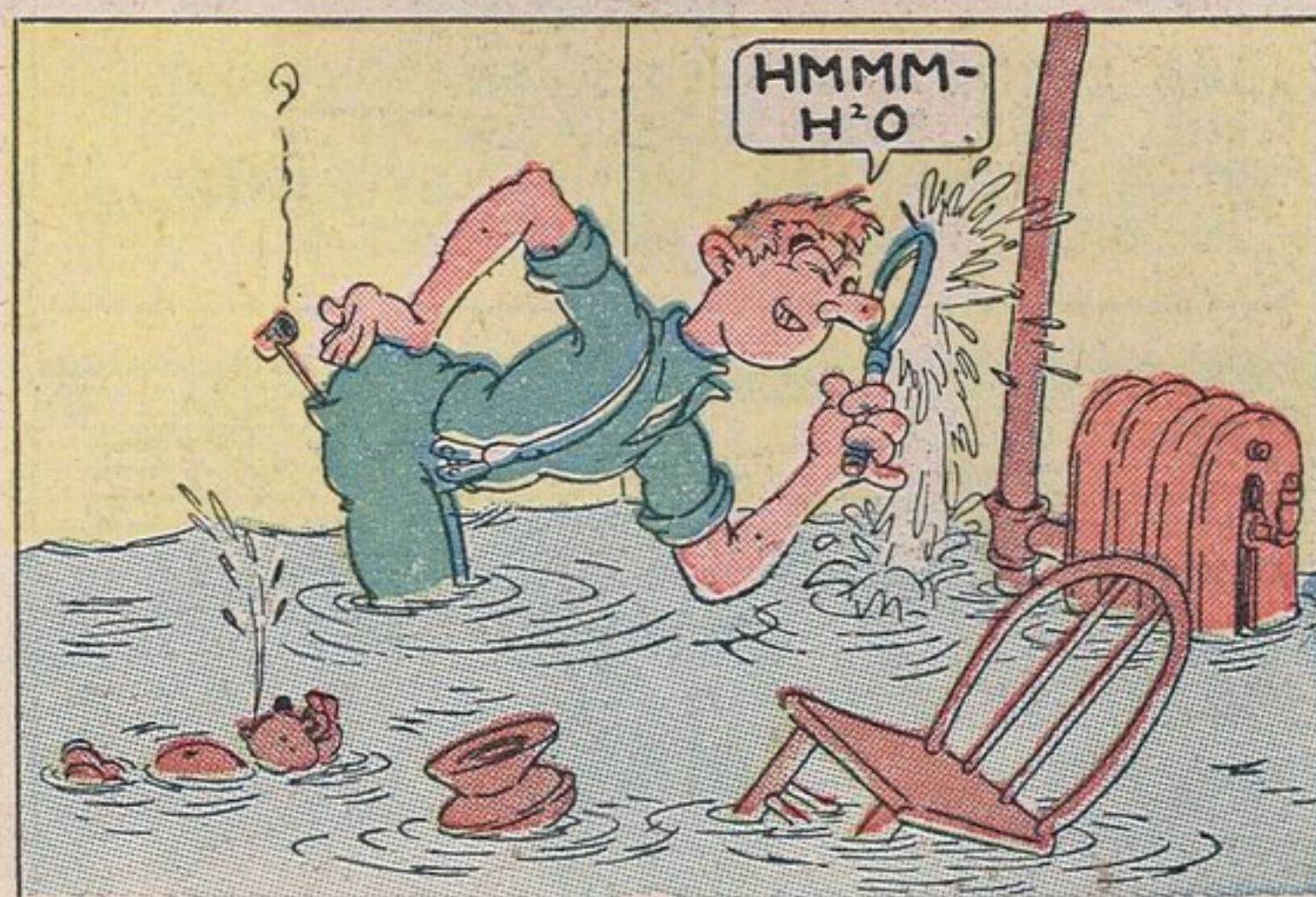
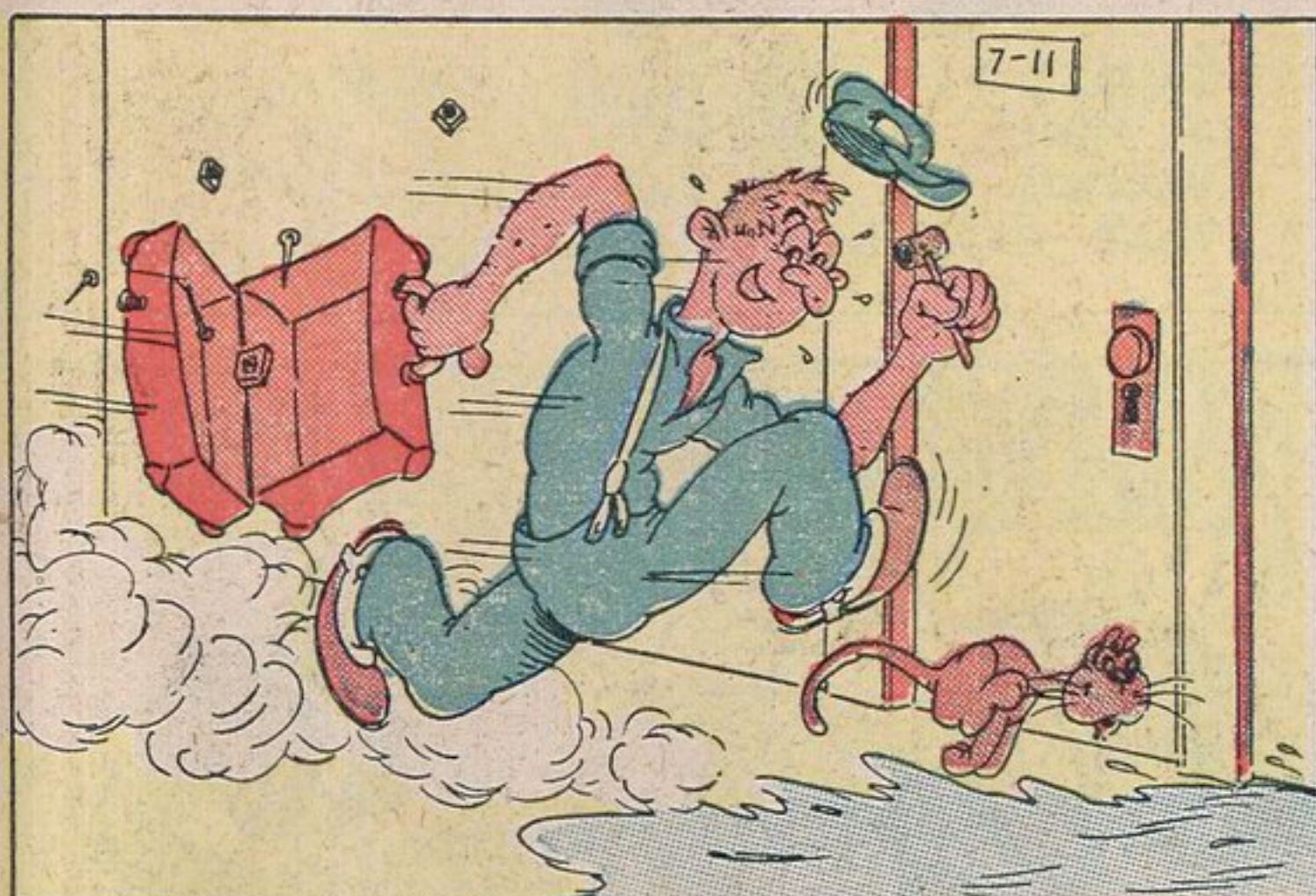
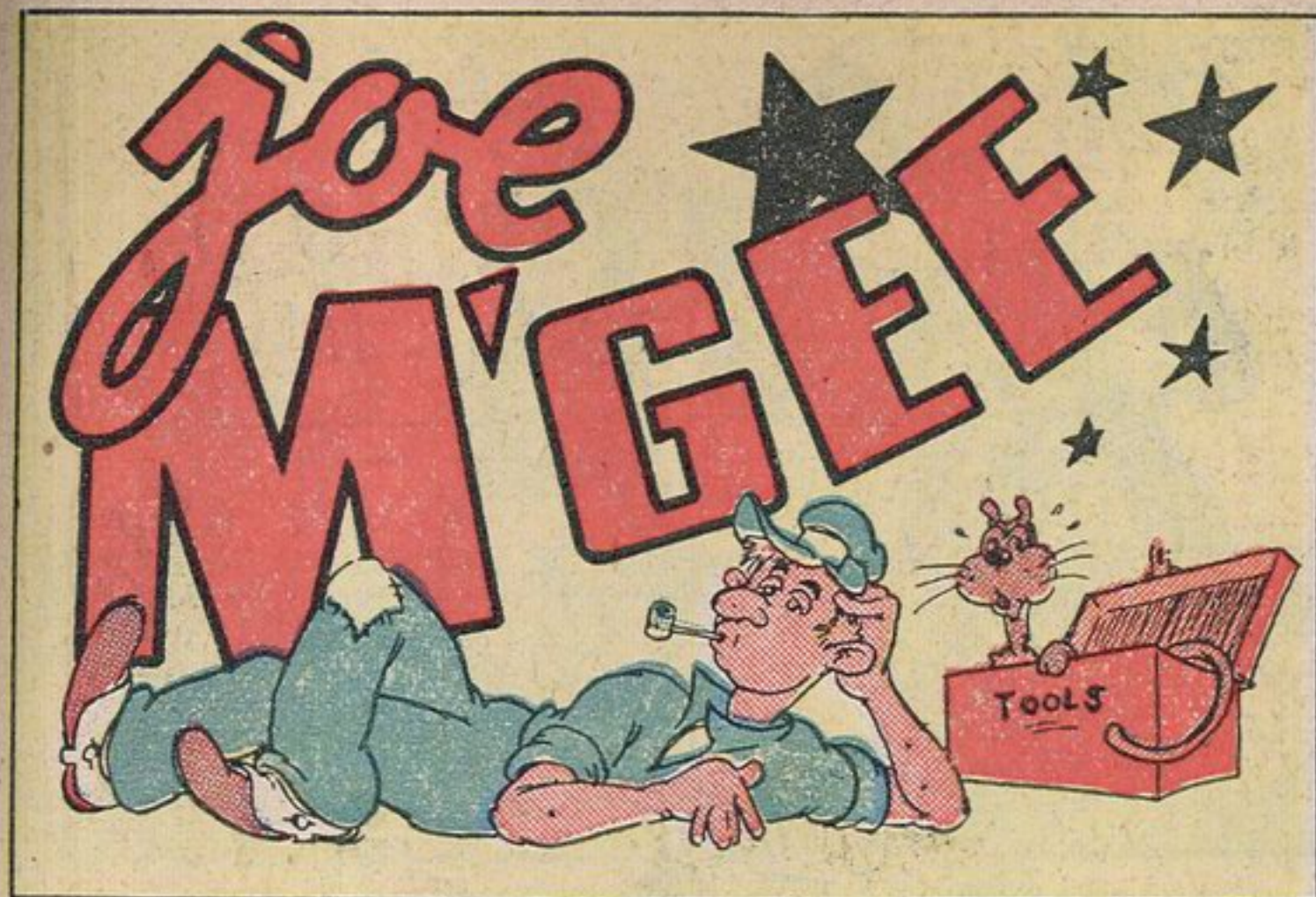
"HOW MUCH MILK IS IN THE CAN?"
I ASKED THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER
"JUST ABOUT ONE HALF," SHE SAID.
"THE OTHER HALF IS WATER."



WILLIE PLAYED WITH DYNAMITE
UPON THE KITCHEN FLOOR.
AND AFTER THE EXPLOSION
LITTLE WILLIE WAS NO MORE!



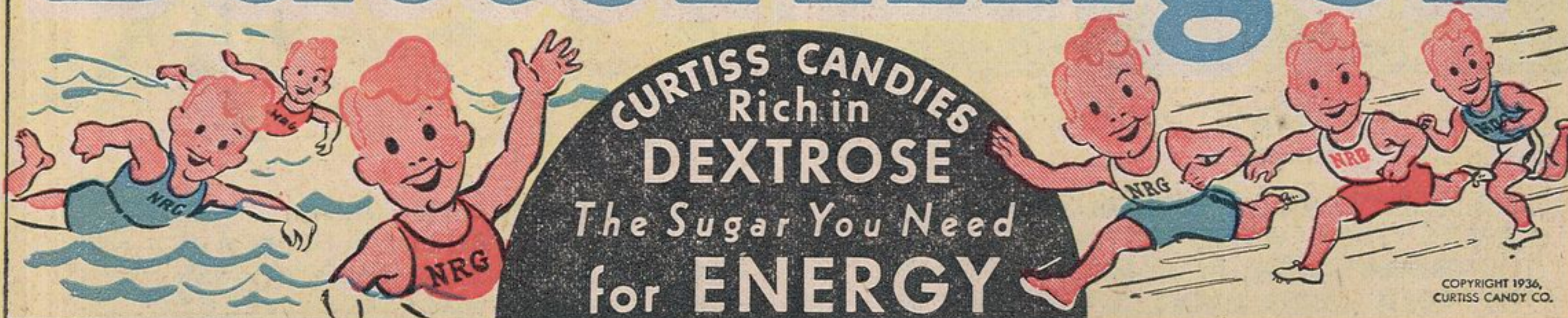
"WHERE'S YOUR 'GRAMMAR'?" TEACHER SAID.
MARY SAID, "I'M NOT A FOOL.
YOU KNOW DARN WELL I'VE NEVER YET
BROUGHT. GRANDMA HERE TO SCHOOL!"



Butterfinger

5¢

CURTISS CANDIES
Rich in
DEXTROSE
The Sugar You Need
for **ENERGY**



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AD-VENTURES



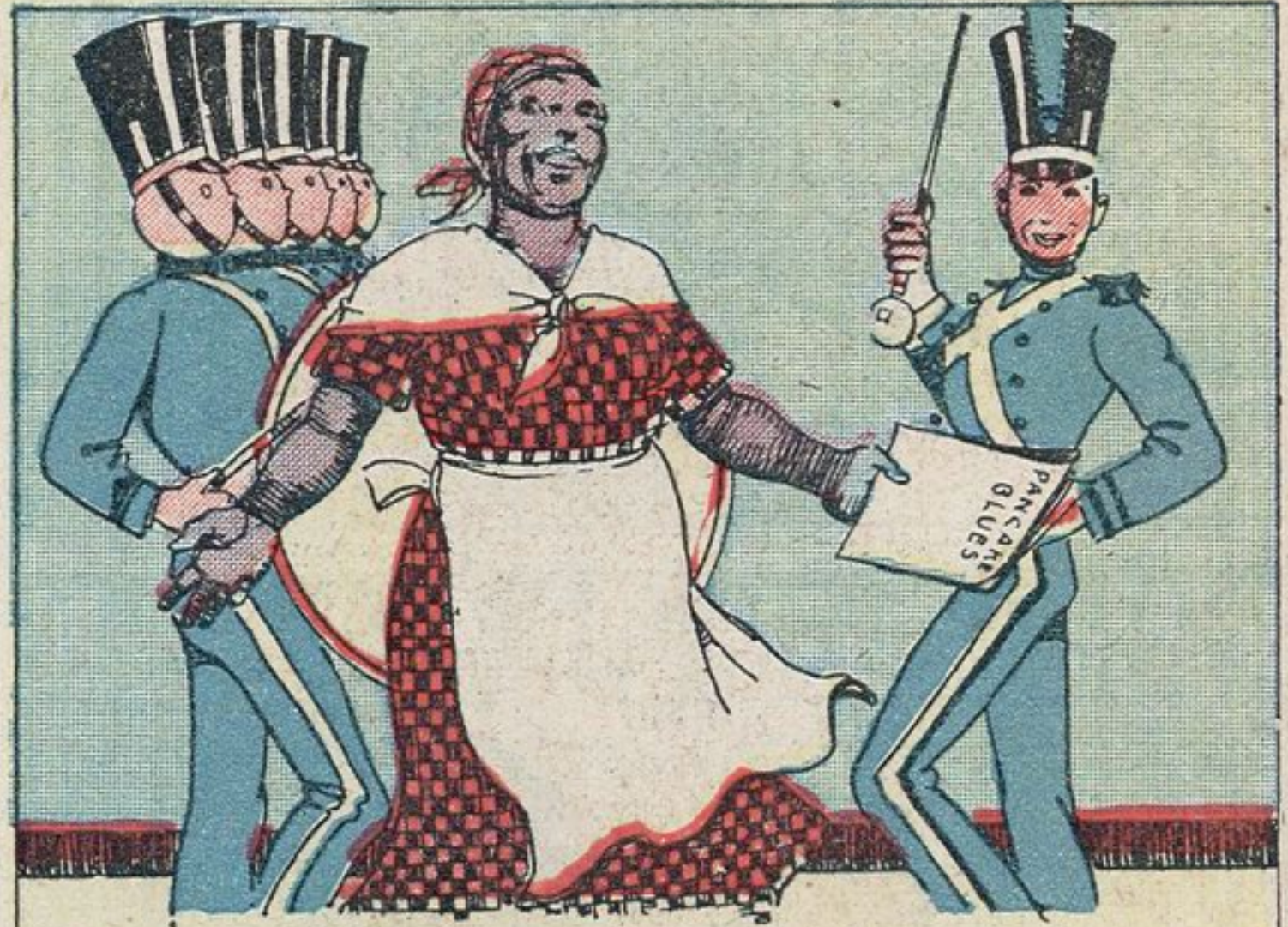
THE KERNELS PLAYED A SNAPPY TUNE.
THE NEXT TURN WAS A TREAT.
YOU'VE SEEN HER PICTURE EVERYWHERE,
IN STORES ALONG THE STREET.



'T WAS FAT OLD AUNT JEMIMA,
A SMILE UPON HER FACE,
WAVING TO THE AUDIENCE,
THAT PACKED AND JAMMED THE PLACE.



RED BANDANA 'ROUND HER HEAD,
TEETH OF PEARLY WHITE!
WHEN IT COMES TO SINGING SONGS,
THIS LADY DOES IT RIGHT!



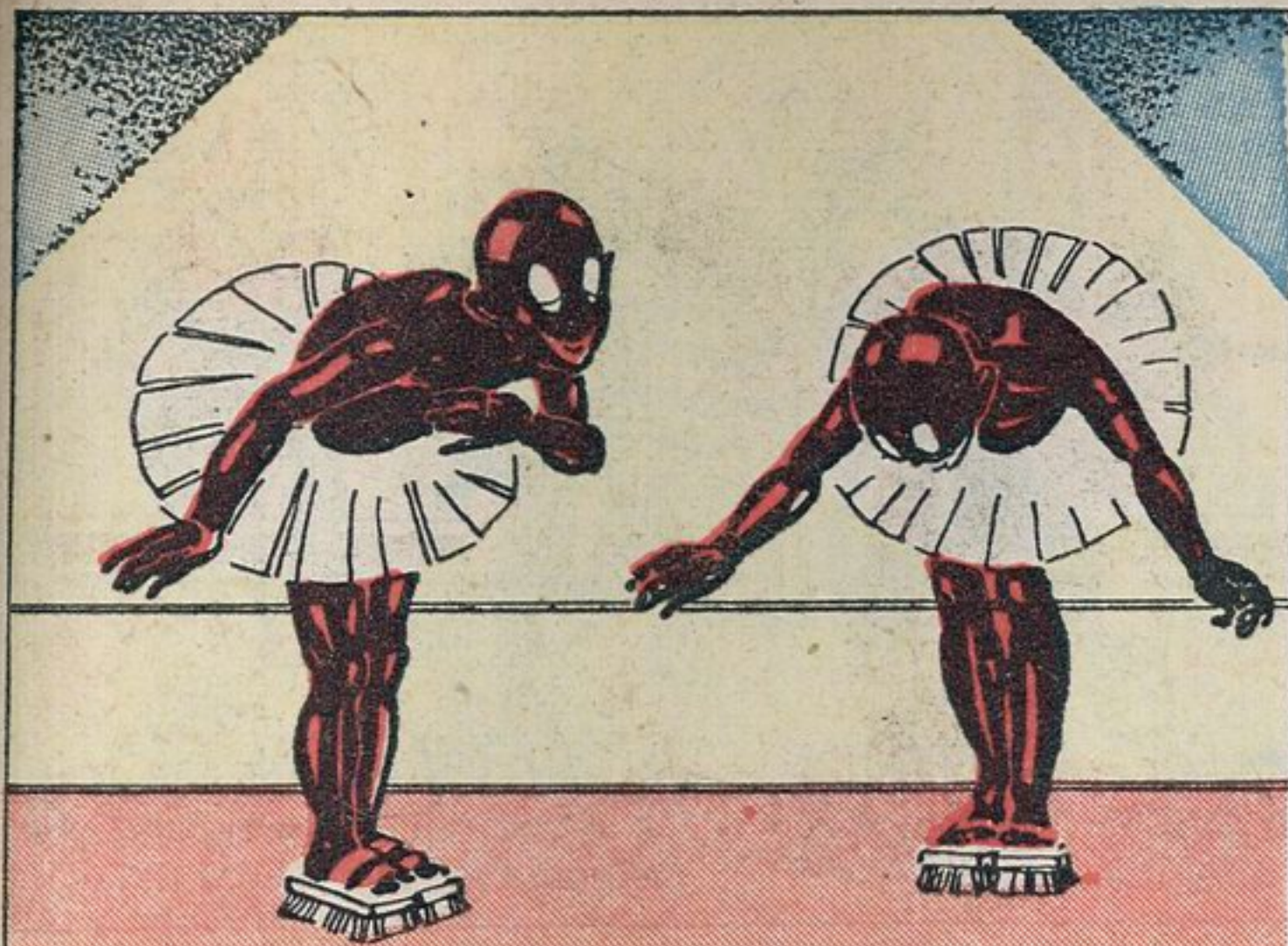
THE LEADER SWINGS HIS BATON.
THERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE.
AUNT JEMIMA SINGS OUT LOUD,
"I GOT THEM PANCAKE BLUES!"



TWO DARK SHADOWS THEN APPEARED.
KAPERS THEY WERE KUTTIN'.
THE CROWD KNEW IN A MOMENT THAT
THE GOLD DUST TWINS WERE STRUTTIN'.



DANCING BACK AND DANCING FORTH,
THEY NEVER MISSED A BEAT!
THE TANTALIZING TAPPING OF
THE BRUSHES ON THEIR FEET!



THOUGH THE SPOTLIGHT THREW ON THEM
A BEAM OF WHITEST LIGHT,
THE TWINS REMAINED AS ALWAYS,
AS DARK AS DARKEST NIGHT.



A SPLENDID SIGHT, ALL DRESSED IN WHITE -
A TRAY OF LUSCIOUS HAM!
THE CROWD WENT WILD, FOR HERE HE WAS -
THE MAN FROM ALABAM!



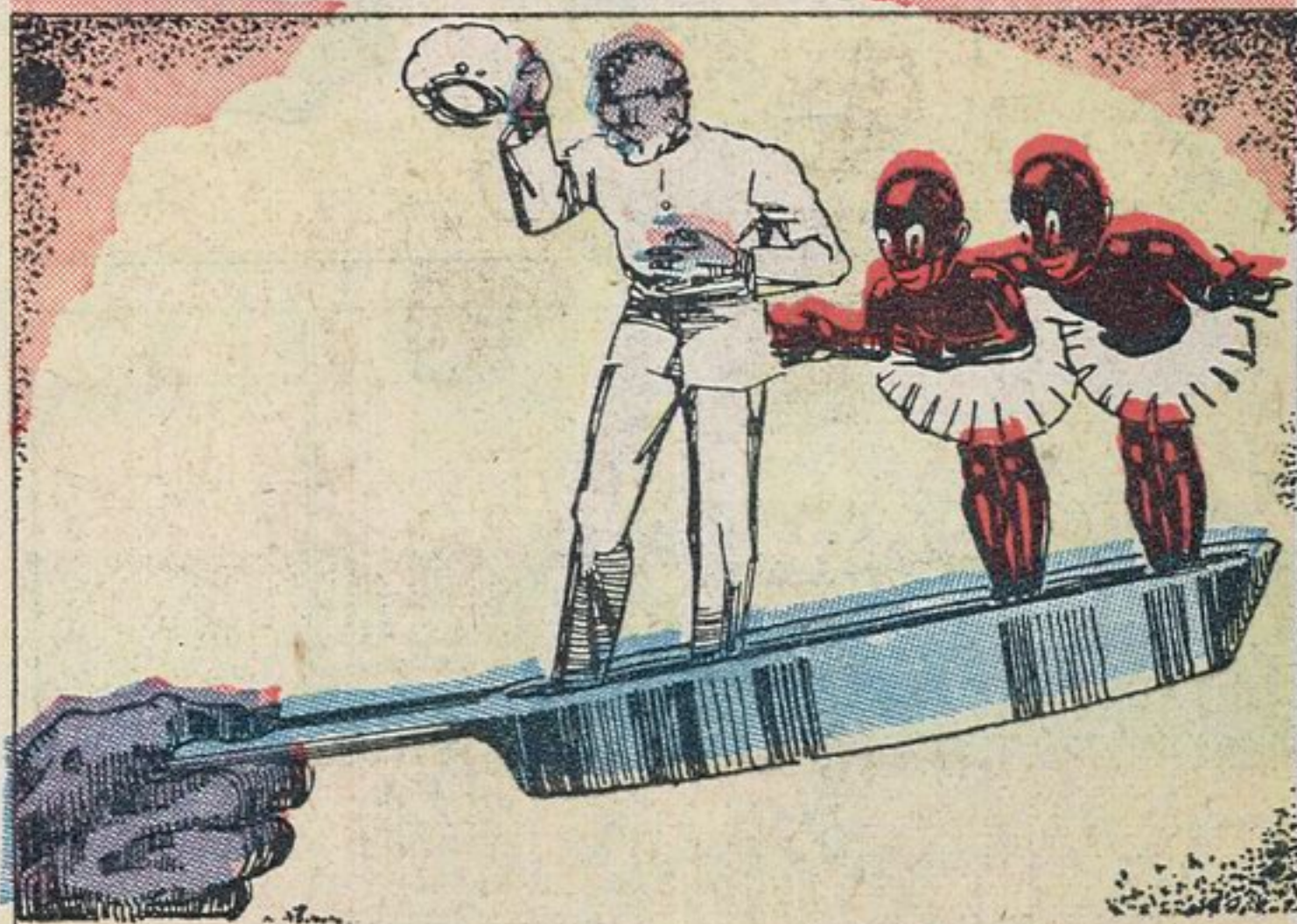
AND WHEN A MAN'S FROM ALABAM,
THERE'S RHYTHM IN HIS SOUL!
HE CAN DANCE AND HE CAN SING
AND ROLY EYES CAN ROLL!



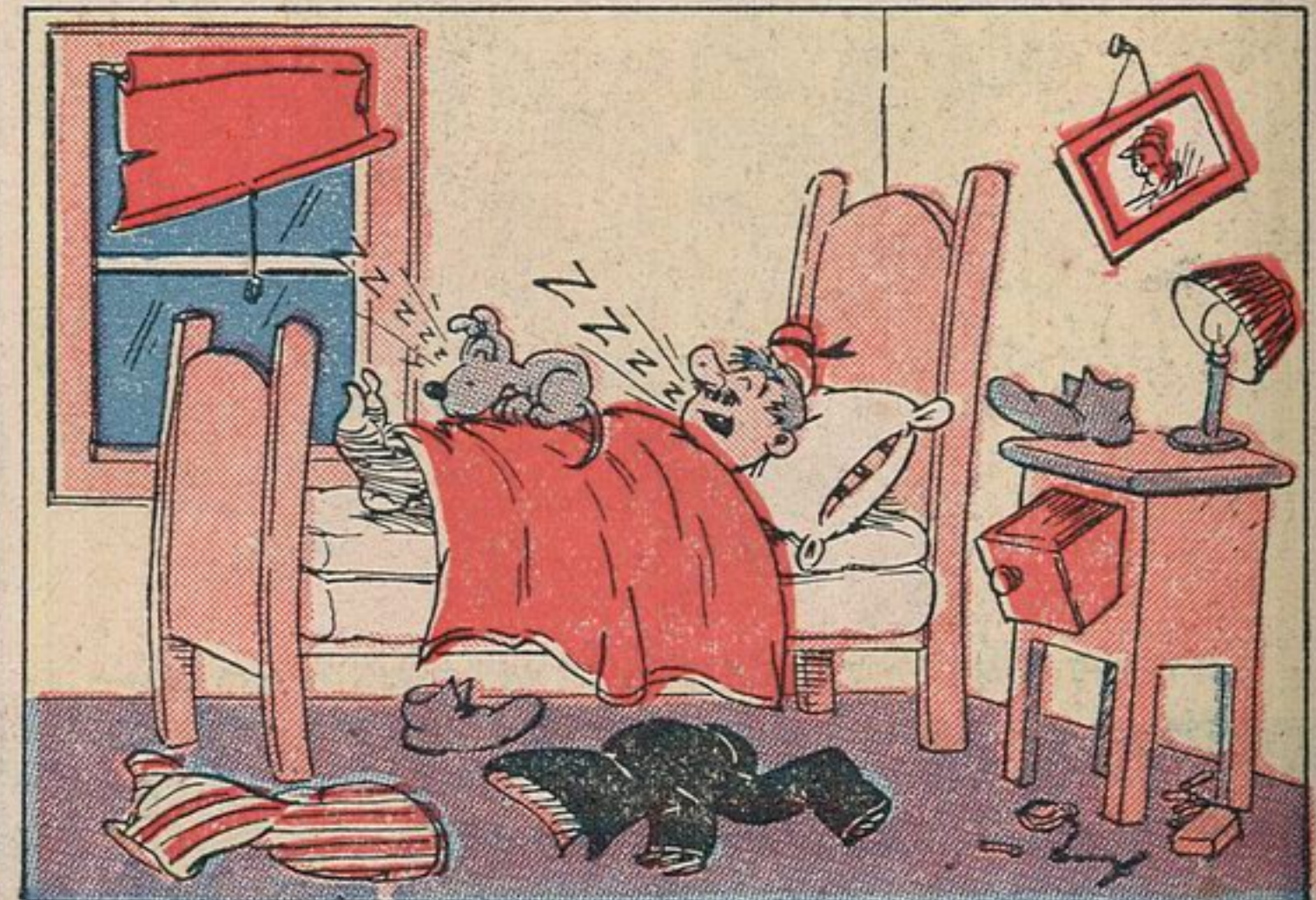
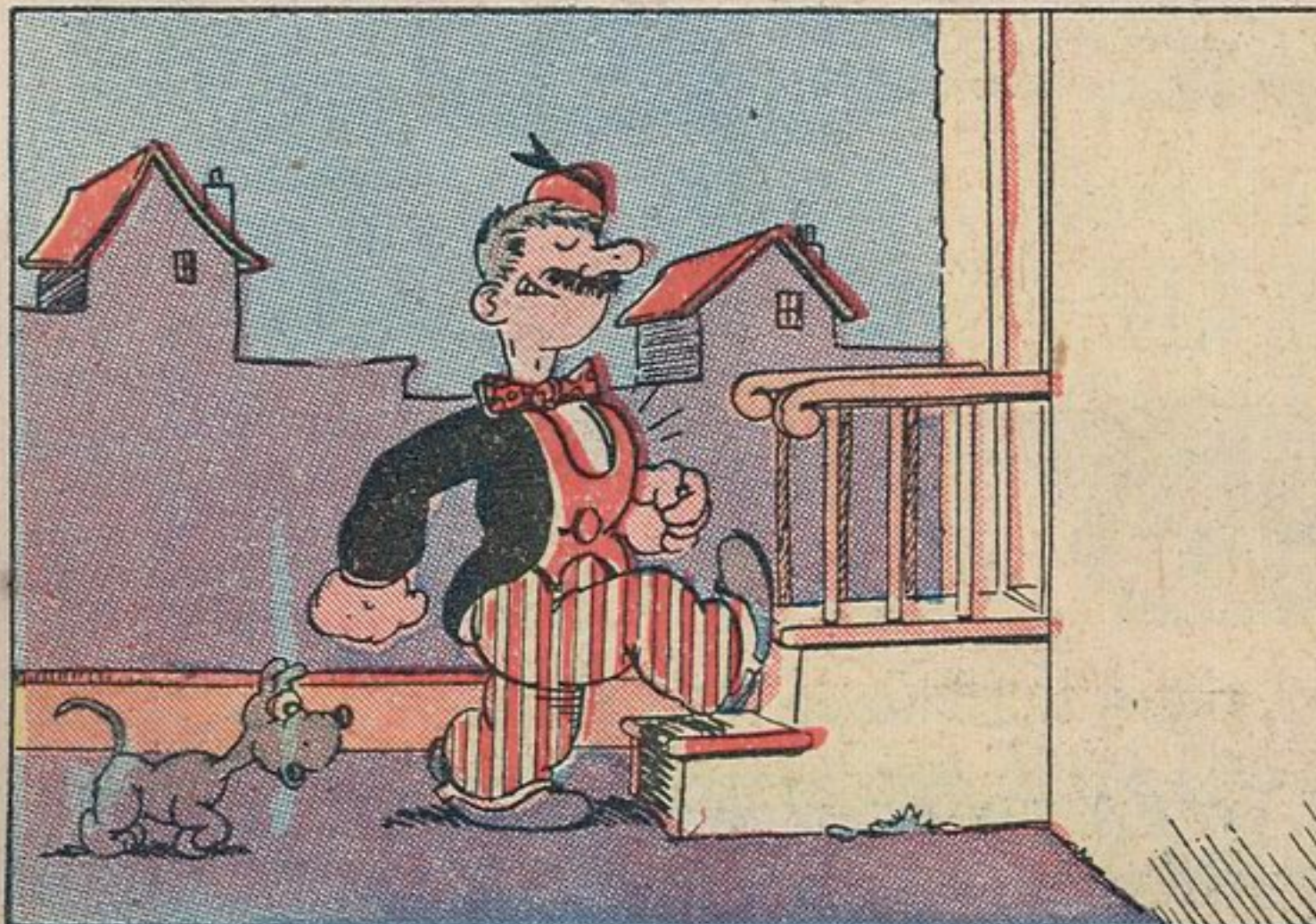
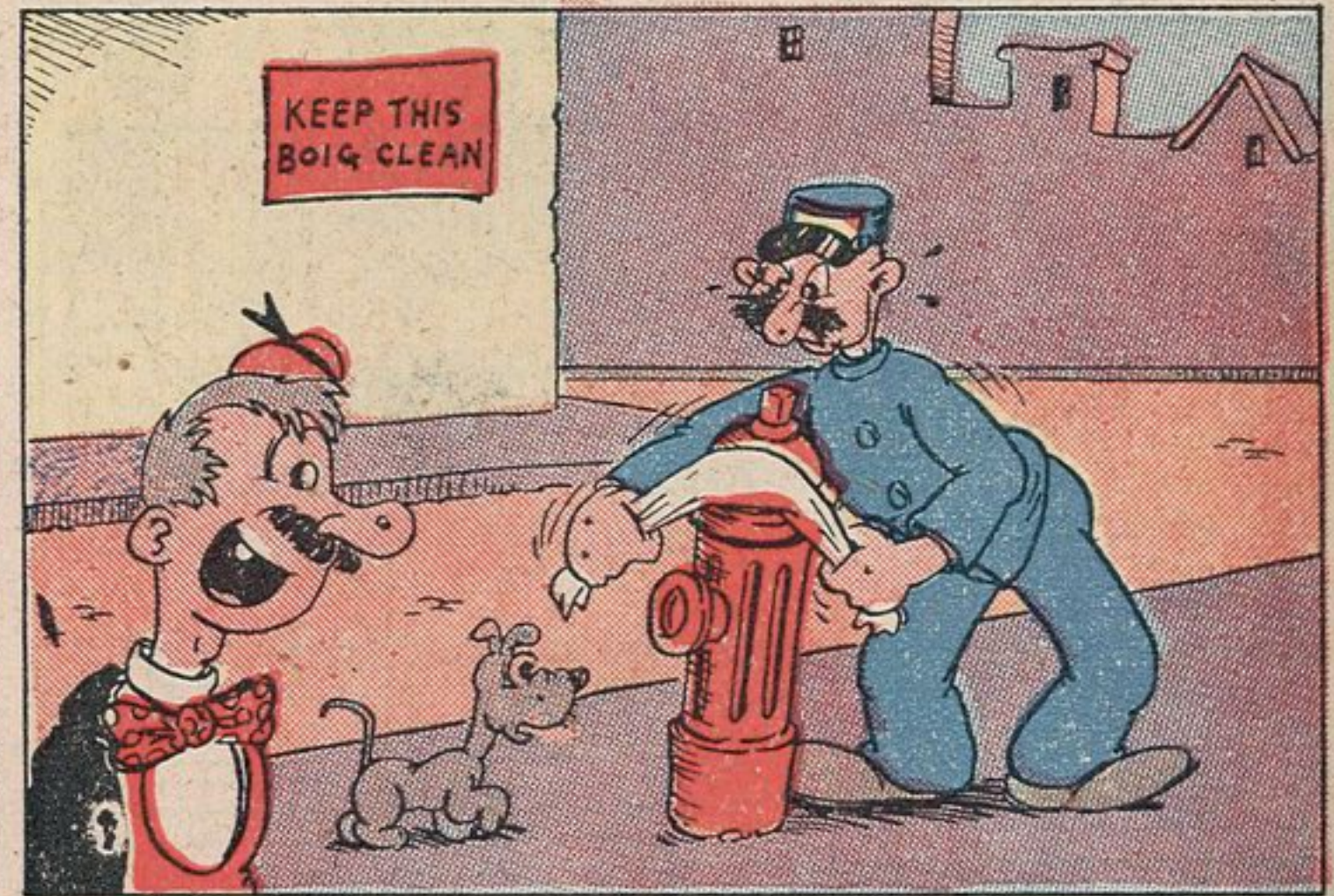
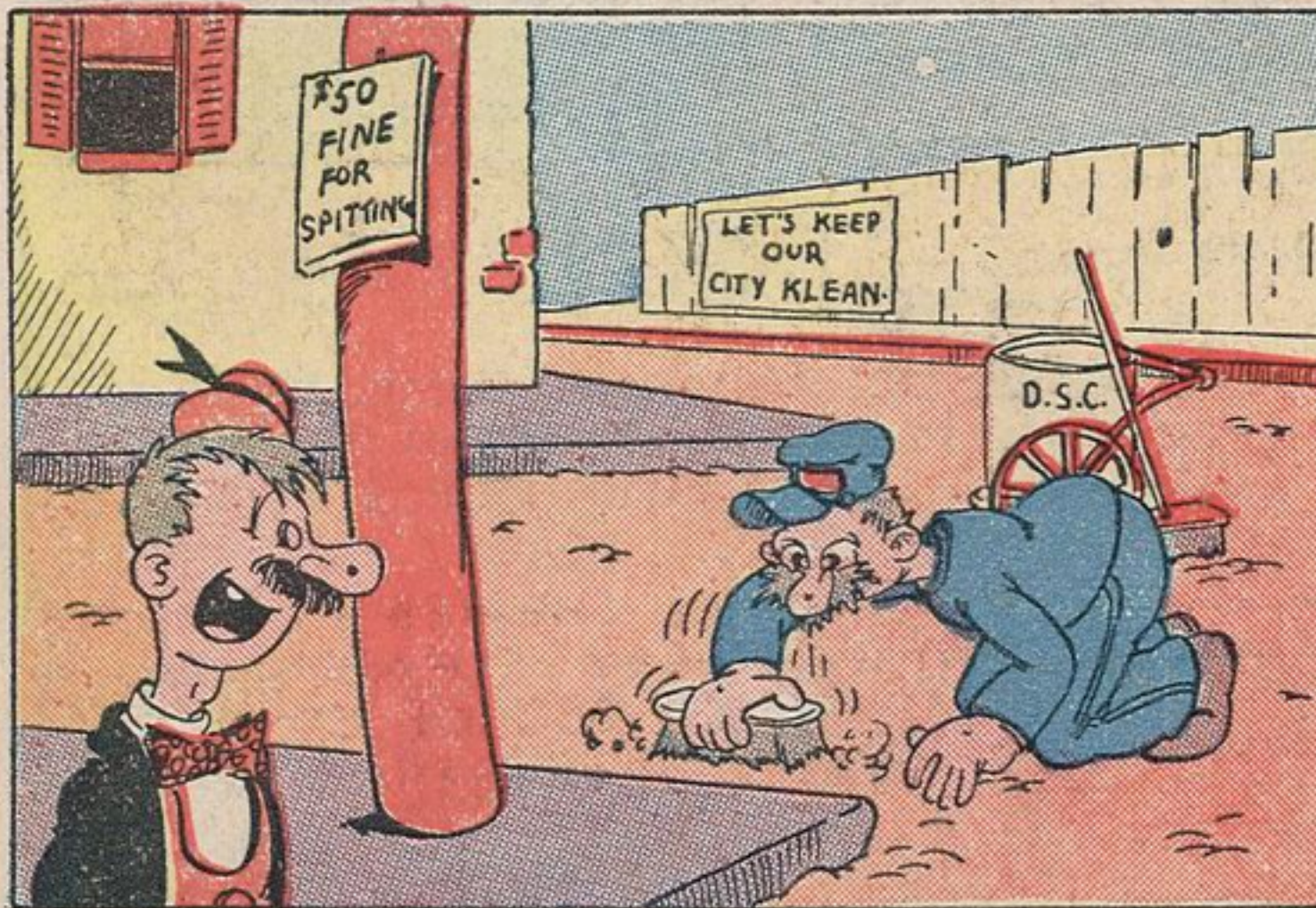
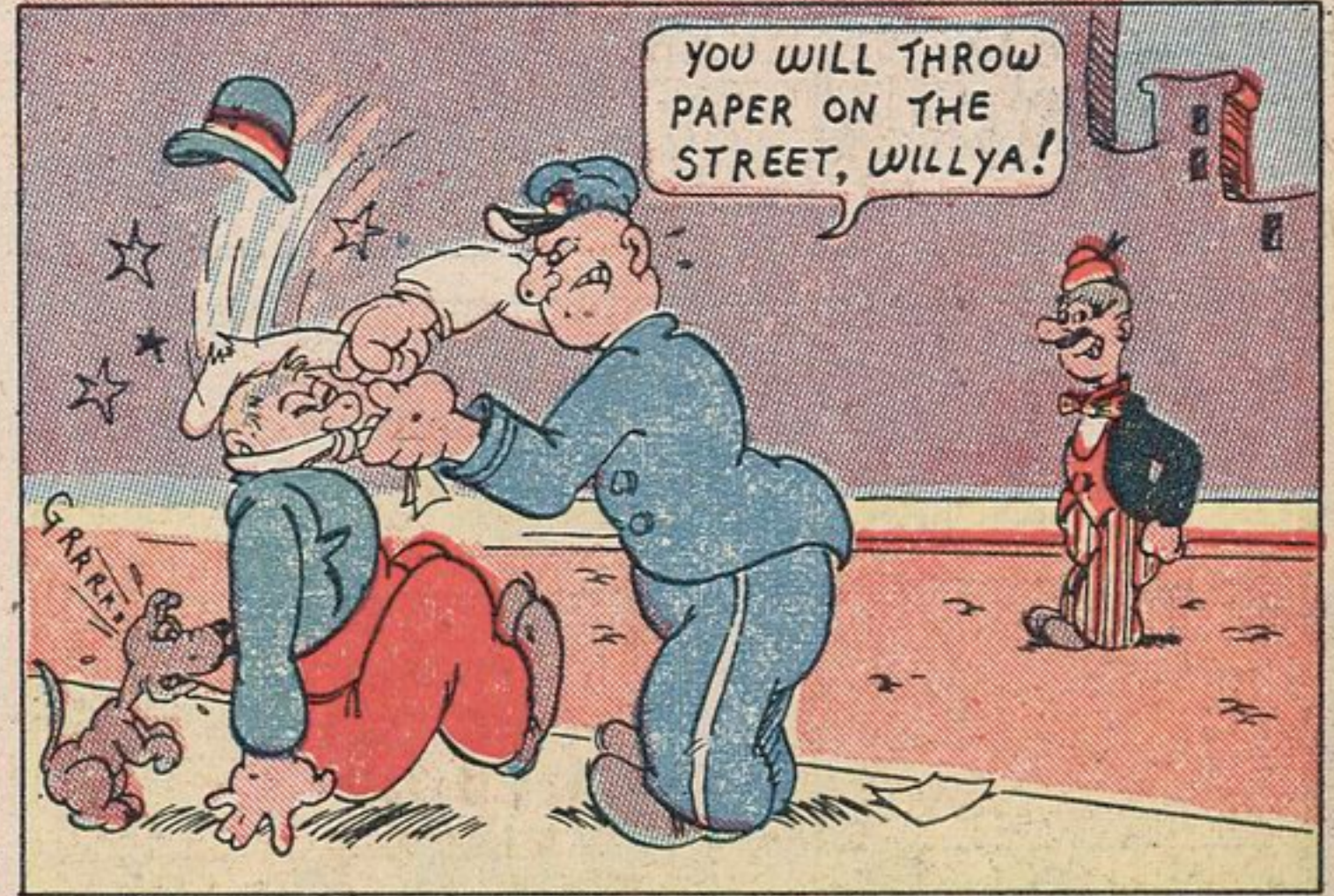
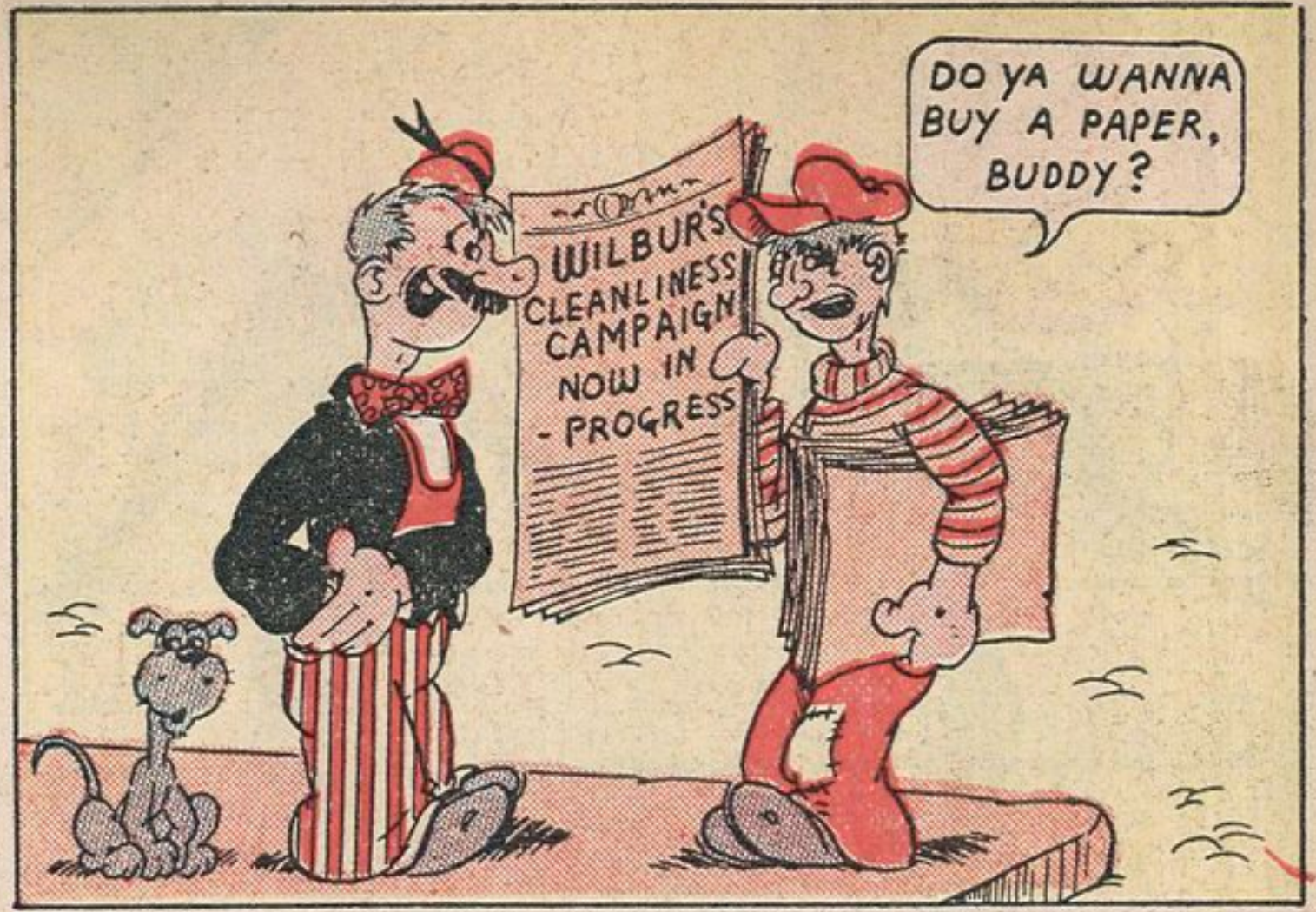
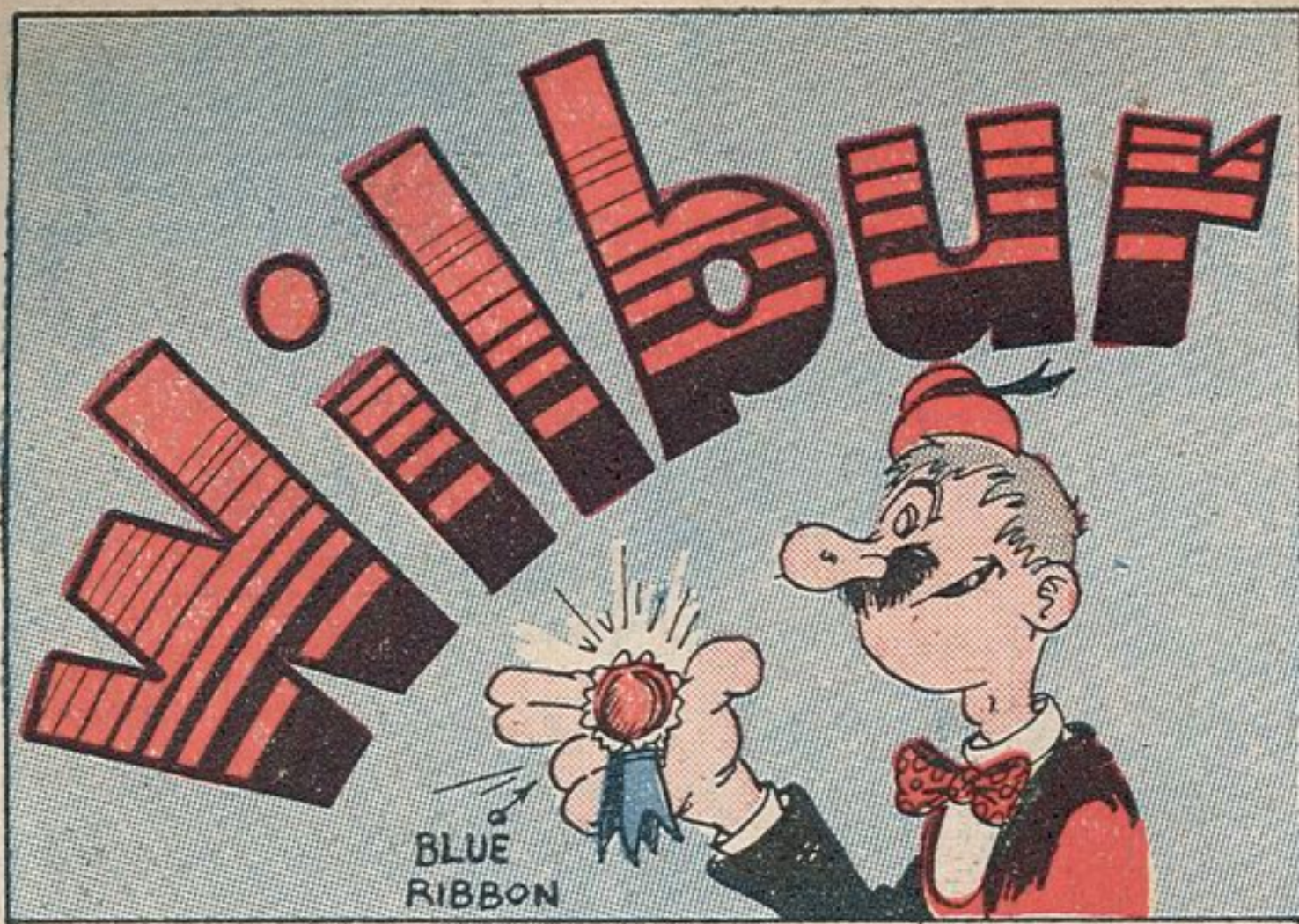
HE "DONE" ALL THIS AND THEN SOME MORE -
THEN HAD TO MAKE A SPEECH.
AND WHEN YOU HEAR THE WORDS HE SPOKE,
YOU'LL SAY IT WAS A PEACH!



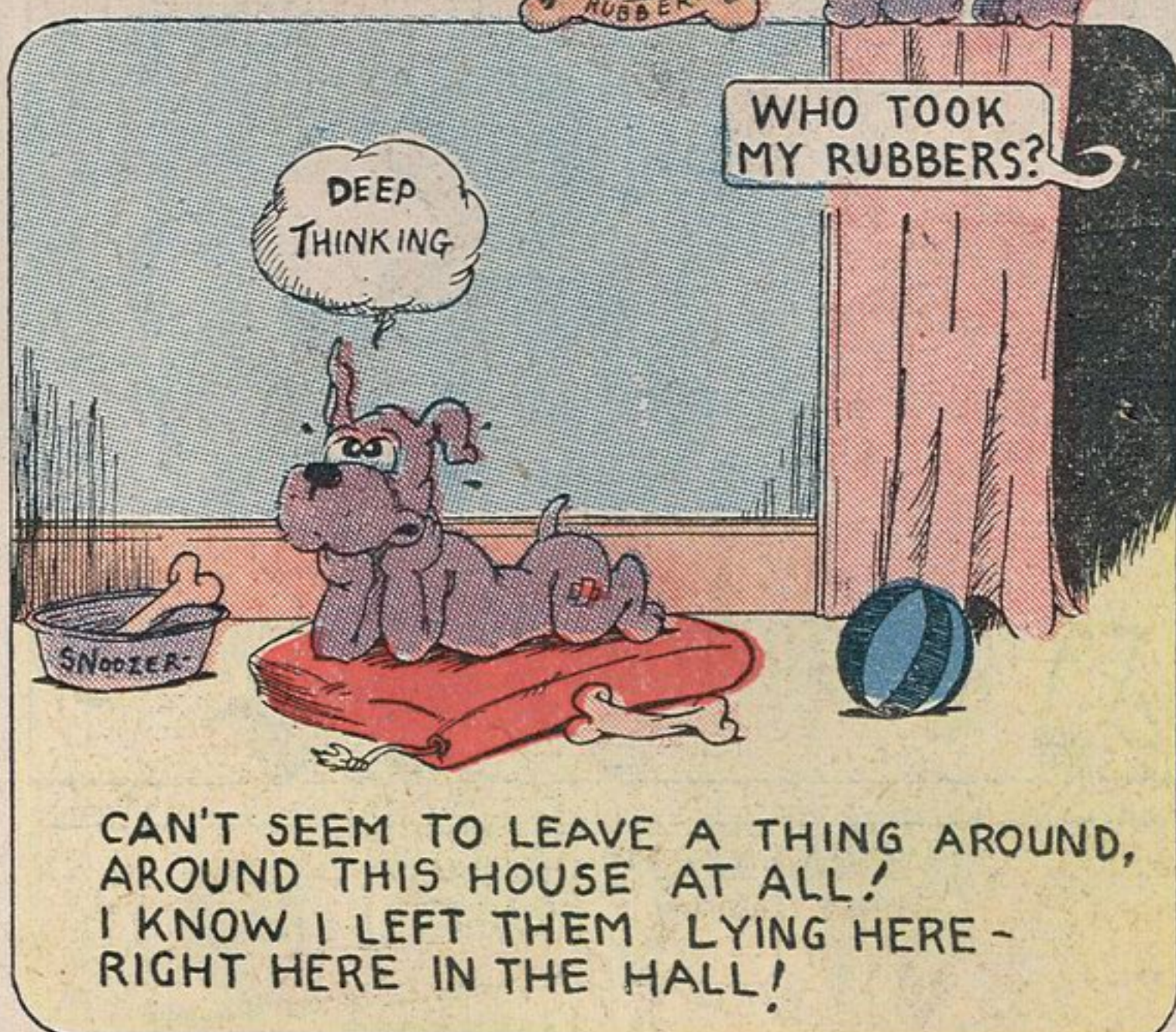
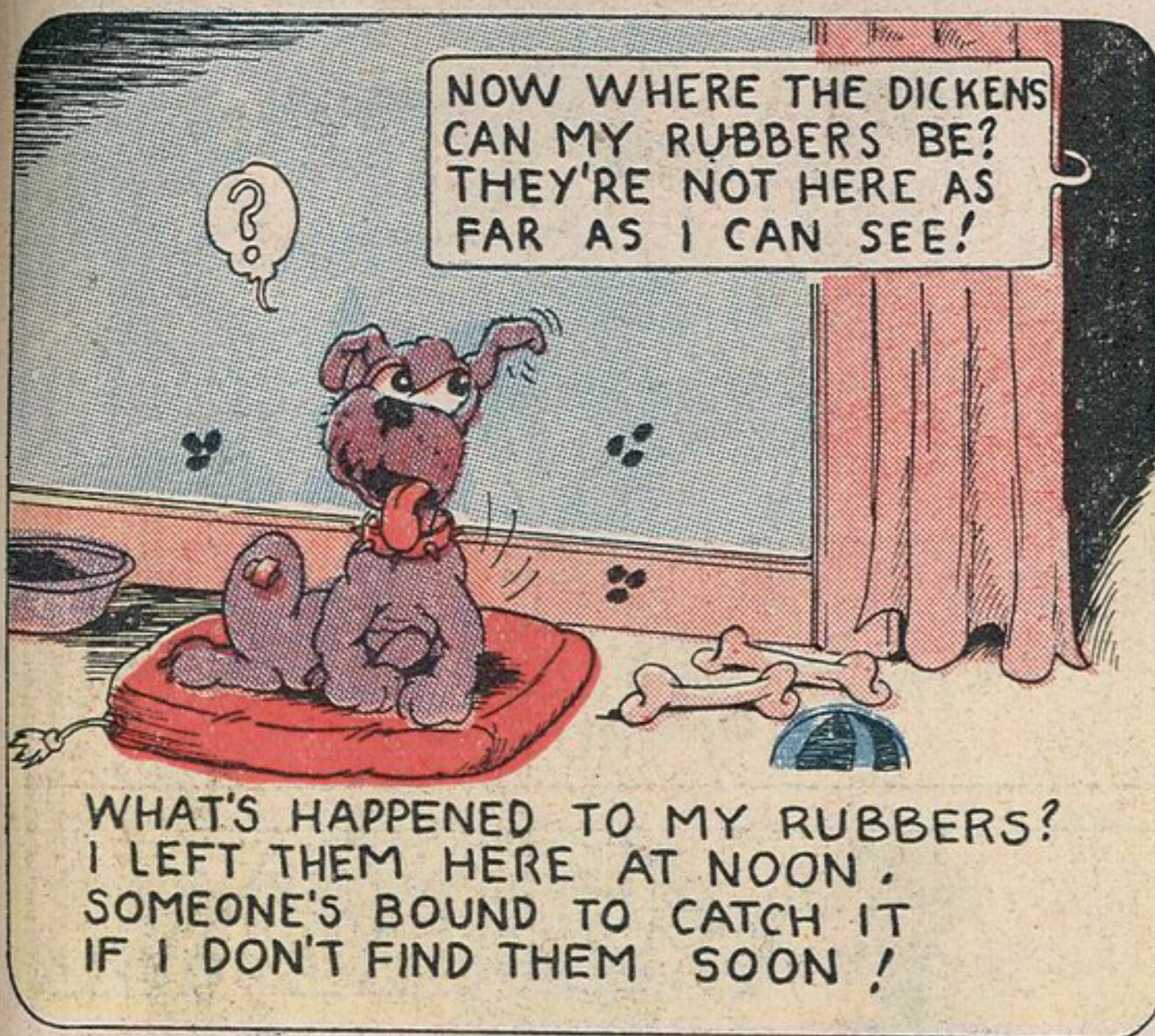
"I THANK YOU ALL FOR YOUR APPLAUSE -
AND I'M FROM ALABAM!
I'M GLAD TO KNOW, FROM WHERE YOU SIT,
YOU ONLY SEE ONE HAM!"



THEN THE CROWD WENT SIMPLY WILD, -
AS ONLY BIG CROWDS CAN -
WHEN AUNT JEMIMA TOOK THEM OFF
IN HER BIG FRYING PAN!



SNOOZER



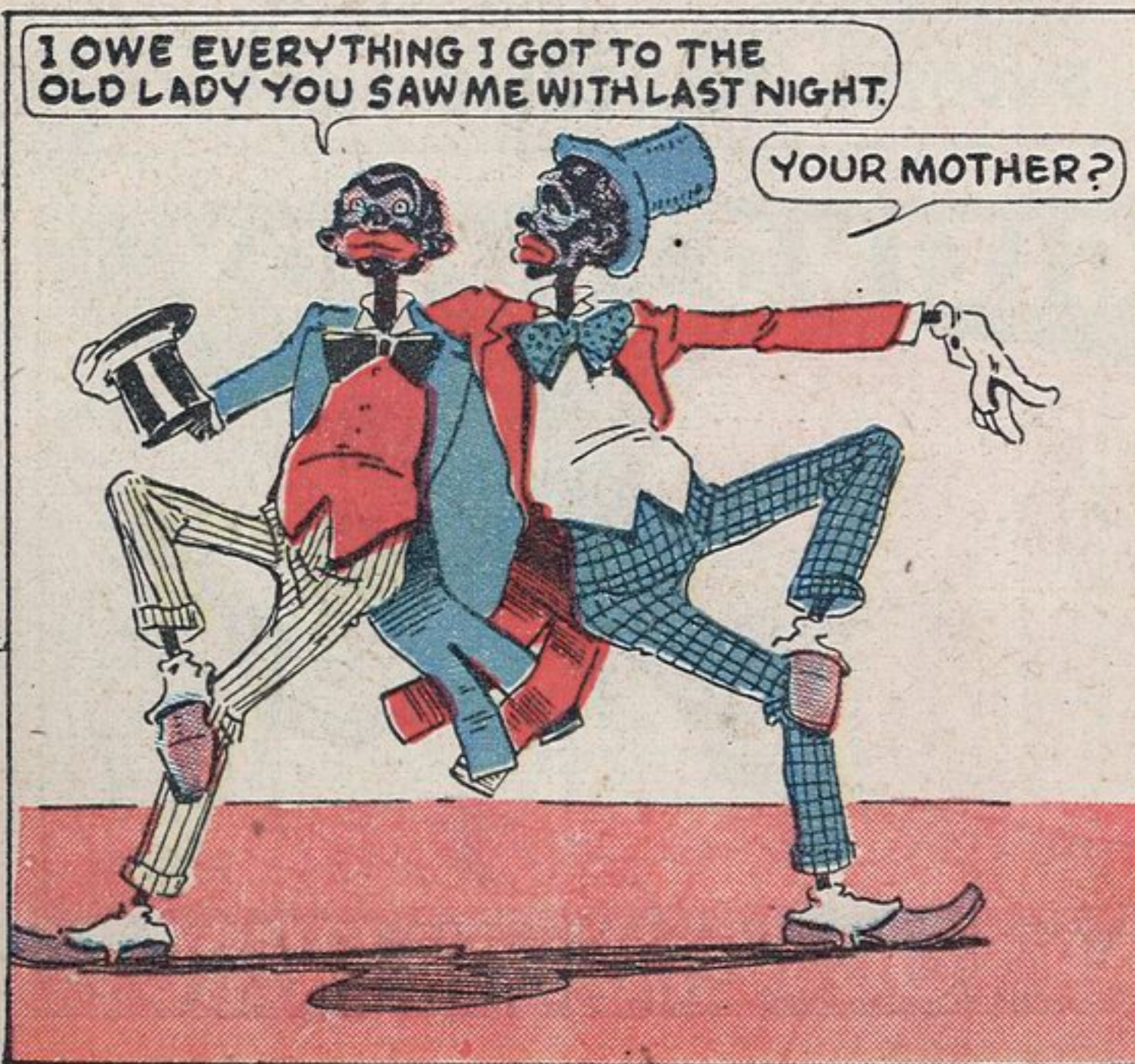
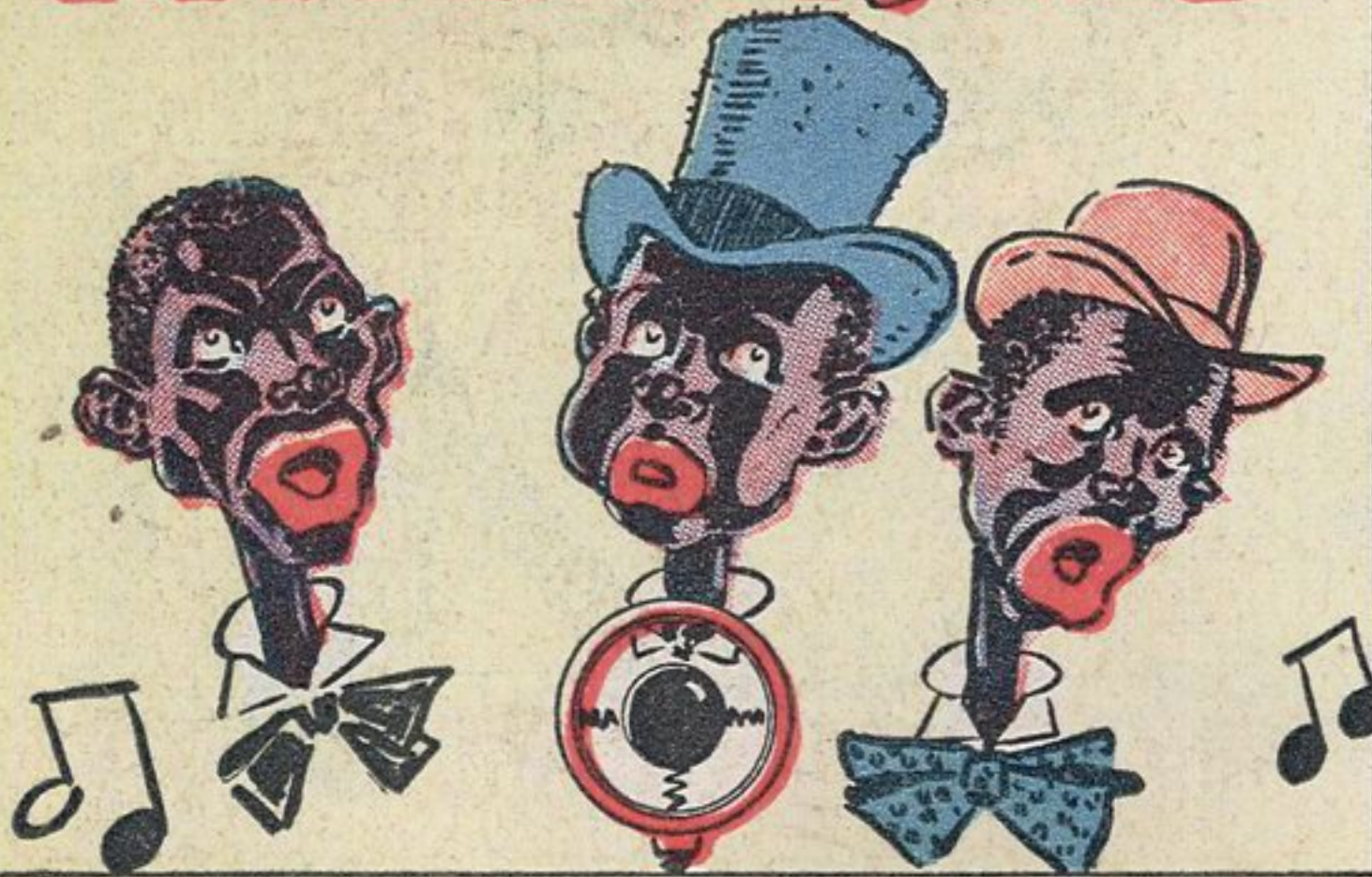
DELICIOUS ENERGIZING CANDY

Baby Ruth

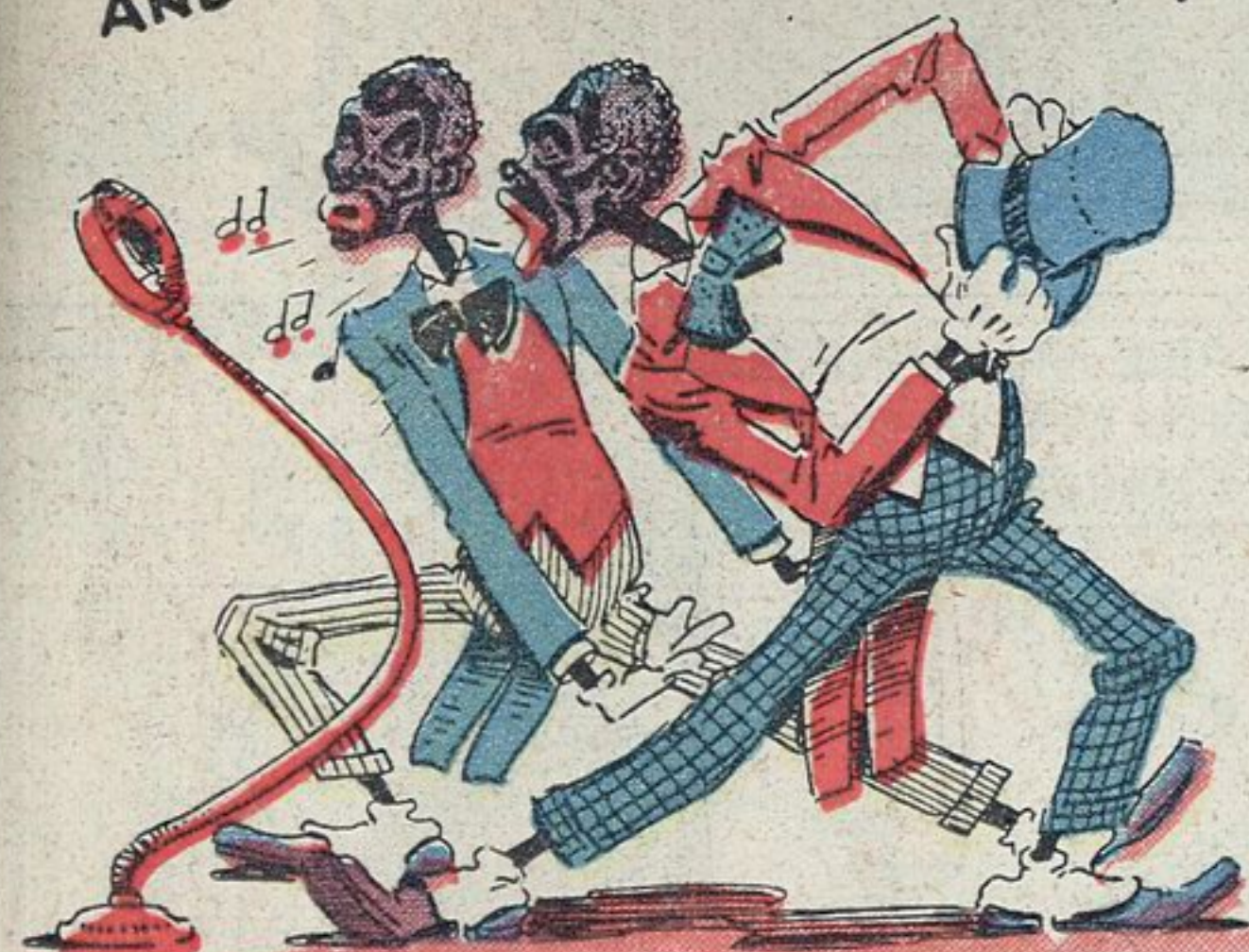
RICH IN DEXTROSE
THE SUGAR YOU NEED FOR ENERGY

RICH IN DEXTROSE • THE SUGAR YOU NEED FOR ENERGY

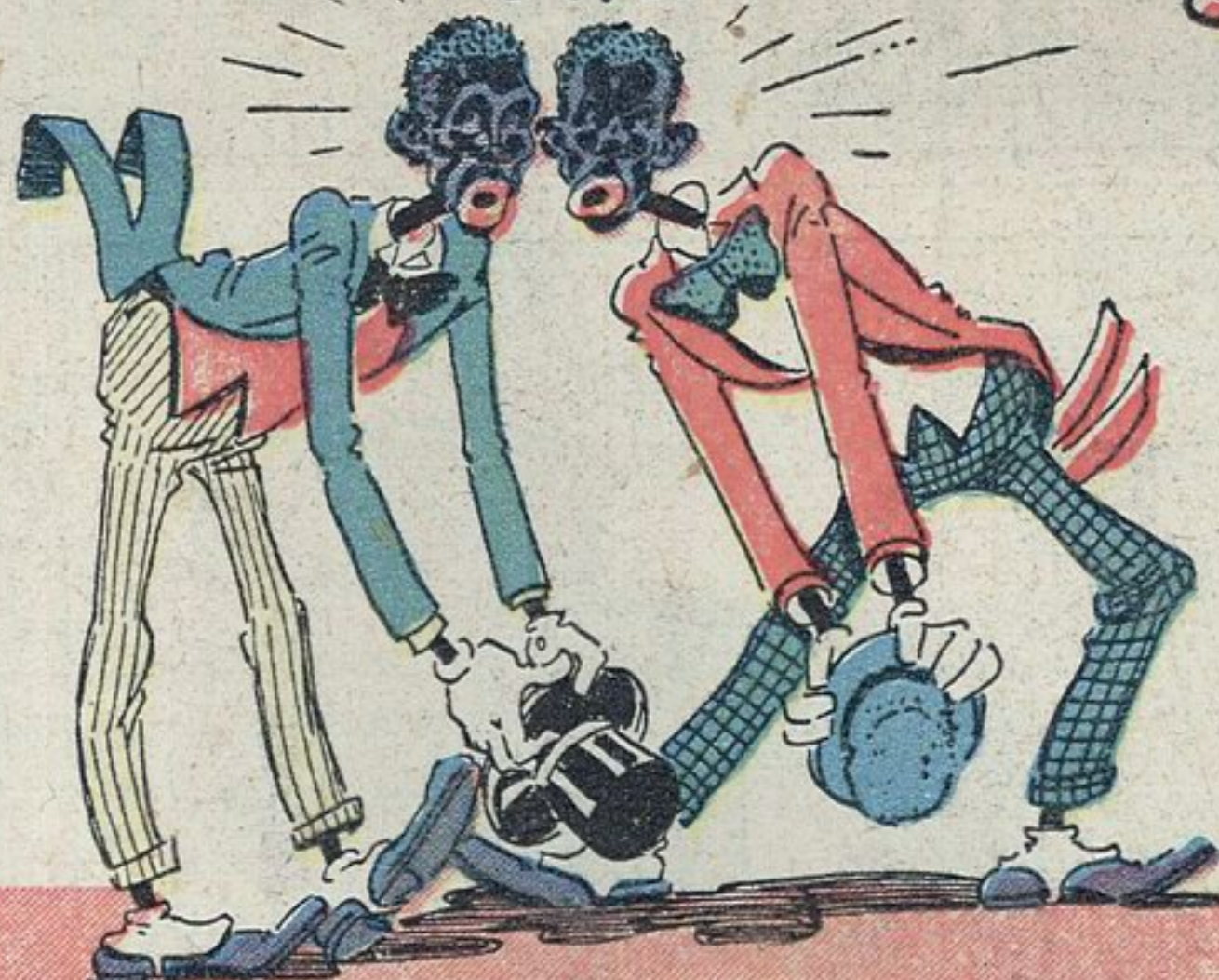
MINSTRELS



THE DOCTOR FELL DOWN IN THE WELL
AND DIED THERE ALL ALONE.

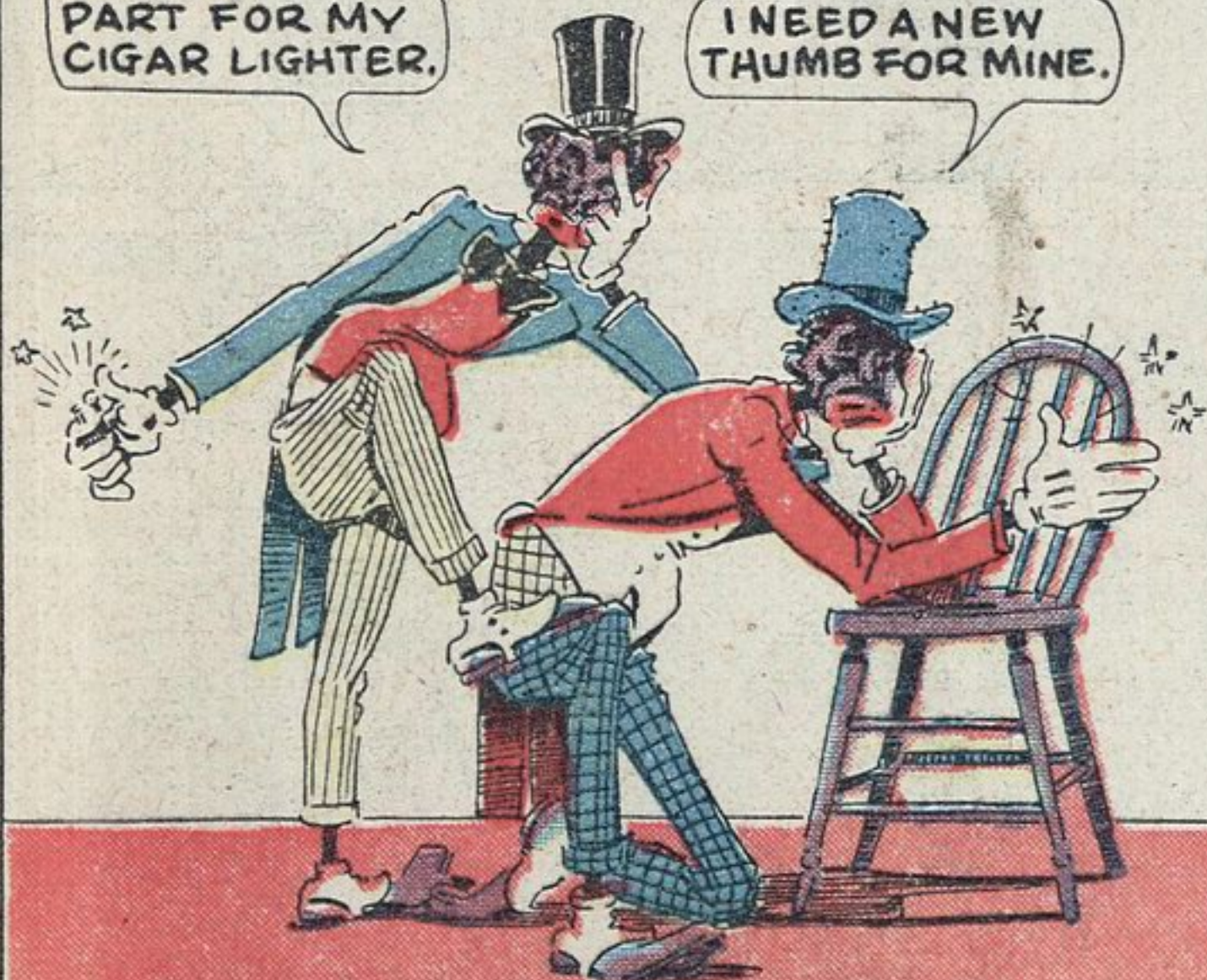


HE SHOULD HAVE TENDED TO THE SICK
AND LEFT THE WELL ALONE.



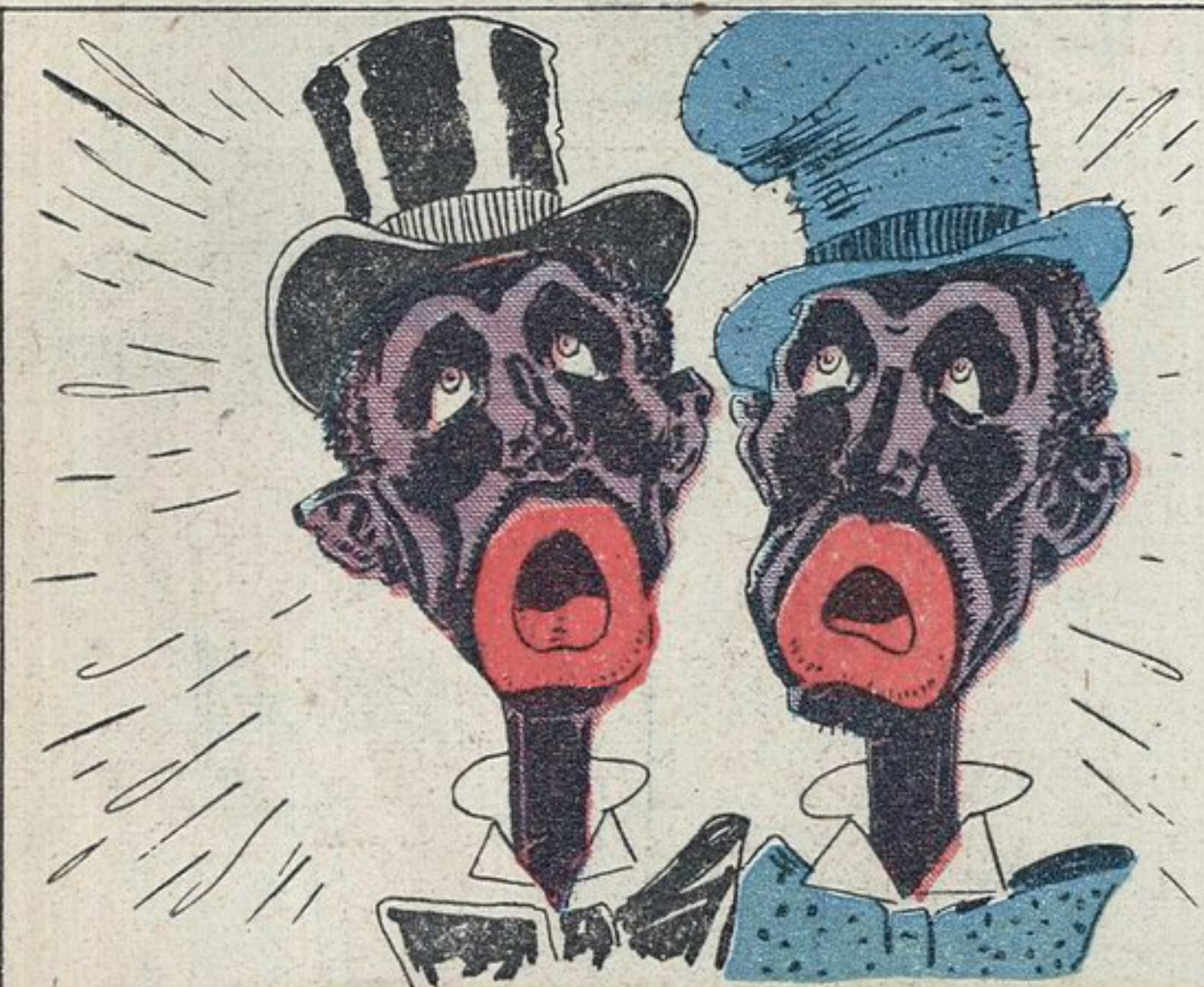
I NEED A NEW
PART FOR MY
CIGAR LIGHTER.

I NEED A NEW
THUMB FOR MINE.

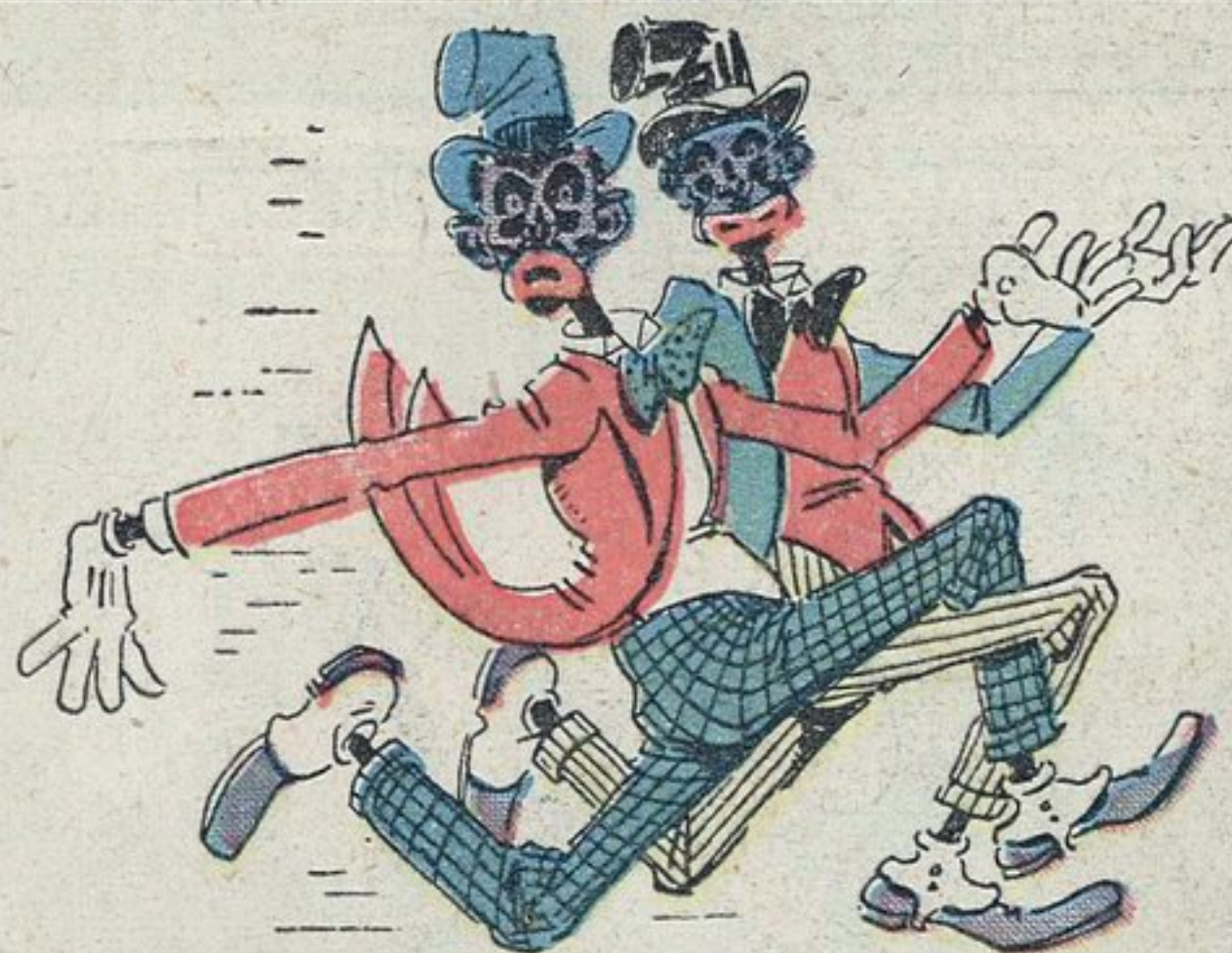


WHY DID YOU STOP YOUR
CAR IN FRONT OF MY DOOR?

CAUSE THE
WHEELS
WERE TIRED.

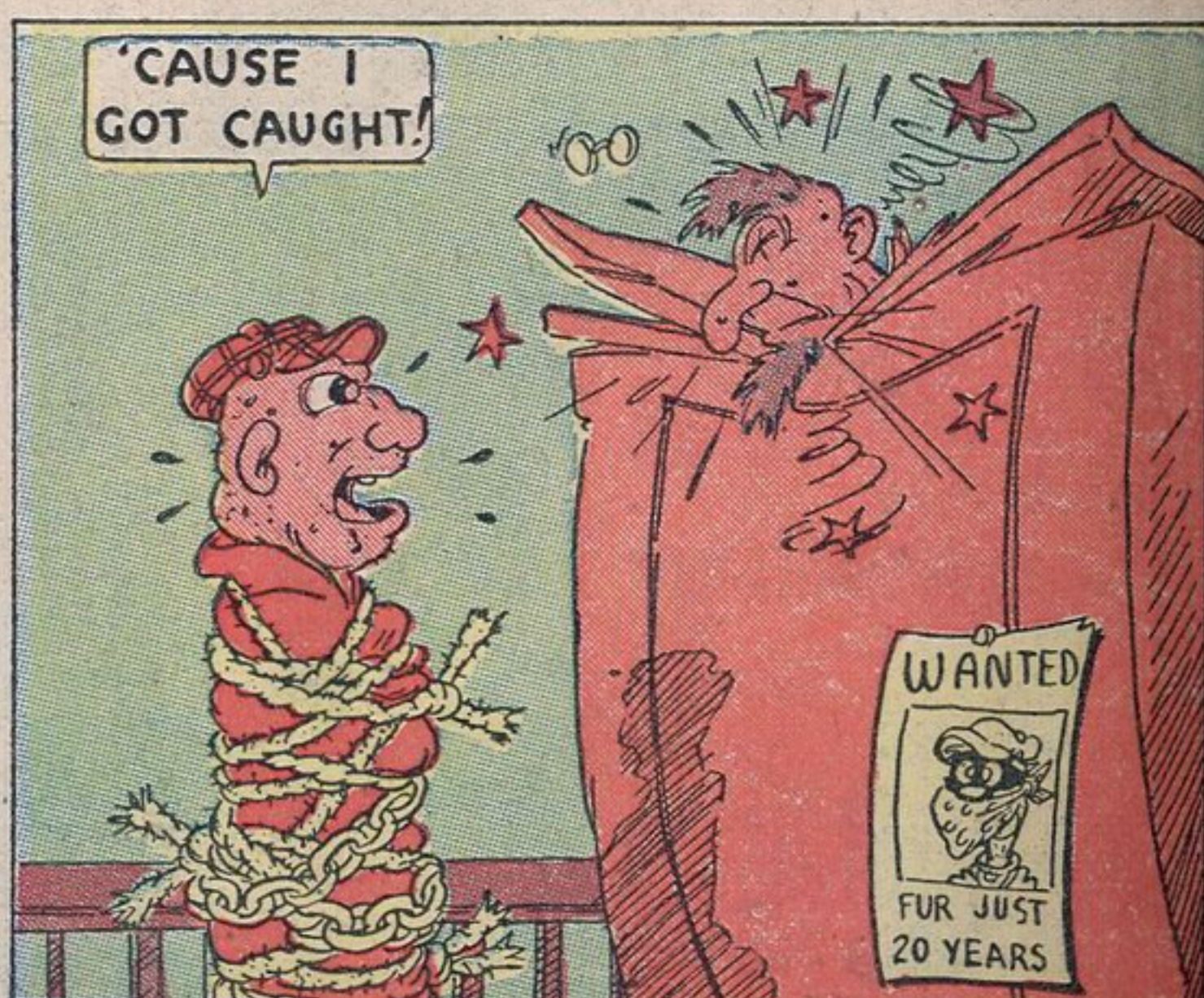
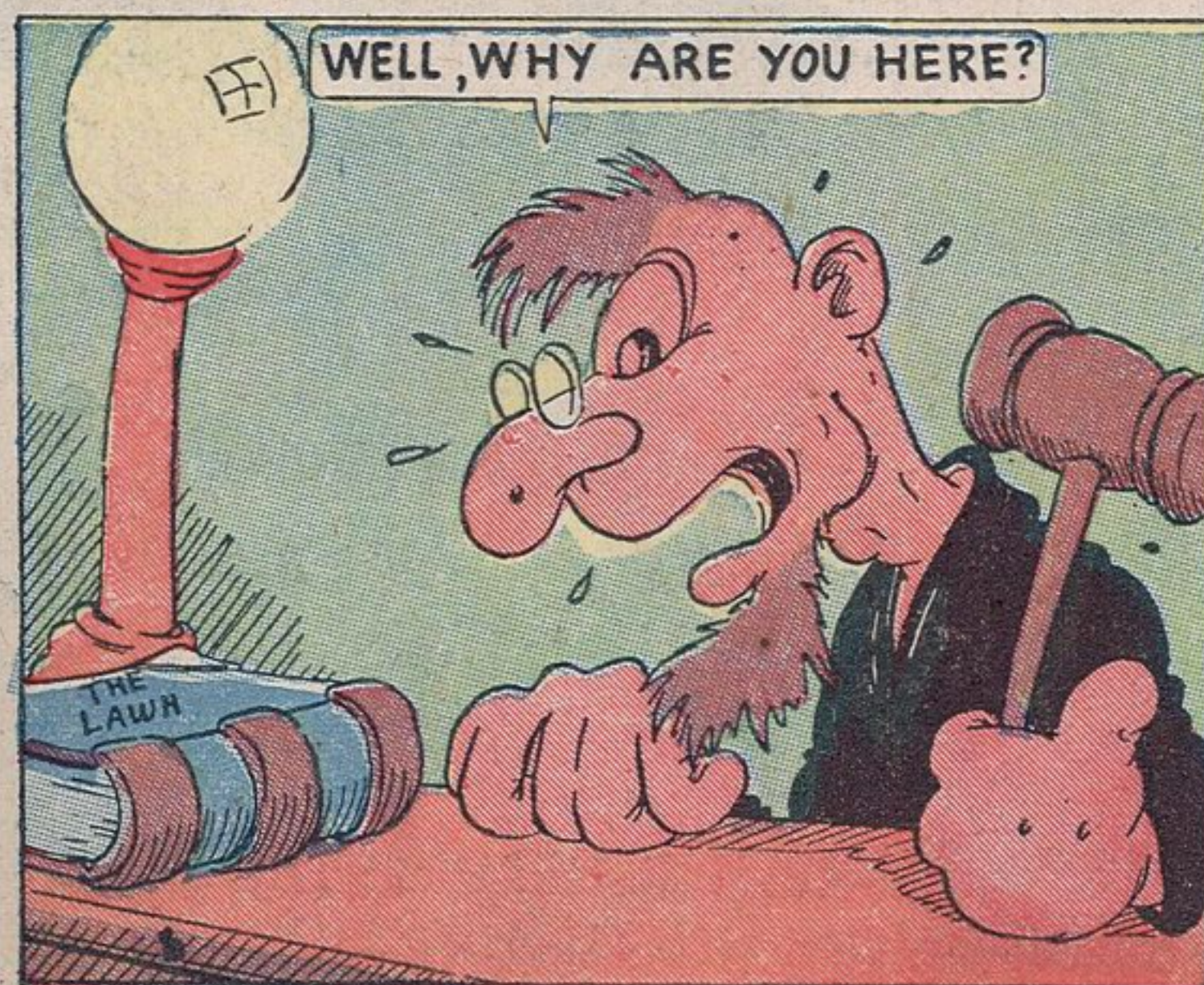
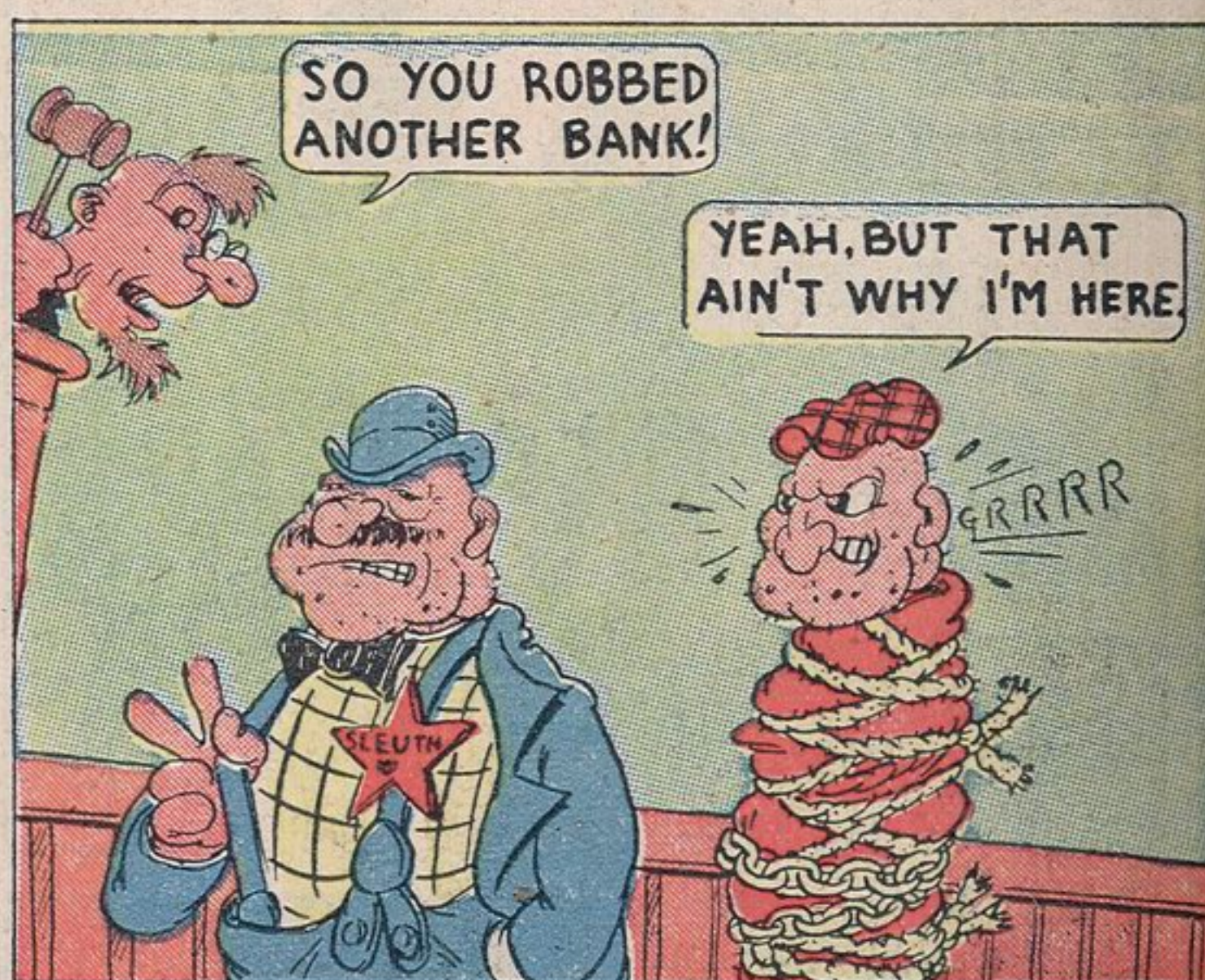
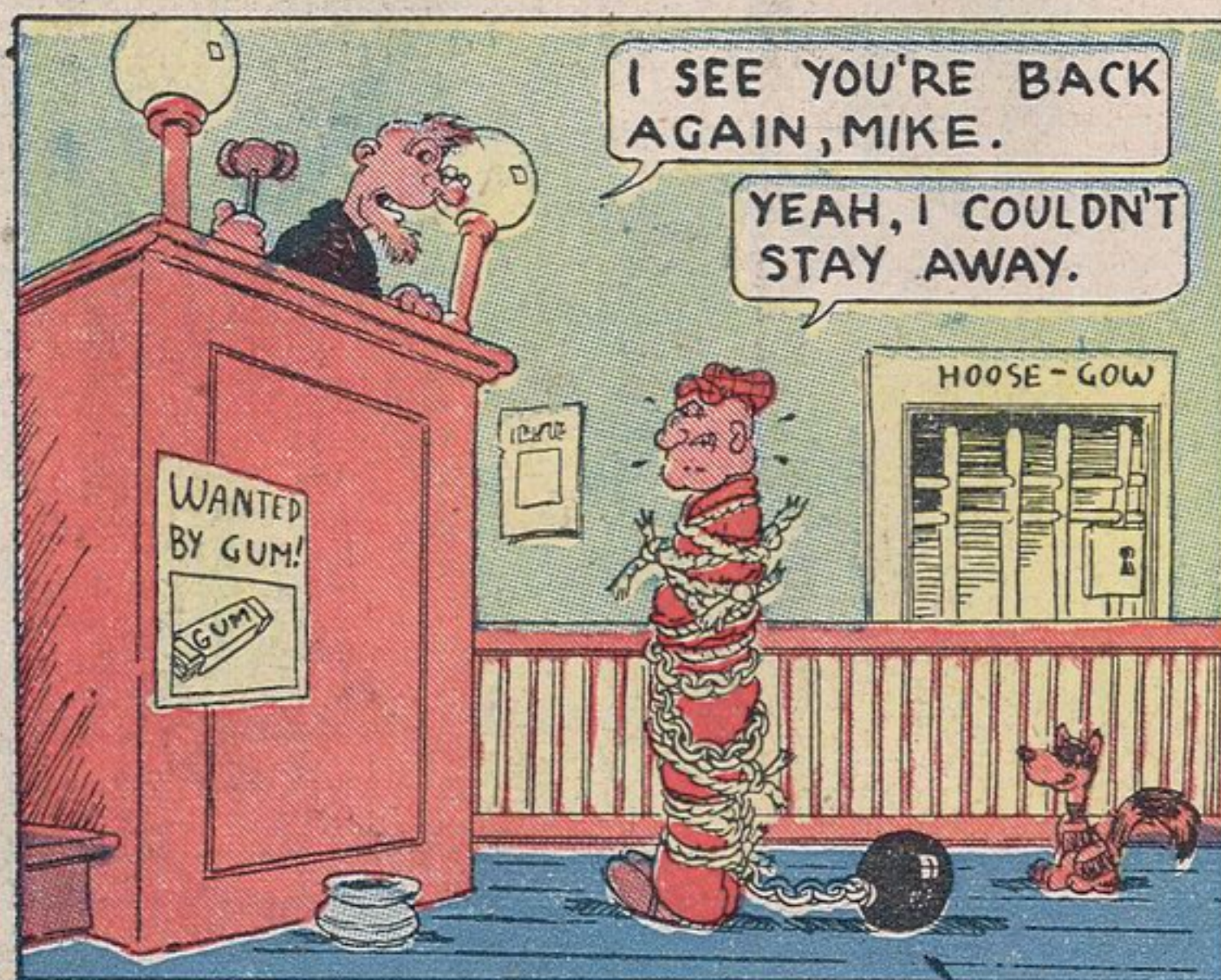
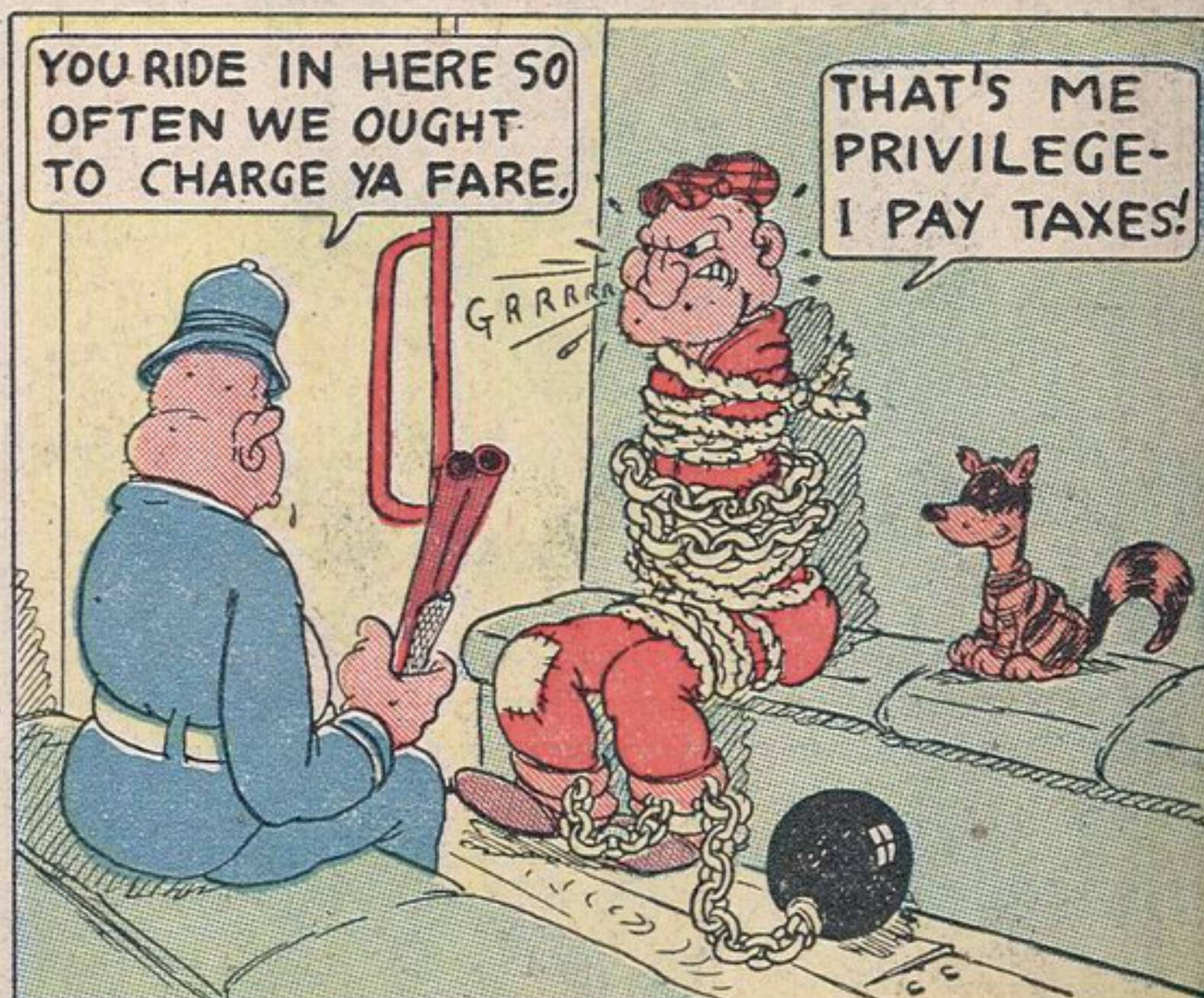
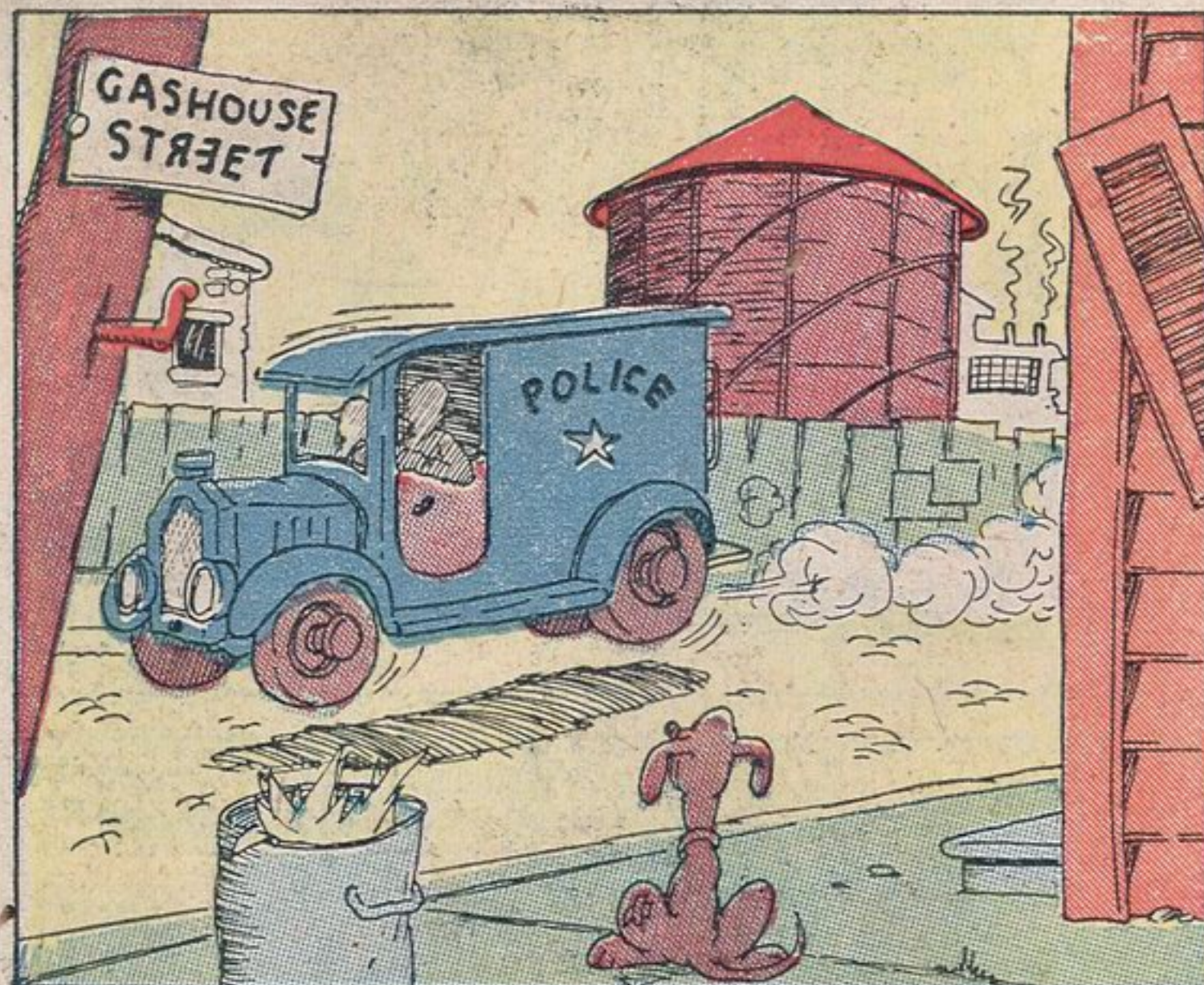
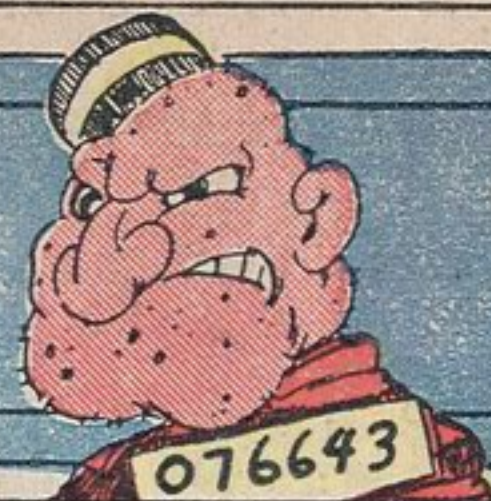


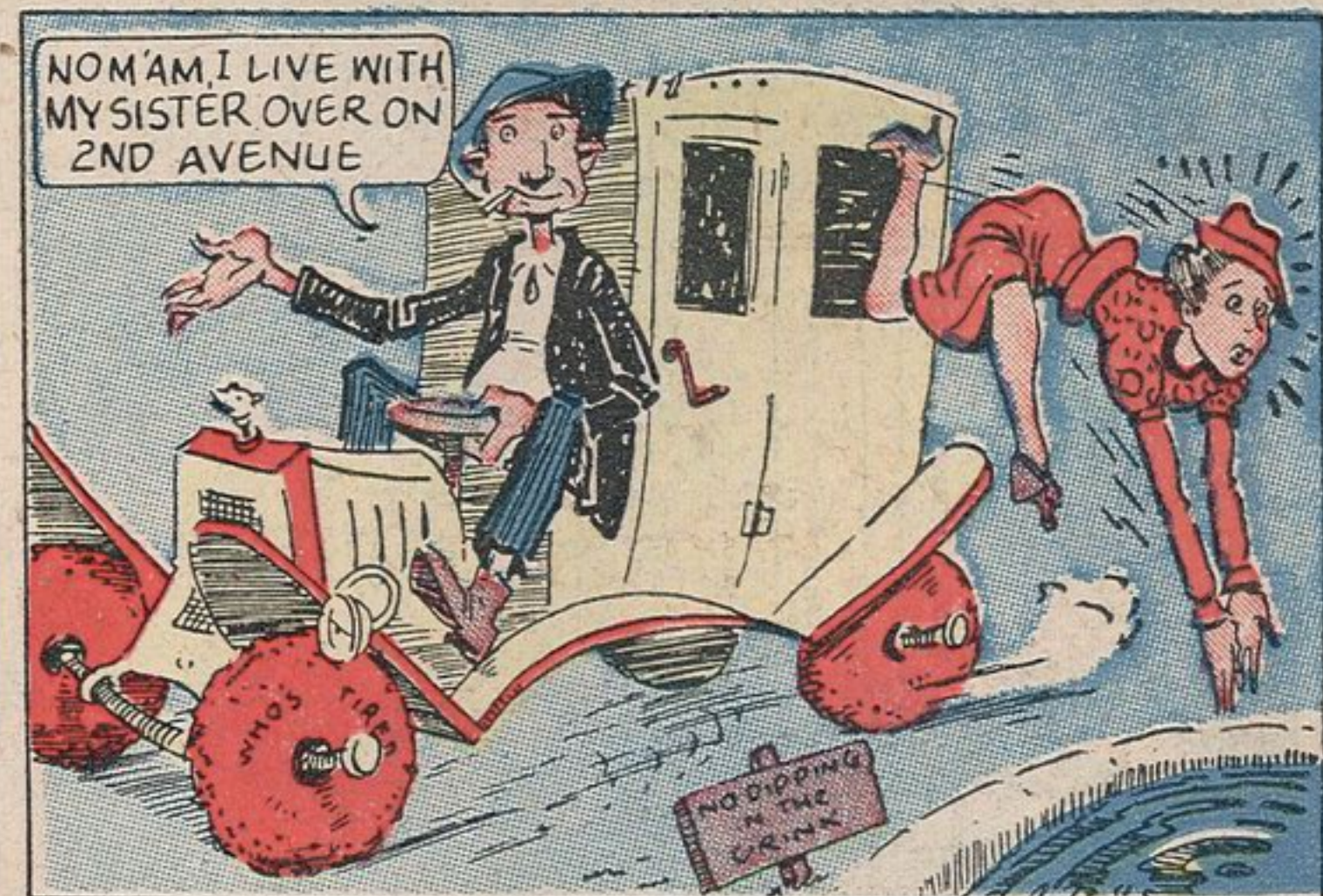
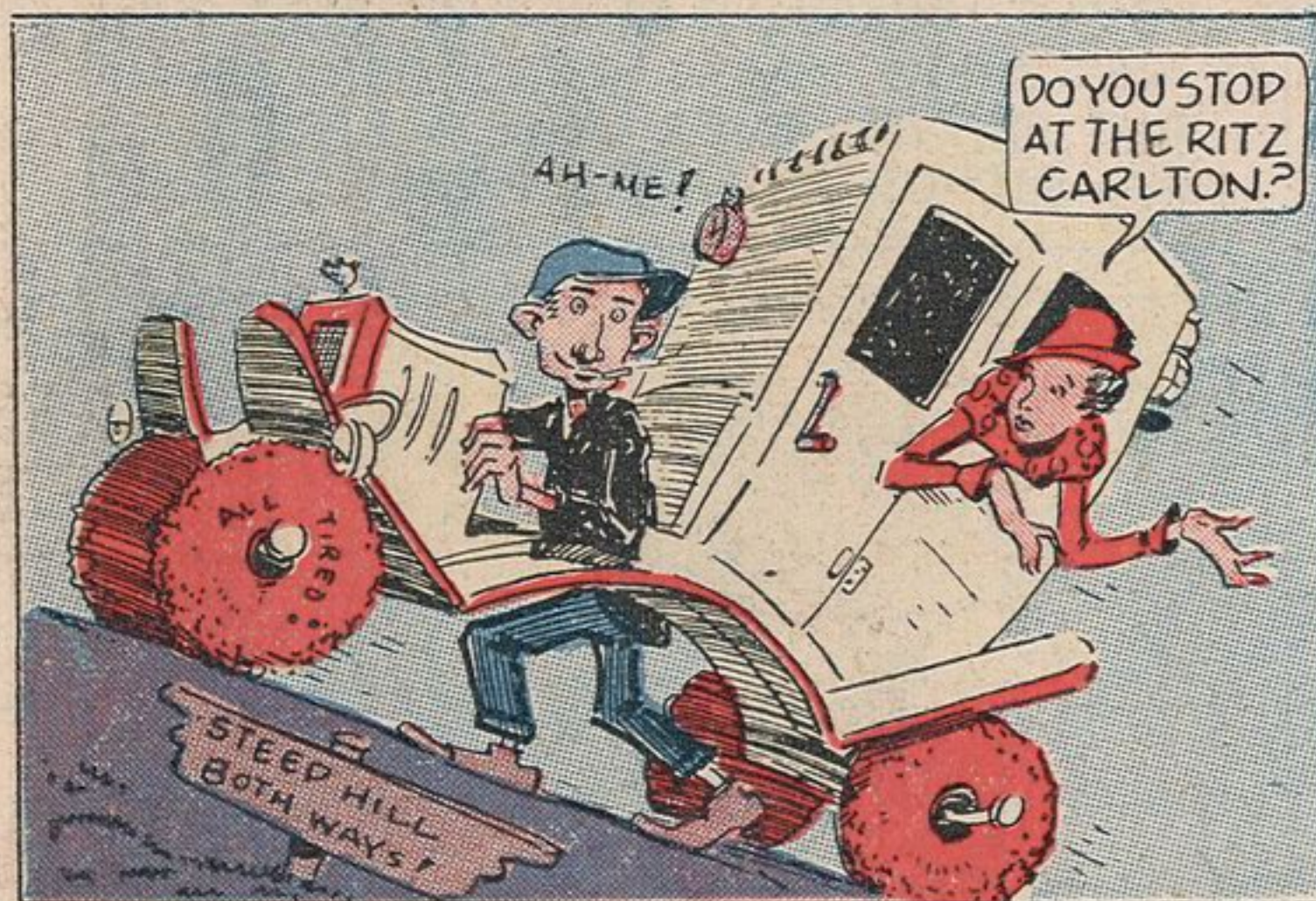
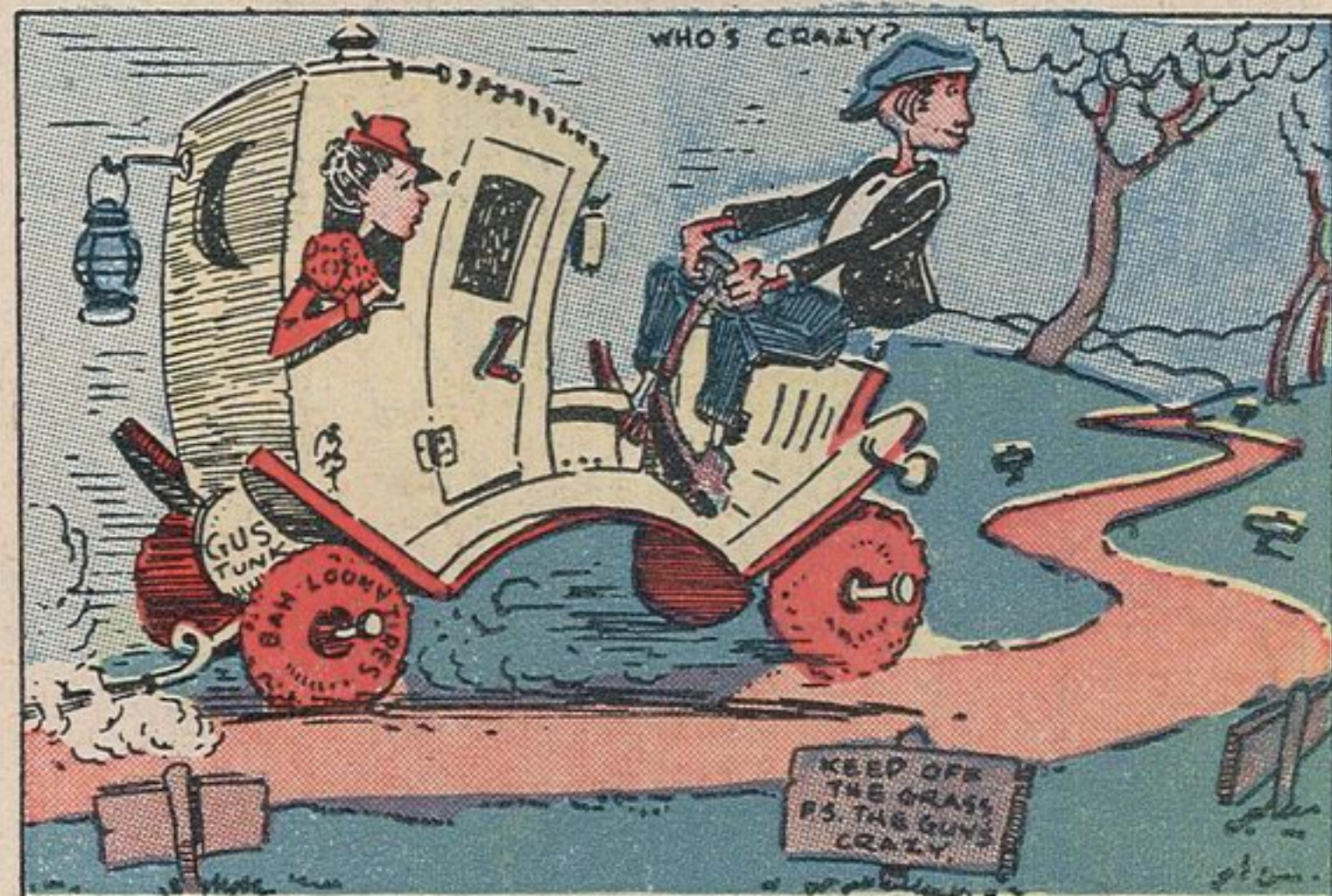
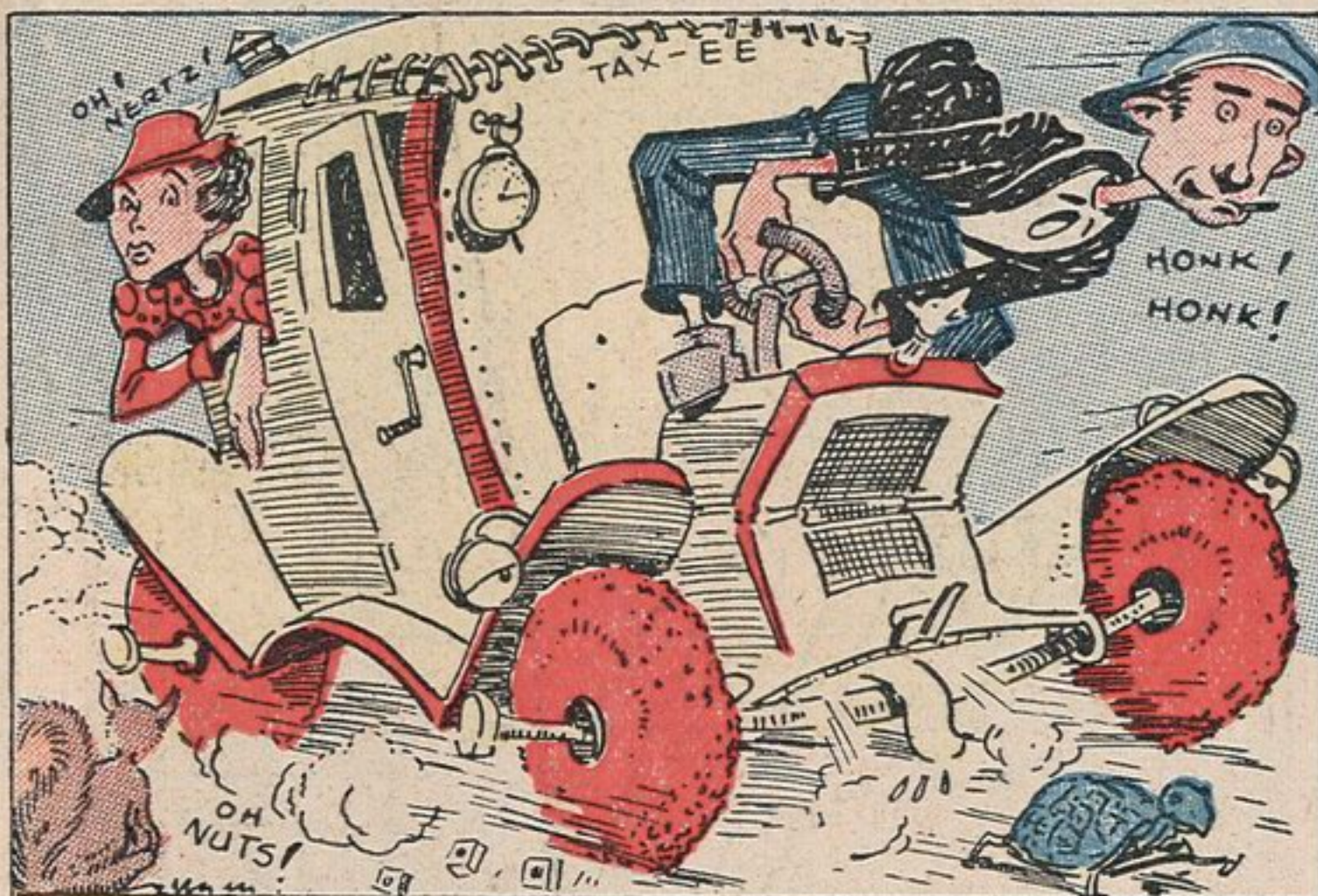
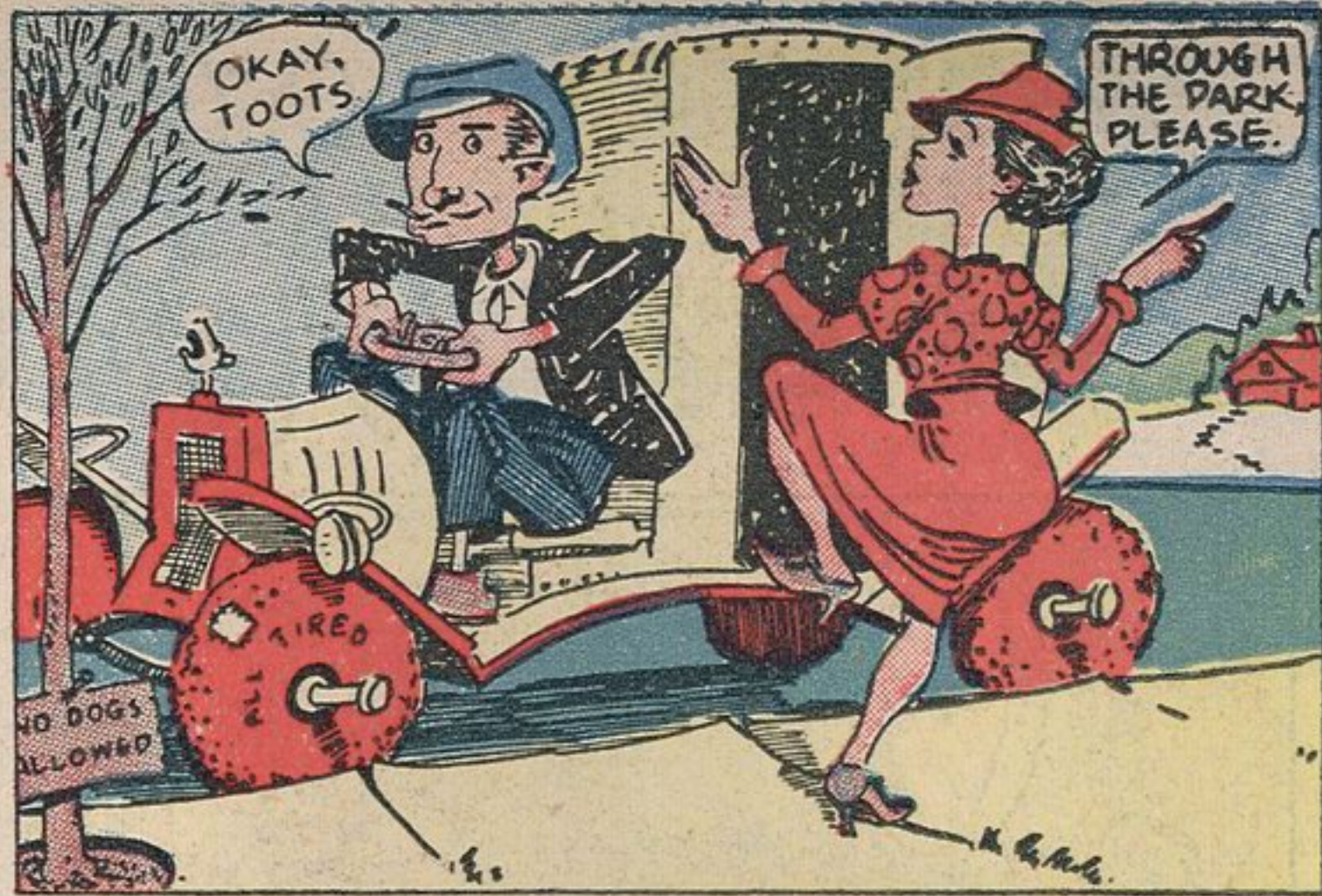
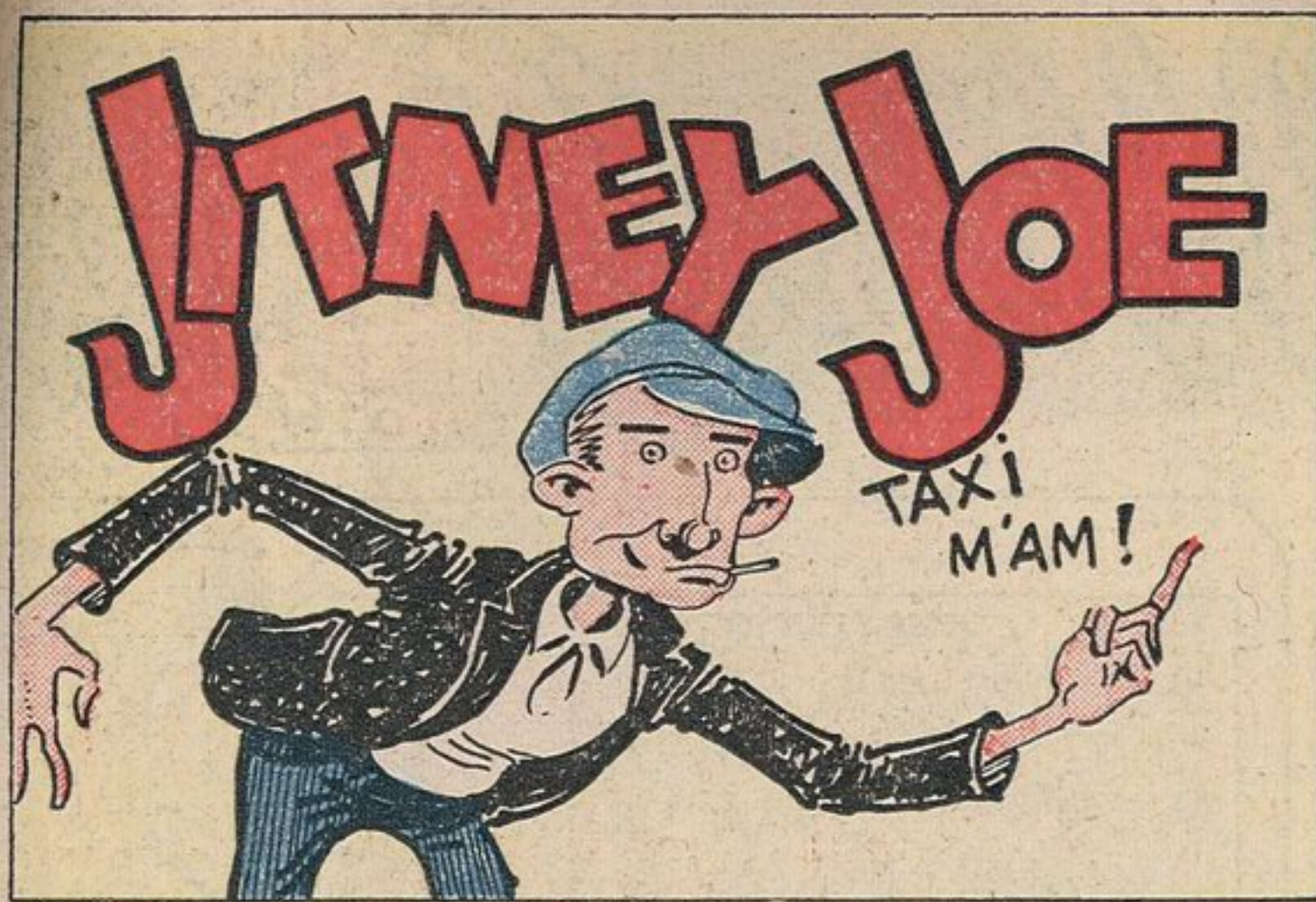
TO FIND OUT WHY A WORM WILL TURN,
WE HAVE OFTEN TRIED.



WE FOUND OUT THAT HE LOOKS THE SAME
WHEN ON THE OTHER SIDE.

STARS AND STRIPES





Baby Ruth

5¢





CURTISS CANDIES
Rich in
DEXTROSE
The Sugar You
Need for
ENERGY

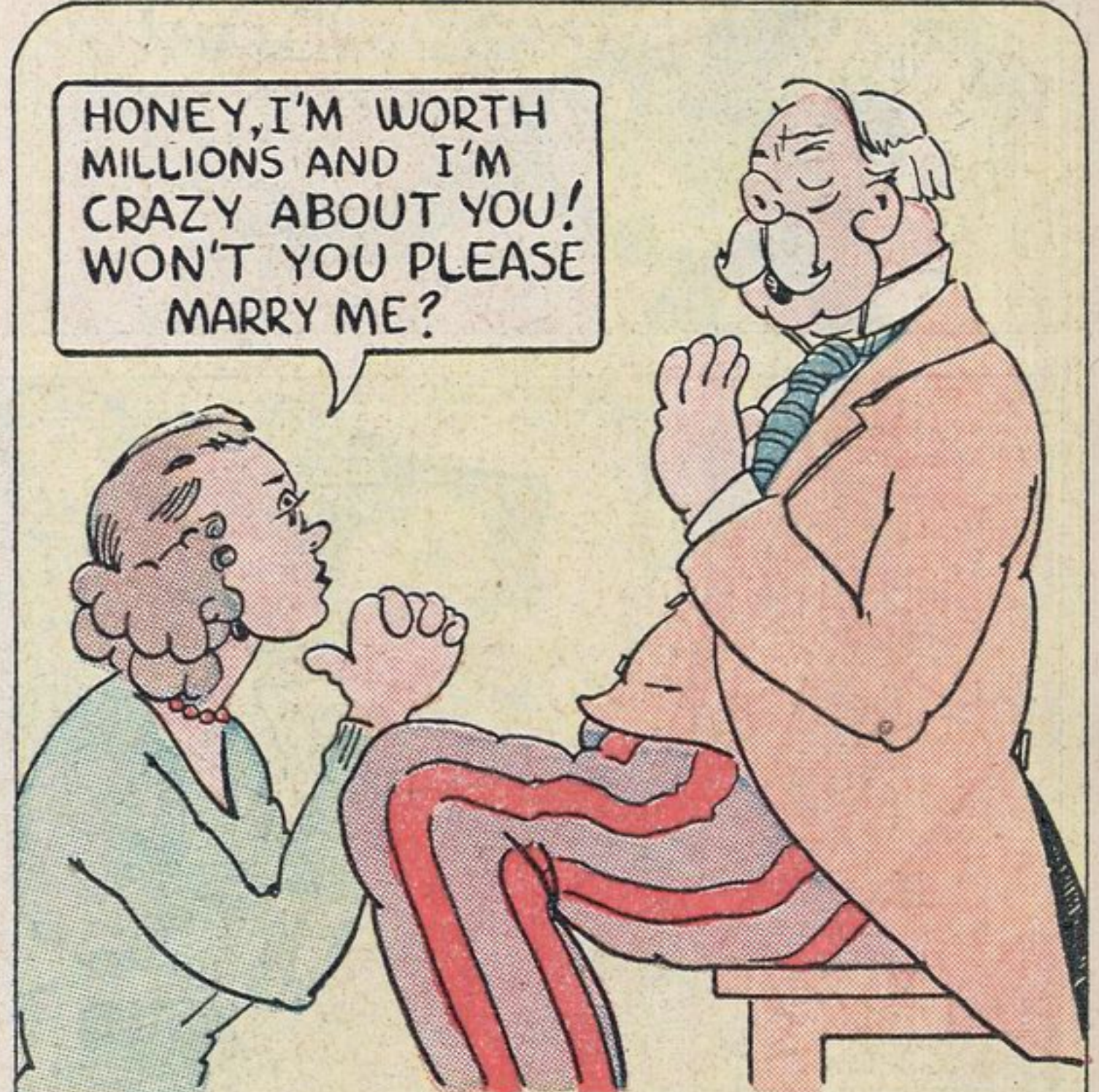


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TELL ME? *Mr. Wise Guy*



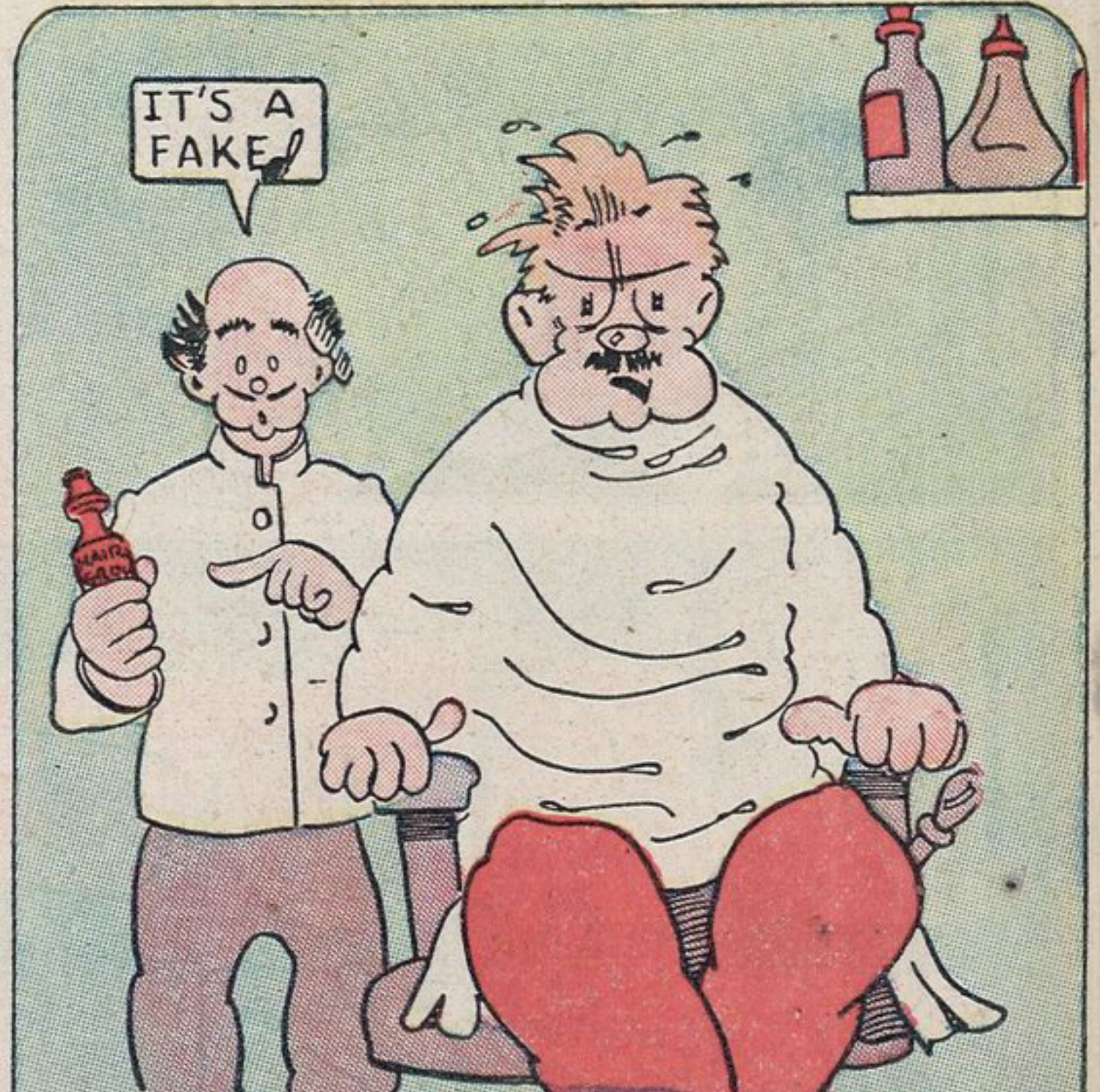
DID YOU EVER SEE A BUTCHER, IN YOUR TRAVELS ALL AROUND, THAT NEVER SAID, "EXACTLY RIGHT - JUST AN EVEN POUND."



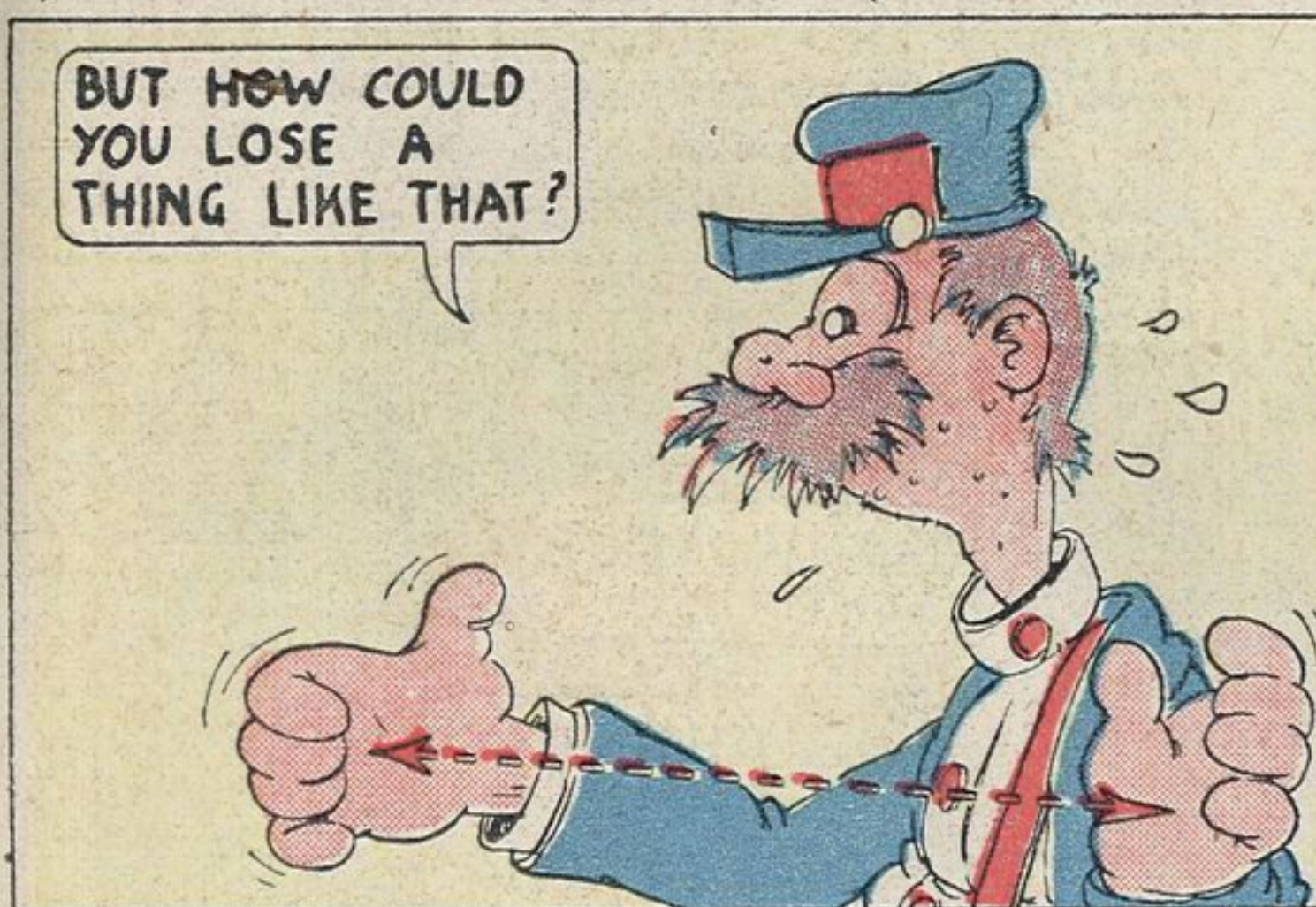
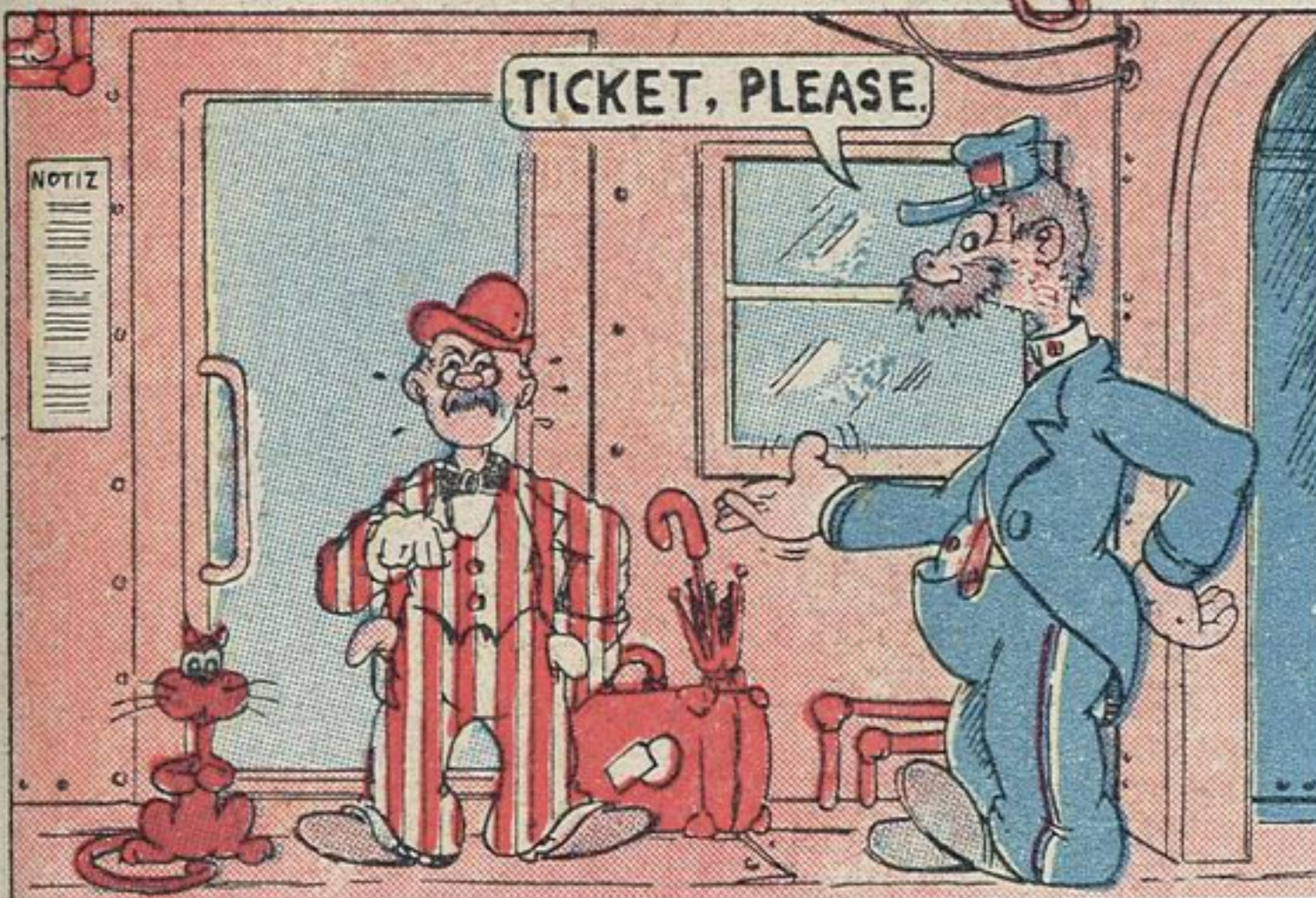
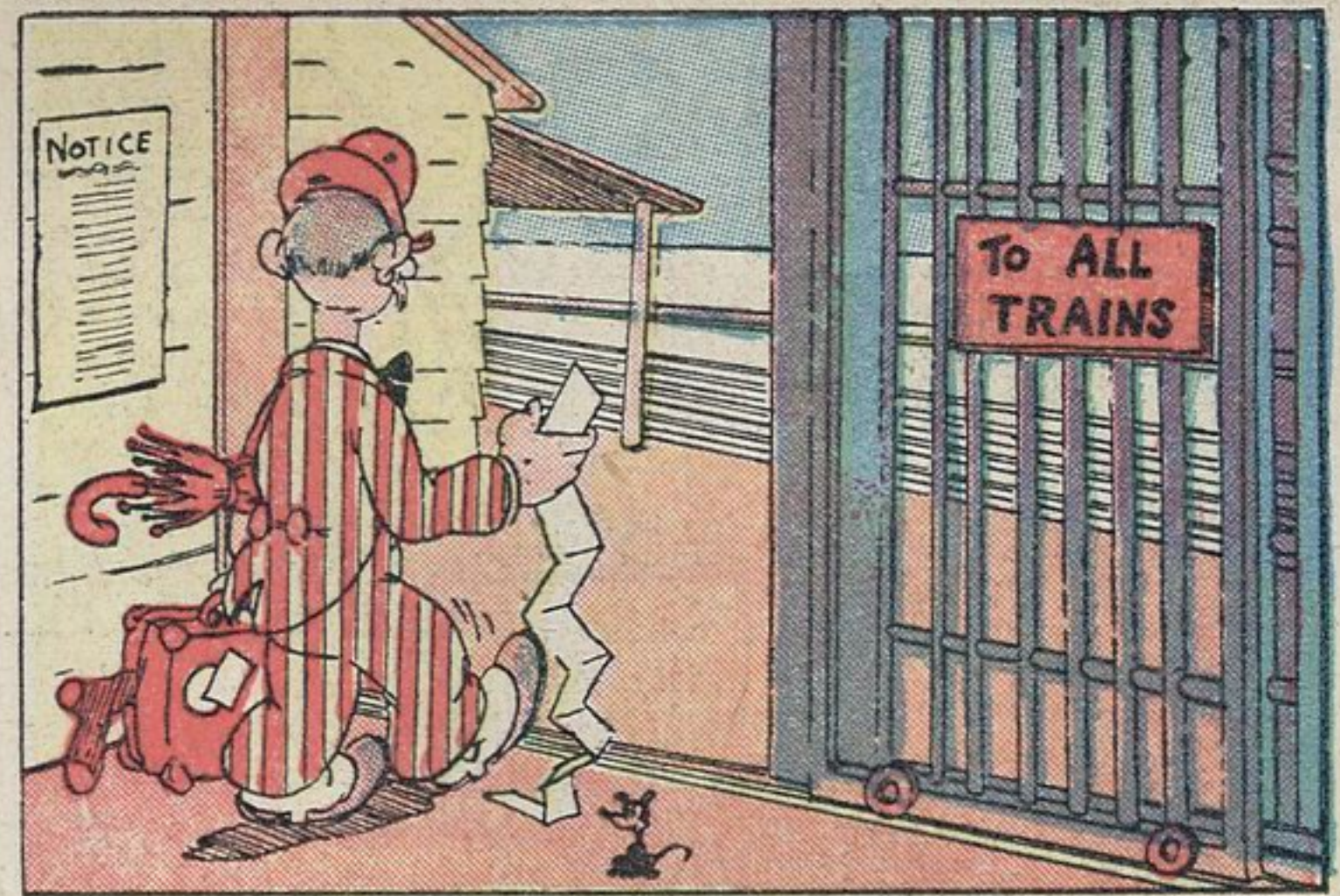
YOU'VE OFTEN HEARD THAT RICH OLD MEN WED POOR YOUNG GIRLS FOR LOVE. BUT DID YOU EVER SEE A SIGHT AS PICTURED HERE ABOVE?



I'D LIKE TO KNOW IF YOU HAVE SEEN THE TRUTH - DO TELL ME PLEASE! A WINDOW IN A PULLMAN CAR THAT OPENED UP WITH EASE!



DID YOU EVER SEE A BARBER TELL THE MAN UPON THE CHAIR, "TAKE MY ADVICE DON'T USE IT - IT'S NO GOOD FOR YOUR HAIR?"



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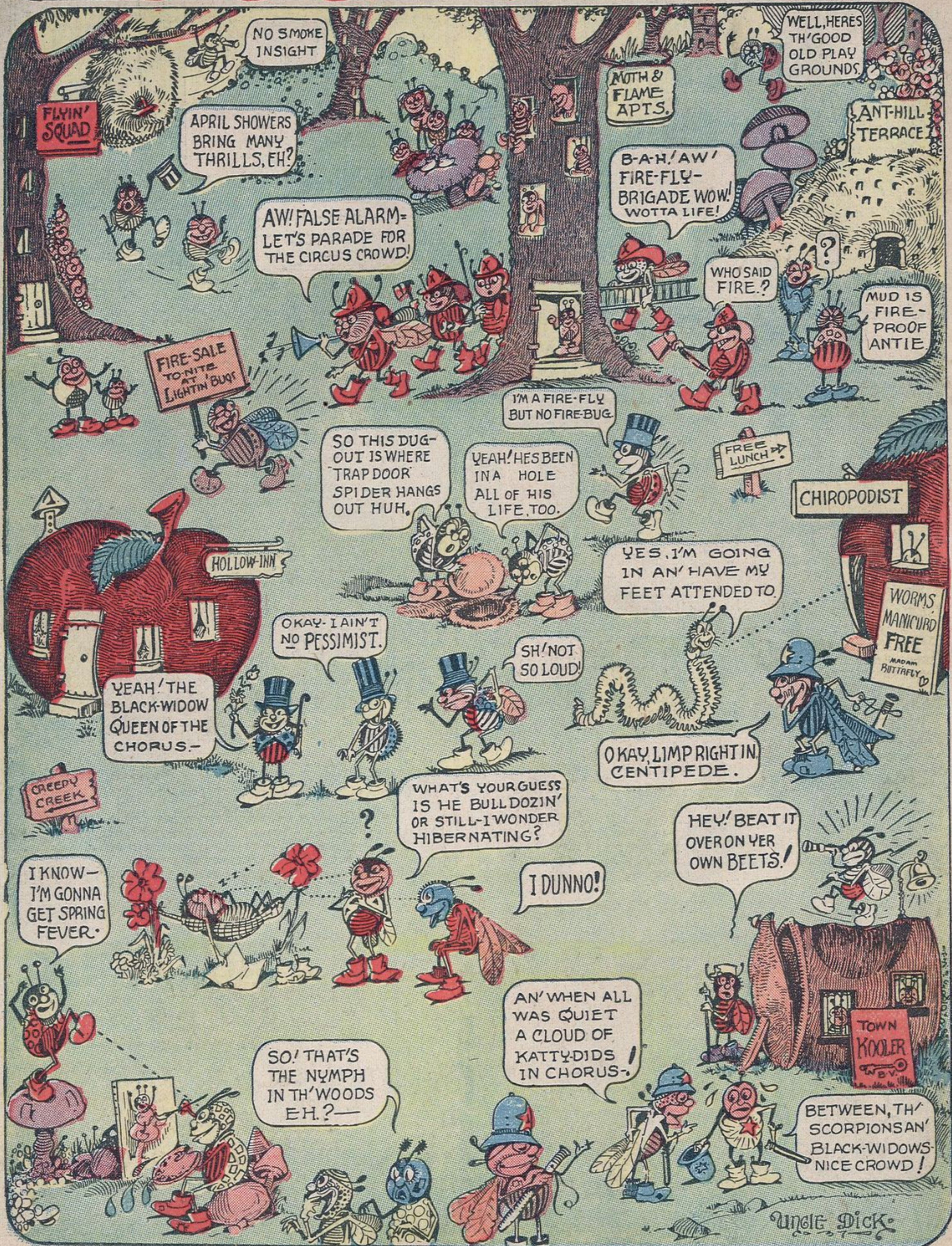
CURTISS ENERGIZING CANDIES

Butterfinger

RICH IN DEXTROSE
The Sugar You Need for ENERGY

5¢

BUG-VILLE



NO SMOKE
INSIGHT

WELL, HERES
TH'GOOD
OLD PLAY
GROUNDS.

FLYIN'
SQUAD

APRIL SHOWERS
BRING MANY
THRILLS, EH?

MOTH &
FLAME
APTS.

ANTHILL
TERRACE

AW! FALSE ALARM-
LET'S PARADE FOR
THE CIRCUS CROWD!

B-A-H, AW!
FIRE-FLY-
BRIGADE WOW!
WOTTA LIFE!

WHO SAID
FIRE.?

MUD IS
FIRE-
PROOF
ANTIE

FIRE-SALE
TO-NITE
AT LIGHTIN' BUGS

I'M A FIRE-FLY
BUT NO FIRE-BUG.

SO THIS DUG-
OUT IS WHERE
TRAP DOOR
SPIDER HANGS
OUT HUH.

YEAH! HE'S BEEN
IN A HOLE
ALL OF HIS
LIFE, TOO.

FREE
LUNCH

CHIROPODIST

HOLLOW-INN

YES, I'M GOING
IN AN' HAVE MY
FEET ATTENDED TO.

O.K.A.Y. - I AIN'T
NO PESSIMIST.

YEAH! THE
BLACK-WIDOW
QUEEN OF THE
CHORUS.-

CREEPY
CREEK

I KNOW -
I'M GONNA
GET SPRING
FEVER.

I DUNNO!

WHAT'S YOUR GUESS
IS HE BULLDOZIN'
OR STILL-I WONDER
HIBERNATING?

O.K.A.Y. LIMP RIGHT IN.
CENTIPEDE.

HEY! BEAT IT
OVER ON YER
OWN BEETS!

AN' WHEN ALL
WAS QUIET
A CLOUD OF
KATTYDIDS
IN CHORUS.

SO! THAT'S
THE NYMPH
IN TH'WOODS
EH? -

BETWEEN, TH'
SCORPIONS AN'
BLACK-WIDOWS
NICE CROWD!

TOWN
KOOLER

UNCLE DICK